March 4, 1939

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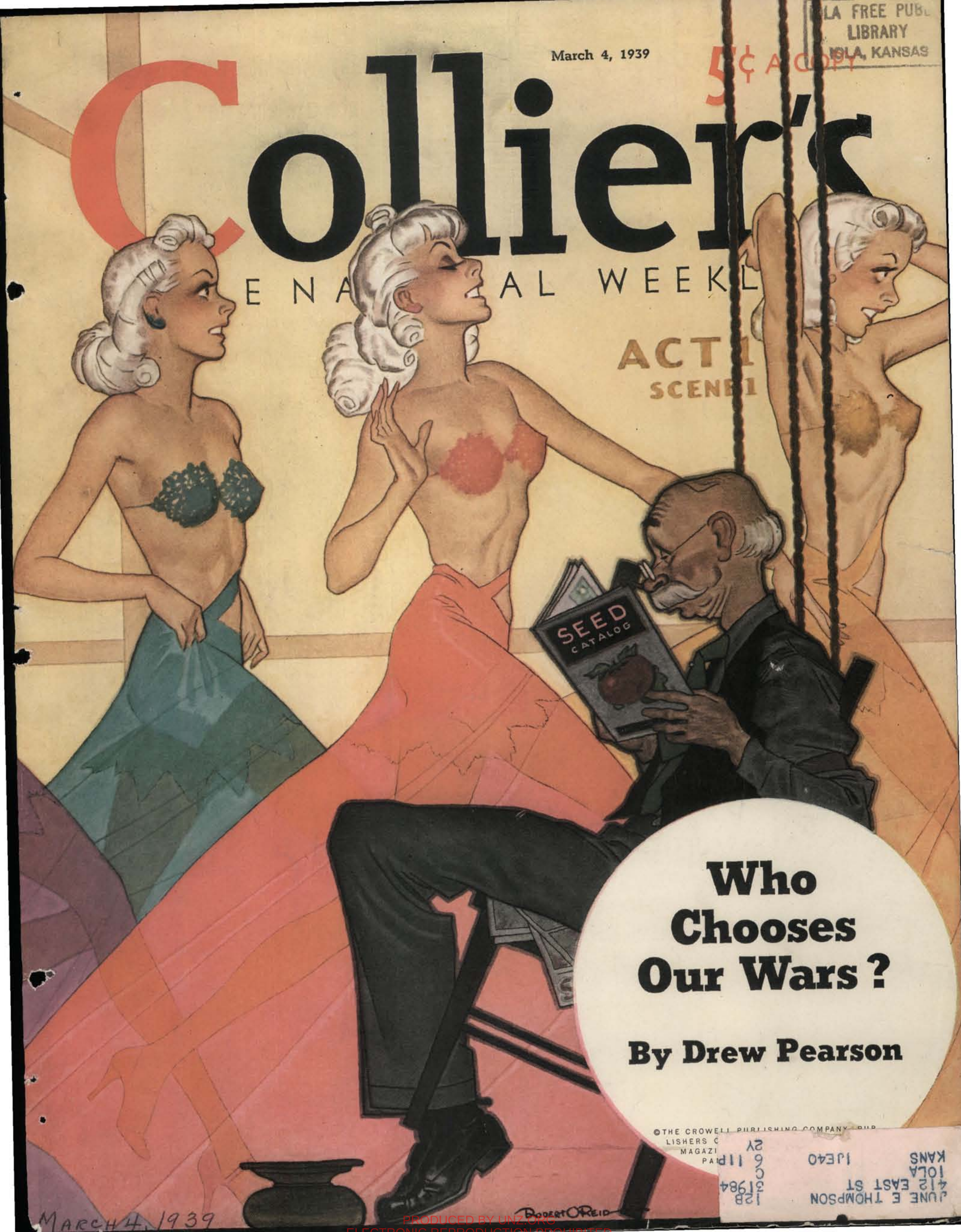
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ROBERT O REID

MARCH 4, 1939

Who Chooses Our Wars?

By Drew Pearson

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How many whiskies do you put into a Manhattan?

THE ANSWER, in our opinion, should be: *Several whiskies* . . . one whose claim to greatness lies in its silken *smoothness* . . . another noted for its rich, deep *fullness*...still another for its tempting *aroma* . . . or its satisfying *flavor*.

And where can you hope to find these matchless whiskies? We thought you knew . . . you can get them all in one bottle. *Simply ask for Four Roses!* For Four Roses is a glorious combination of several truly great whiskies, each distinguished for some special quality!

Even the youngest of these whiskies is 4 years old

All the whiskies in Four Roses are old enough to be bottled in bond, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But, instead, we think it better to reduce these whiskies to 90 proof to make them lighter, milder. Then we bring them together, so as to unite all their individual virtues in one whiskey that is finer by far than any of them could be alone. Four Roses is ALL whiskey —whiskey, every drop.

So, tonight before dinner, we wish you'd try a Manhattan made with "several" whiskies—in other words, *with Four Roses!* You'll find Four Roses at any good bar or package store. It may cost a trifle more than some other whiskies—but it's worth it! *Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.*

Famous Recipe for a Famous Cocktail...*a Four Roses Manhattan:* ⅓ Italian Vermouth—(French Vermouth, if you prefer your cocktails dry) ⅔ Four Roses Whiskey • Dash of bitters • Stir well with cracked ice, strain, and serve with cherry.

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY
AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are four years or more old.

Socially—or in Business

Good-looking Hair helps put you over!

SOCIALLY or in business, good-looking hair helps a man to the front—helps him in every contact he makes. And the easy, effortless way to keep your hair *healthier* as well as good-looking is to make Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" part of your daily routine.

FOR HEALTHIER HAIR—Massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp with your fingertips. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation is aroused. Your scalp loses that tight, restricted feeling—it becomes looser, more flexible. Each "workout" routs loose dandruff and helps prevent excessive falling hair.

FOR GOOD-LOOKING HAIR—Good grooming is easier with Vitalis. Your hair takes on a new, rich lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis augment the depleted natural oils. Notice how your hair responds to comb and brush, how neatly it stays in place, how much handsomer it looks, without a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug store, today. Start using Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome

VITALIS SEALTUBE

ASK YOUR BARBER—He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes!

WILLIAM L. CHENERY **Editor**
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Collier's

March 4, 1939

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MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

TWICE within twenty-four hours Floyd Smythe was called "school-teacher" in tones of contempt. Once by the brother of the girl he wanted to marry and once by a short, dark man with a gun in his hand. Floyd was the principal of New York's largest school.

It was really what Mary said that started him thinking. "I'm tired," she said, "of being efficient and clever and independent." But when Floyd got through thinking he still didn't see anything funny about being a teacher—and the men who had laughed at him didn't either. "Nine Until Three" is a dramatic short story by Quentin Reynolds.

IF YOU look around the country, in the right places, you'll find a lot of unemployed dollars. They're hiding in our bank vaults, countless millions of them, and they're pretty "Scared Dollars," too. They're pretty important in our scheme of things because until they find something to do, there are going to be a lot of unemployed men around. Of course there is a reason for these dollars lying down on the job. John T. Flynn tells you what it is, and what will happen when they get busy.

GILES didn't know what was good for him, in the opinion of Sin-Splitter Samuel. Giles might run the Splitter off Little Bee Bend, but when the guv'ment hired him to lead the singing on Giles' own W. P. & A. Projeck, that was something else. "Hit takes grace, grit an' greenbacks to preach de Gospel," Sin-Splitter was fond of saying. "I got de grace an' I got de grit, so y'all c'mon an' gimme de greenbacks." So Giles fretted while the Splitter got in his licks at Satan. How the Splitter happened to leave town in such a hurry in spite of all his good works is the subject of a short story by Roark Bradford.

YOU'D think that listening to experts all her life on the impossibility of crashing the movies would discourage a girl. But not Floncy, Grantland Rice's daughter Florence. It was "As Simple as That," Frank Condon says, and it was.

DO YOU believe the image of a murderer remains in his victim's eyes? Probably not. But when you see Detective O'Malley prove it with scientific trimmings it may shake your doubt. "Last Look" is the story.

HORATIO WINSLOW, Aimee Larkin, Frederick Nebel, Dan Parker, George F. Worts, Freling Foster, Laurence G. Blochman and others also contribute.

This Week

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●

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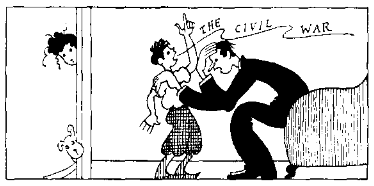
COVER ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

IT IS not in our nature to take honors modestly or silently. We manage to make quite a nuisance of ourself when noticed even ever so tepidly. Therefore, our election to honorary membership in the A.A.R. & A.N.D.D.L.C. of Ashland, Kentucky, has frankly turned our head. We're thinking of suggesting to our friends that they call us Colonel and having the above array of letters sewed on our hat. They stand for Ashland Armco Republican and Anti-New-Deal-Democrat Luncheon Club. Notice of our election comes from the secretary-treasurer, Mr. Robert W Bett. Says Mr. Bett: "This is indeed a signal honor. No other man has been so honored. The rules of our club require that a newcomer buy pie for everyone present. In case you don't eat with us once each month the pie is on you. We have about thirty-five members if that means anything to you."

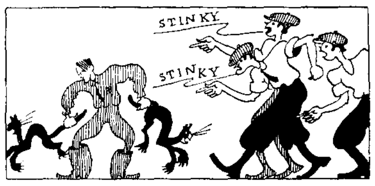


A FRIEND of ours managed to catch the idea that it was the duty of all fathers of small boys to supplement their regular school routine with an occasional educational drill at home. Therefore, he cornered his ten-year-old son and gave him a mild quiz. Who is President of the United States? Where is Germany? Why do we celebrate July Fourth? Things like that. Our friend, you see, was taking no chances with himself. Matters weren't going at all well, the lad being somewhat vague about it all. Then Father conjured up an easy one. "Who," asked he, "was General Pershing?" The boy said that the general was a soldier. "And in what war did he fight?" "The Civil War," replied the lad, and that, we understand, was the end of the quiz.

WE ARE asked by Mrs. G. W. Hislong of Santa Barbara, California, to do something about what she regards as a bit of foul play. Mrs. Hislong drove up to San Francisco to see how the Golden Gate Exposition was getting along. Just outside of San Francisco a "furtive-looking man handed me a booklet purporting to arouse interest in the Exposition." As she opened the folder something dropped out. It was a portrait of Mr. Grover Aloysius Whalen, the man behind the forthcoming New York Fair. And beneath it was this: "Don't spend all your time in the side shows."

BUT we're pretty sure there's nothing we can do about it. We, too, have received photographs of Mr. Whalen—usually pointing out something to tired-looking but important previewers of his World's Fair. And we're getting used to it. Only last week a gentleman sent us a photograph of himself, seated in a rocking chair beside the radio in his living room in Detroit, Michigan, the center of a small group of people. On the back of the photograph he had written: "Photo of Mr. Dell P. Foresmith of Detroit speaking to his family on European crisis."

REGARDLESS of our vow, taken some time ago, to pay no more attention to letters from strangers telling us what's going on in Germany, we have one here that threatens to haunt us. It's from a Major Greenlea Allwyn of Bermuda. The major says he's just got in from Berlin, where "being a Britisher and therefore being considered too stupid to understand what I was told, I learned from an officer veteran of the Great War that Herr Himmler, chief of the secret police, informed Hitler just before the Munich Conference that if there was to be war that he, Himmler, would require 100,000 of Germany's best troops. When Hitler asked why, Himmler said: 'To maintain order inside Germany.' "



AND we're just mean enough to hope that's true. We haven't tried very hard, but we know that we'd not like Mr. Hitler even if we did. If he'd lived in our neighborhood when we were boys we feel that he'd have been the fellow known as Stinky. And that hasn't anything to do with his policies either. It's just—oh, it's just something of the feeling that Mr. Louis McParris of Boston, Massachusetts, seems to have. "Listen," writes Mr. McParris, "I haven't anything against that bunch down in Washington, but I can't help wishing to heaven that there was one good juicy crook among them."

BUT we're brought to earth again (and a good thing, too) by Mr. E. O. Miller of Eaton Rapids, Michigan. "When," demands Mr. Miller, "are you going to start minding your own business?"

WE'VE started. W. D.

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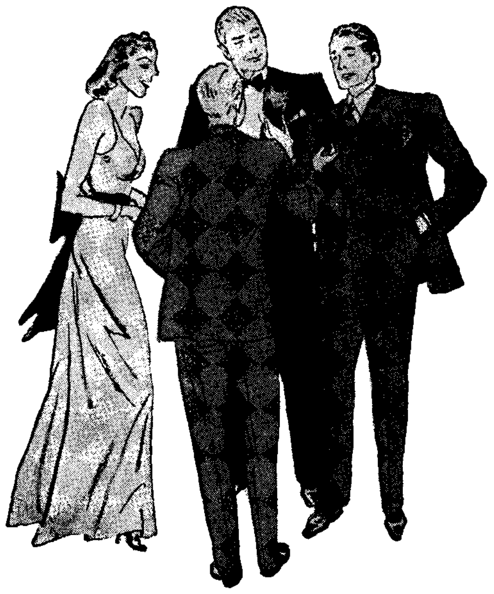
Commonest of All Excuses:

"I'm sorry–I never got around to reading that!"

IN 1938 DID YOU READ EVEN TWO OR THREE OF THESE BEST SELLERS —GOOD BOOKS NOT TO BE MISSED?



		CHECK THOSE YOU HAVE NOT READ
THE YEARLING	*Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*	☐
JOSEPH IN EGYPT	*Thomas Mann*	☐
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	*Carl Van Doren*	☐
MADAME CURIE	*Eve Curie*	☐
THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR	*Arthur E. Hertzler*	☐
FANNY KEMBLE	*Margaret Armstrong*	☐
PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY	*Irwin Edman*	☐
LISTEN! THE WIND	*Anne Morrow Lindbergh*	☐
OUT OF AFRICA	*Isak Dinesen*	☐
RED STAR OVER CHINA	*Edgar Snow*	☐
THE EVOLUTION OF PHYSICS	*Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld*	☐
THE SUMMING UP	*W. Somerset Maugham*	☐
WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME	*Margaret Halsey*	☐
THE COMING VICTORY OF DEMOCRACY	*Thomas Mann*	☐
ANDREW JACKSON	*Marquis James*	☐
THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY	*Harry Scherman*	☐
THE FIGHT FOR LIFE	*Paul de Kruif*	☐
HELL ON ICE	*Commander Edw. Ellsberg*	☐
THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM	*Thurman W. Arnold*	☐
A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH	*Jonathan Daniels*	☐
DRY GUILLOTINE	*René Belbenoit*	☐
THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING	*Lin Yutang*	☐
MY SISTER EILEEN	*Ruth McKenney*	☐
THE GENERAL'S LADY	*Esther Forbes*	☐
MAN'S HOPE	*André Malraux*	☐
TESTAMENT	*R. C. Hutchinson*	☐

—and many others no less worth reading, too many to be listed here

Why miss *this year*—as you did *last year*— so many new books you would deeply enjoy?

THE self-examination provided at the left will show *the degree* to which you may have allowed procrastination to keep you from reading new books which you want very much to read. Over 200,000 families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club a really effectual means of solving this problem.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book *in advance of its publication*. If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

You Still Browse In Bookstores

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination.

If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying these miscellaneous recommended books from a favored bookseller.

In other words, instead of limiting your reading, this system widens it. You can browse among the books as always, but now do it intelligently; you know what to look for.

Once and for all this system *really keeps you from missing the new books you want to read*. You do actually buy and read those you want, instead of confessing sadly to friends, "I never got around to reading that!"

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway, because they are so widely talked about. (Outstanding examples of these in 1938 were THE YEARLING, WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME, THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR, and a list of others too long to include here.) *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

Free Books You Get

These book-dividends represent a unique system of saving through quantity production. The resulting economy is extraordinary. For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive over 75¢ back in the form of free books.

Some of the actual book-dividends distributed within recent months is the best indication of what can be done by this system: they included BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (a special $6 edition); JOSEPH IN EGYPT (2 vols., $5); the Pulitzer Prize edition of ANDREW JACKSON, by Marquis James ($5); MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie ($3.50); THE ARTS, by Van Loon ($3.95). These books were *given* to members—not sold, mind you!

What's Your Obligation

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.*

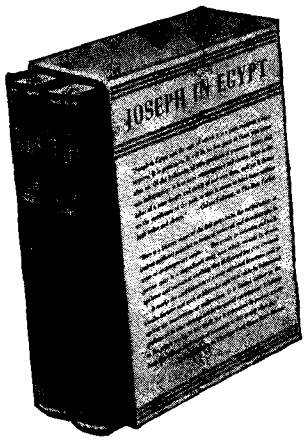
Your only obligation as a member is to agree to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club. These may be either current or past selections.

A FREE COPY . . . TO NEW MEMBERS

Joseph in Egypt, by Thomas Mann

—or any one of the other Book-Dividends listed in coupon

If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, a novel which has been acclaimed as "perhaps the greatest creative work of the twentieth century"—JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann (two volumes, boxed, retail price $5.00). This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose one of the other recent book-dividends listed in the coupon.



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Check title you prefer to receive as your free enrollment book

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☐ BARTLETT'S QUOTATIONS ☐ ANDREW JACKSON

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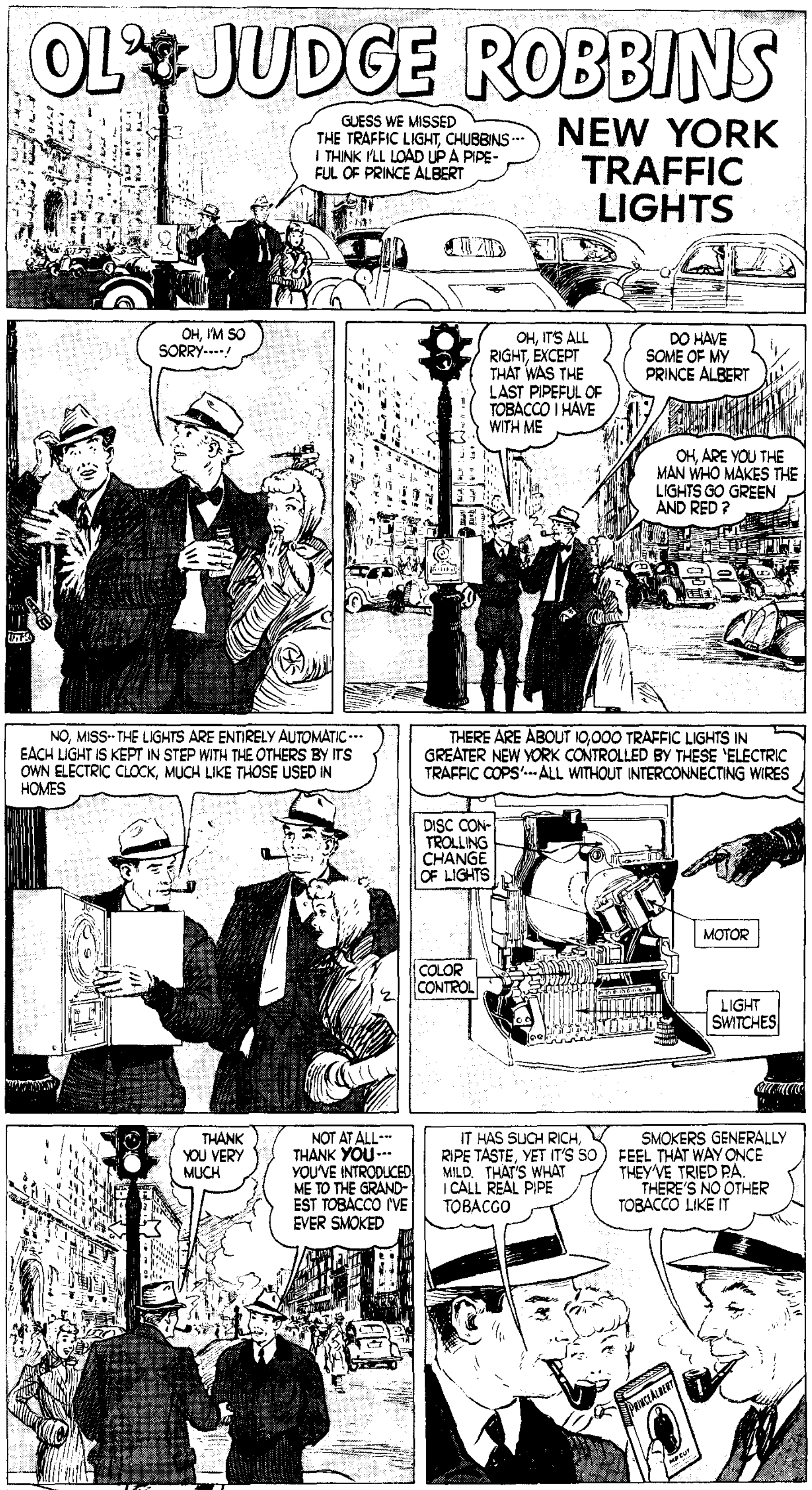
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
GUESS WE MISSED THE TRAFFIC LIGHT, CHUBBINS--- I THINK I'LL LOAD UP A PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT
NEW YORK TRAFFIC LIGHTS
OH, I'M SO SORRY----!
OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, EXCEPT THAT WAS THE LAST PIPEFUL OF TOBACCO I HAVE WITH ME
DO HAVE SOME OF MY PRINCE ALBERT
OH, ARE YOU THE MAN WHO MAKES THE LIGHTS GO GREEN AND RED?
NO, MISS--THE LIGHTS ARE ENTIRELY AUTOMATIC--- EACH LIGHT IS KEPT IN STEP WITH THE OTHERS BY ITS OWN ELECTRIC CLOCK, MUCH LIKE THOSE USED IN HOMES
THERE ARE ABOUT 10,000 TRAFFIC LIGHTS IN GREATER NEW YORK CONTROLLED BY THESE 'ELECTRIC TRAFFIC COPS'---ALL WITHOUT INTERCONNECTING WIRES
DISC CONTROLLING CHANGE OF LIGHTS
MOTOR
COLOR CONTROL
LIGHT SWITCHES
THANK YOU VERY MUCH
NOT AT ALL--- THANK YOU--- YOU'VE INTRODUCED ME TO THE GRANDEST TOBACCO I'VE EVER SMOKED
IT HAS SUCH RICH, RIPE TASTE, YET IT'S SO MILD. THAT'S WHAT I CALL REAL PIPE TOBACCO
SMOKERS GENERALLY FEEL THAT WAY ONCE THEY'VE TRIED P.A. THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT

FOR FULL-BODIED "NO-BITE" SMOKING

P.A.'S COOLNESS, SMOOTHNESS PUT NEW JOY IN YOUR PIPE —THAT GOOD, RICH TASTE ADDS EVEN MORE!
AND P.A. IS A REAL 'MAKIN'S' TOBACCO, TOO— ROLLS RIGHT AND SMOKES EXTRA MILD WITH RIPE, TOBACCO-Y TASTE
PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

YOU SAY THE WORD ON THIS FAIR-SQUARE GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

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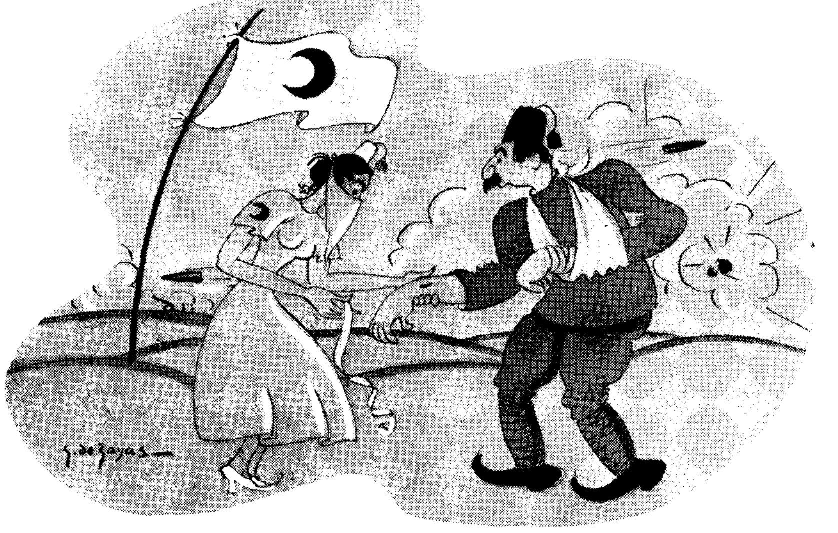
SO MILD— SO TASTY! PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Excepting in Turkey, all Red Cross societies use the standard Red Cross flag, which is the reverse of the flag of Switzerland, the country where this organization originated in 1863. Turkey uses a red crescent in the belief that the cross has a religious significance.—*By Mrs. Richard VanderVeen, Grand Rapids, Michigan.*

Rev. Henry Codman Potter (1835-1908), one of America's most famous Protestant Episcopal bishops, so heartily believed in the necessity of the beer saloon as the poor man's club that he established and dedicated one of his own at the corner of Mulberry and Bleecker streets in New York City in August, 1904.—*By Garet H. Byrd, Starke, Florida.*

Until developed, a photographic film or plate which has been normally exposed cannot be distinguished, even by experts using a microscope, from one which has not been used.—*By Neal R. Yocom, Boulder, Colorado.*

When an equal quantity of the two solids, menthol and camphor, is pulverized and mixed, it becomes a liquid.—*By Gunnard S. Carlson, Jamestown, New York.*

No externally applied obesity remedy, whether it be rubbed on the body or dissolved in bath water, can bring about a reduction of fat.—*By Neg Monett, San Francisco, California.*

The permanence of the meter, or international standard of length of 39.37 inches, is assured through a definition which makes possible its reproduction, with a 99.99999 per cent accuracy, by measuring the wave length of the red light emitted by a cadmium vapor lamp excited under certain specified conditions.—*By Kenneth Cook, Iowa City, Iowa.*

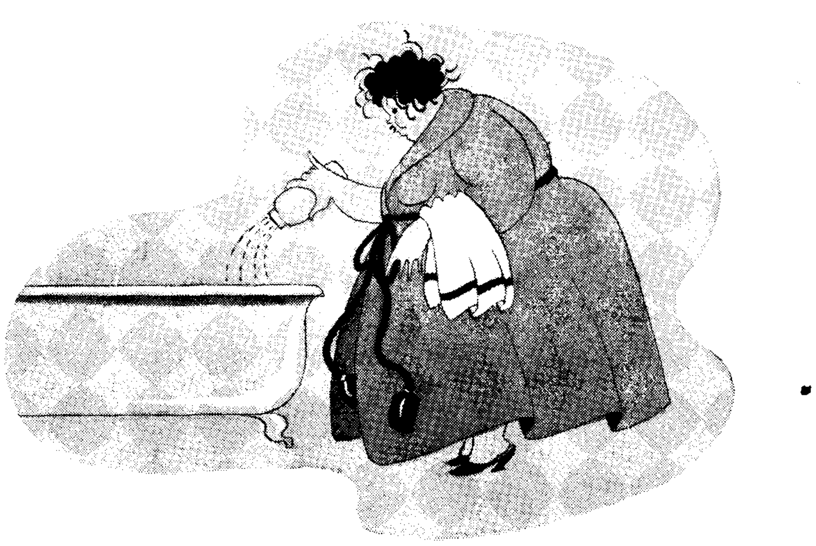
Franklin Pierce (1853-1857) was the only President who served his full term without making a single change in his cabinet.—*By James G. McCue, Jr., Danvers, Mass.*

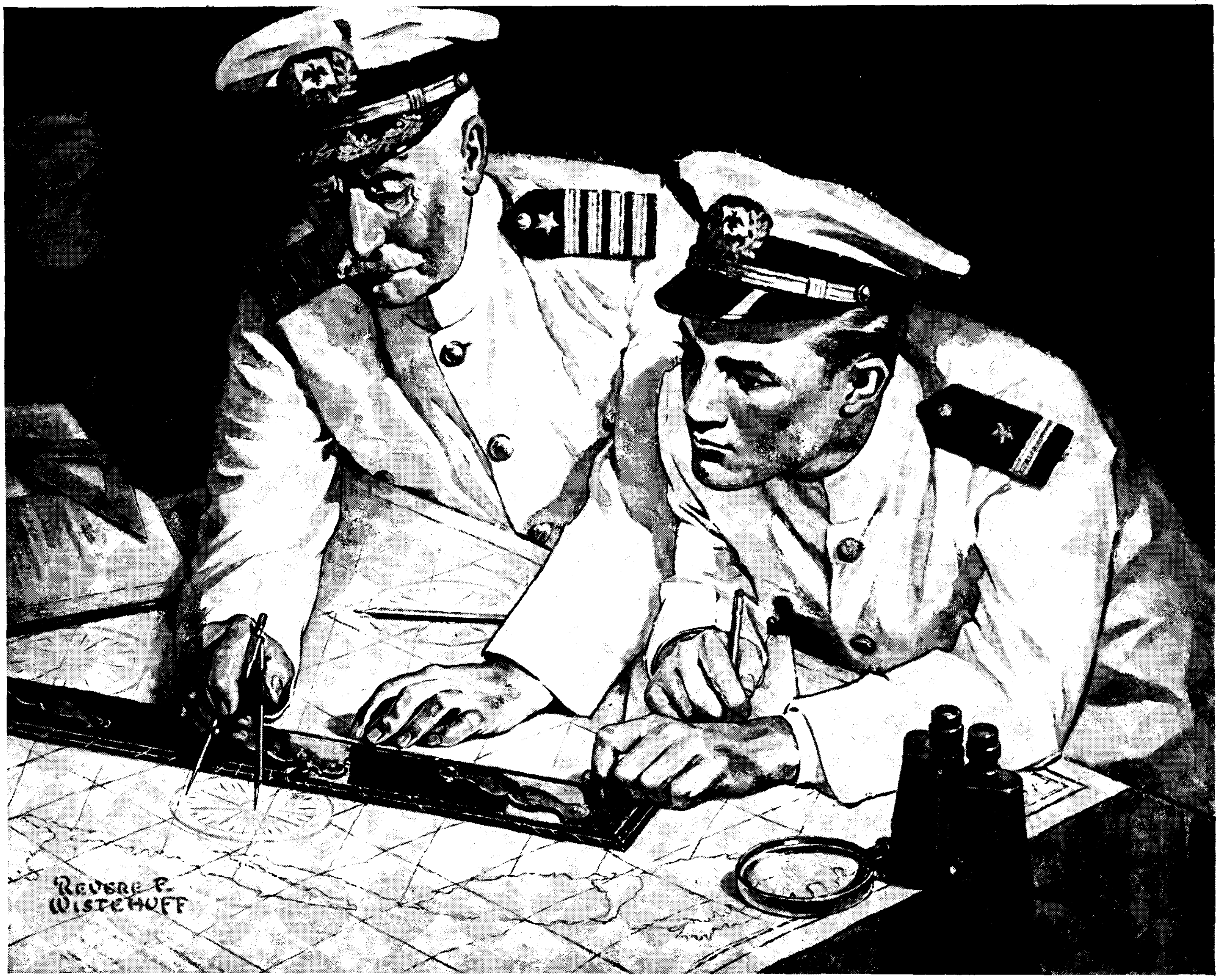
The moon gets fourteen times as much light from the earth as the earth gets from the moon.

For several centuries, the powerful waves of the North Sea have so battered and eroded the east coast of England that shore towns and villages have been destroyed and washed away on an average of one every five years.

The Great Mosque in Bursa, Turkey, is believed to be the only place of worship in the world which contains a large, circular fountain whose waters cascade into a giant basin filled with a variety of fish.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher





"Chart your course right, lad, and you're sure to make port!"

Smooth seas *and a skilfully planned course . . . you could wish nothing better for your family in their voyage through life.*

Next best would be a sure hand at the helm to guide them safely through the storms.

They are safe and sound as long as you are in command. And you can keep them secure, even if they should have to go along without you some day, by providing a means to help them chart their course until they can learn to steer the family ship without help.

A John Hancock readjustment income plan provides income sufficient to continue your support to your family through a critical time. It can be arranged to cover your family's income needs for a year or more, either at full scale or in gradually decreasing amounts, and is a practical answer to the problem of keeping your family safely on the course until they can learn to chart their own future.

Because this readjustment period protection is not costly, even a family man of modest earning power can afford it. And no life insurance estate, however extensive, is complete without it. Ask a John Hancock representative to tell you about the readjustment income plan — or write Department C-3 for descriptive booklet.

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MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

GUY W. COX, President

New Triumphs of Philco Invention!

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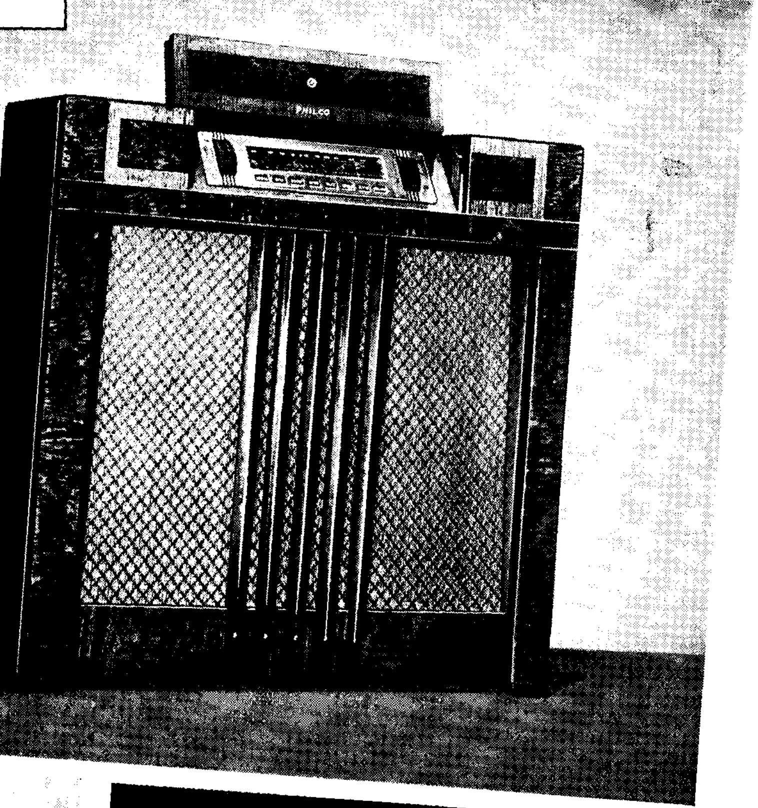

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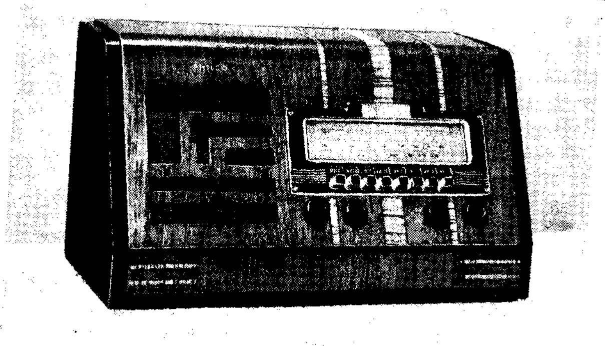

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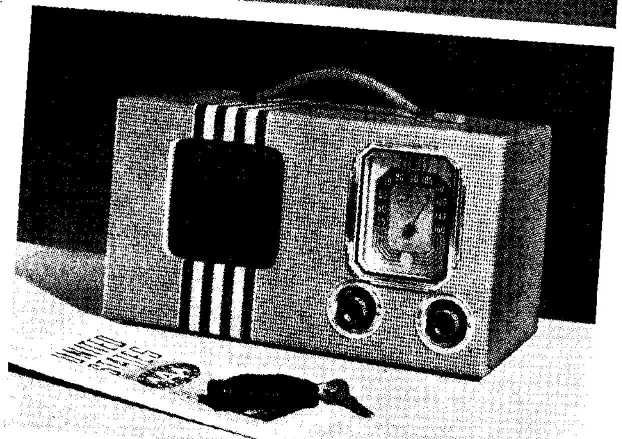

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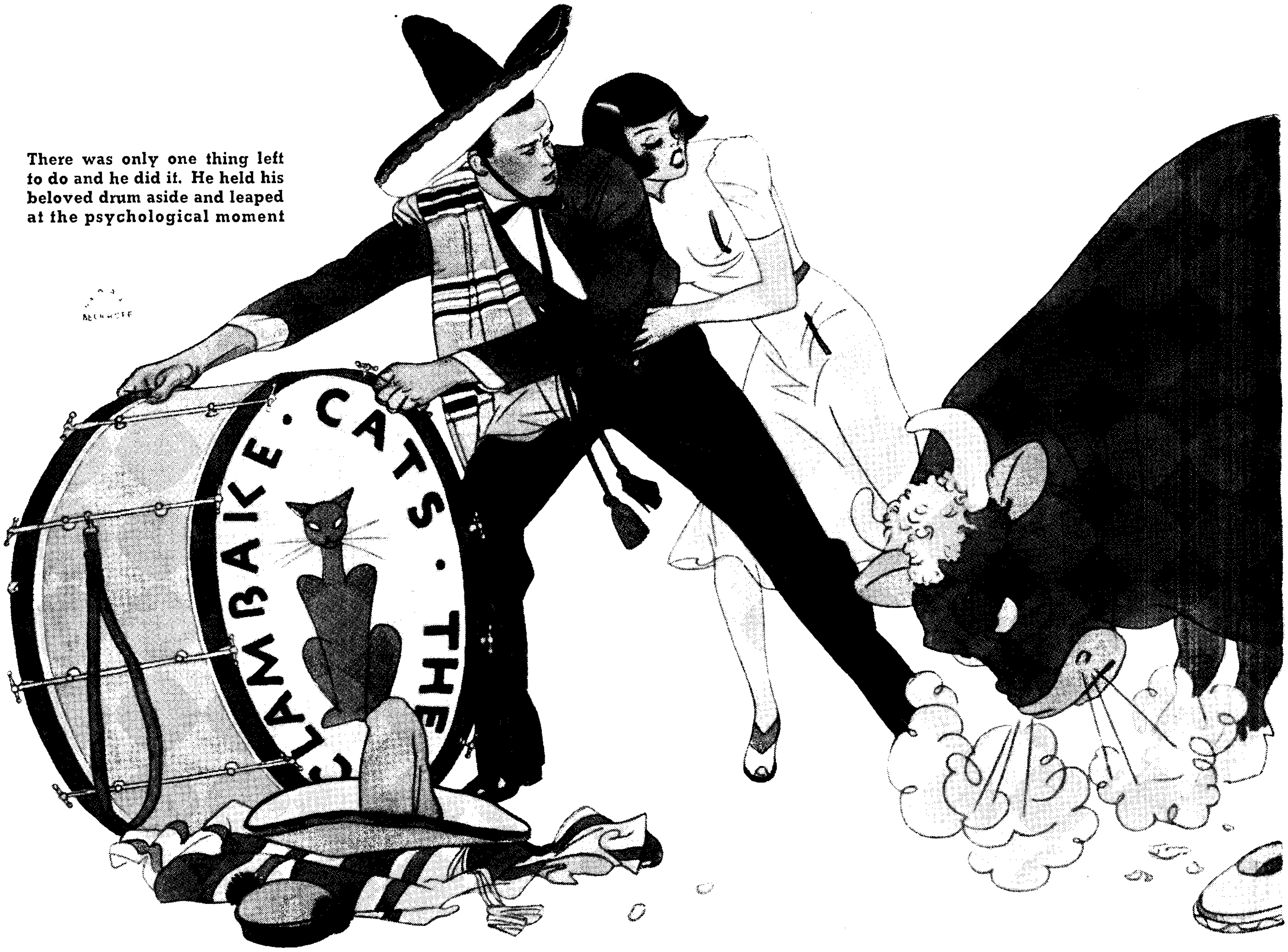


There was only one thing left to do and he did it. He held his beloved drum aside and leaped at the psychological moment

Mexican Omelette

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The wooing of a lady scat-singer—a romance of Old Mexico; no moonlight and roses but plenty of swing

MR. STIX HARRIS, busily negotiating the curves on that mountainous Mexican road, was doing his best to allay the fears consuming the doubtful jive men occupying the rear seat. The front seat was always reserved for Mr. Harris' beloved traps and Miss Edie Malone, who doubled as his betrothed and lady scat-singer. Now Mr. Harris, a lean party with an abrupt haircut that looked as if his mother had been frightened by a whisk broom, was talking into the rear-view mirror.

"I'm surprised at you," he said reprovingly. "Here's fame resting right in our laps and you keep giving me this worry-worry business!"

"I can't help it," moaned Mr. Fuss McDonald, his slush-pump man. "Every time I think of us comin' all the way to Mexico—"

"You wanta play beer parlors all your life?" Stix demanded, taking a curve on two wheels and never missing a syllable. "You got no pride? Why, we'll be the Benny Goodmans of the tamale trade! What's wrong with that?"

No one answered his question. The four occupants of the rear seat were too busy holding their breath, and Miss Edie Malone's clear blue eyes (eyes that went very nicely with the dark Dutch Boy bob) were staring straight ahead. Nothing, she thought grimly, compressing those lovely lips, could be worse than those joints in Los Angeles. After four years of them she was growing a little tired of searching for this thing called fame.

Stix, reinforced by that destiny complex that sometimes made Mr. Fuss McDonald wonder if he used reefers, was happily preoccupied with his own thoughts. Once they were established and had *proved* that no five-piece combo could even touch his Clambake Cats, the rest would be too simple for words. Splash reviews in Variety and then back to the States and places like the Palomar with the crowds standing around gasping: "Krupa should getta load of this guy! There's skins that are skins!"

He was still modestly acknowledging their applause as the car wheezed over the peak and, far below them, they could see that golden city of opportunity, Lamarilla.

"Right on the nose!" Stix cried happily, putting the car into low. "Lamarilla, here we come!"

"All in one piece, I hope," said the pudgy Mr. McDonald, nervously watching the ledge.

MR. McDONALD'S worst fears were still unrealized as, an hour later, they entered the city's principal thoroughfare. Sleepy natives, loitering before the sunbaked stores facing the plaza, eyed them apathetically. It was almost the siesta hour and already half the shops were closed. A dusty marquee proclaimed a coming Gable picture and that Donald Duck had been held over for another week. Edie, staring at that concentrated inactivity, had a hard time believing they were less than four hundred miles from Wilshire Boulevard.

Stix had piloted the car almost the length of the street before Mr. McDonald's gaze fell on a huge canvas streamer that ran the length of a building suspiciously resembling some sort of beer parlor. The streamer read: "HERE! IN PERSON! LOS SWINGAROOS!"

"I'm afraid that's us," Mr. McDonald said unhappily, "and if it is, it looks like we're playing another suds emporium."

Stix swallowed, taking a quick peek at his fiancée. "Maybe," he said slowly, "maybe I shouldn't have been so hasty. Maybe I oughta found out more about this job."

EDIE forced a smile as she got out of the car. "With six bucks left in your pockets, we're going to be fancy?" She smothered a sigh, looking at the building. "At least it's *new*," she admitted wearily, following Stix into the café.

They found themselves in a deserted room, bound on one side by a huge bar. Up-ended tables and chairs were draped around a two-by-four dance floor and at one end there was a tiny band shell. Edie peeked into the kitchen, but there was no one there, either. Returning to where the others were inspecting the platform, she said, "A fine welcoming this is!" And then, sudden panic clutching her heart: "You—you don't suppose they've folded already, do you?"

"We have not!" said an injured voice from behind the bar. They whirled just in time to see a large bald head emerging above the rail. It was duly followed by a ruddy face that surrounded two friendly, if slightly bloodshot, eyes, and a figure of imposing dimensions. "I'm George Miller," said the man. "I see you got my wire all right."

Stix was still staring at him. "Why the peekaboo business?" he demanded faintly. "Is that any way to welcome an attraction?"

"I'm sorry," said the portly party, bustling around the end of the bar, "but your derby upset me for a minute." He cleared his throat apologetically. "I had a little difficulty back in the States and a man can't be too careful."

Mr. Harris' gray eyes were suddenly glassy. If they had come this far just to hold hands with a fugitive from a bastille—

"Don't misunderstand," Mr. Miller said hastily. "It was merely wife trouble. There were too many of them."

"Oh," said Stix, feeling more like himself. He made the introductions then, ending with the pert lady beside him. "And this," he said proudly, "is Miss Edie Malone, my fiancée and vocalist."

"How do you do?" said George, glancing approvingly at her contours. "It is always pleasant to meet a lady vocalist."

Stix waved a hand at the encompassing gloom. "What gives here? I thought we were playing a *fonda*—not a whisky-an' place!"

"A *fonda*," said George with great dignity, "is a whisky-an' place with color." That disposed of, he plunged into the details of the job.

Each winter the natives opened their socks to participate in Lamarilla's month-long Carnival of Bulls. And it was his judicious opinion, said Mr. Miller, that said natives were tired of tangos. The rumba, like the siesta, was merely a habit. The answer had come to him—just like that!—while he was listening to the Clambake Cats on that all-night station in L. A. By the time the carnival was over, they would have the natives permanently educated to swing!

Edie cleared her throat then. "Pardon me," she said politely, "but just what is this Carnival of Bulls?"

"Yeah?" seconded Mr. McDonald. "Personally, I never heard of it."

"Why," said George, looking hurt, "any Chamber of Commerce will tell you we run the only wide-open bullfights in all Mexico!"

The others looked doubtfully at Stix. Depending on a confetti trade for steady employment didn't sound real business-like and still . . .

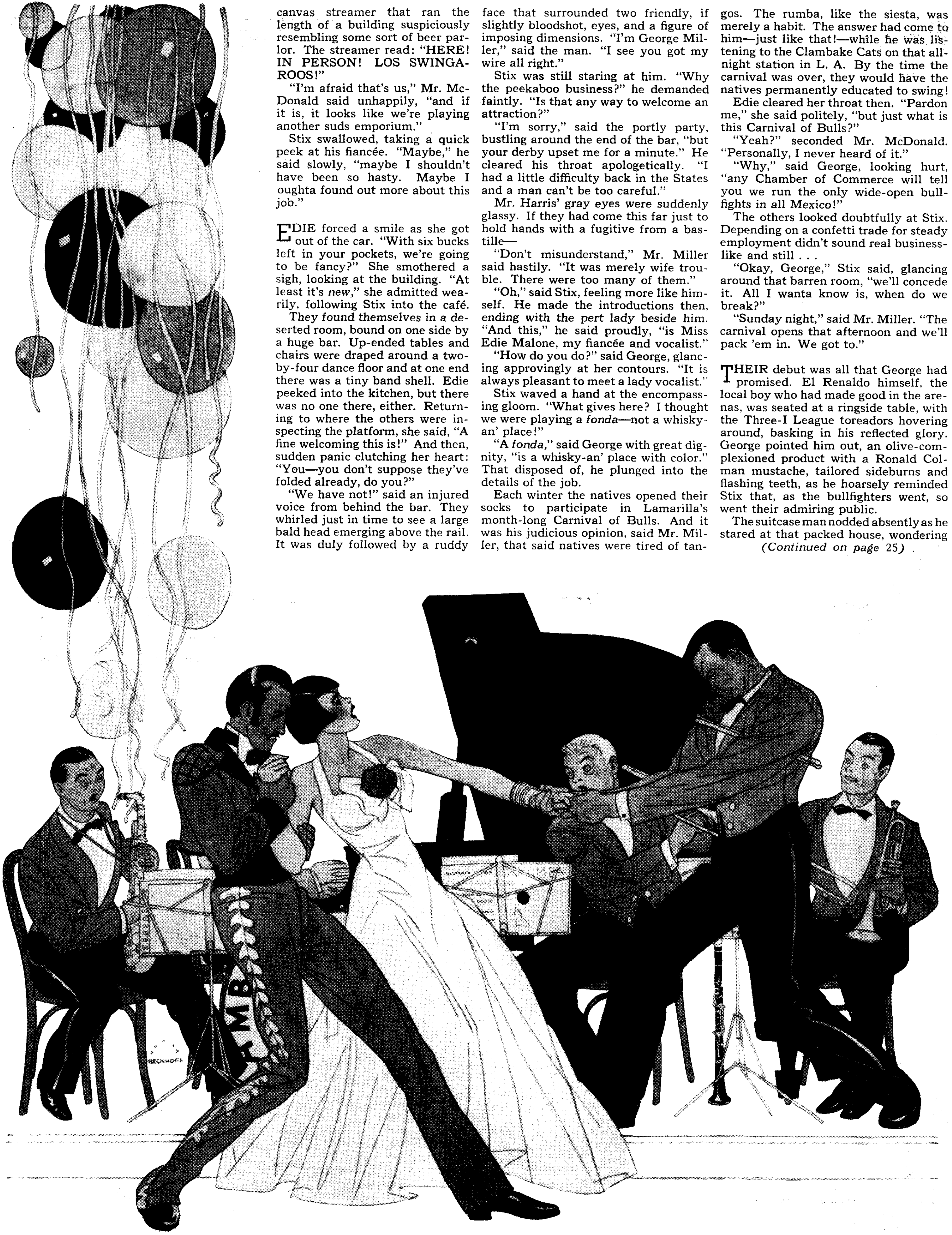
"Okay, George," Stix said, glancing around that barren room, "we'll concede it. All I wanta know is, when do we break?"

"Sunday night," said Mr. Miller. "The carnival opens that afternoon and we'll pack 'em in. We got to."

THEIR debut was all that George had promised. El Renaldo himself, the local boy who had made good in the arenas, was seated at a ringside table, with the Three-I League toreadors hovering around, basking in his reflected glory. George pointed him out, an olive-complexioned product with a Ronald Colman mustache, tailored sideburns and flashing teeth, as he hoarsely reminded Stix that, as the bullfighters went, so went their admiring public.

The suitcase man nodded absently as he stared at that packed house, wondering

(Continued on page 25)



"I can dance if I want to," she gasped. "I'm no tug of war, Mr. Harris"

Stop Squawking!

By Rud Rennie

THEY are at it again, trying to cripple the Yankees "for the good of baseball."

Why?

Because the Yankees have finished out of the money only once since 1920 and have developed a source of supply to keep up their strength for years to come. Because they dominate baseball.

"So," said Colonel Jacob Ruppert, owner of the world champions and their far-flung farms, "the Yankees are a menace to the game. That's what I hear." He was expressing his opinion for Collier's. It was just prior to the illness that resulted in his death.

"The Yankees should be in a league by themselves. I hear that too. They have a monopoly of all the good young ballplayers. They run away with the pennants. So *they should be broken up. I should help the weaker* clubs by giving them all the Yankee stars and the pick of players I have on my minor-league farms. I should finish last and be happy.

"That's nonsense. Instead of trying to weaken the Yankees and pull them down to the level of the other clubs, the other clubs should build themselves up to the level of the Yankees.

"Why find fault with the Yankees because they represent the best in baseball? Why not find fault with the other clubs for not being better?

"Why reduce the high standard of major-league baseball set by my ball club? Major-league baseball should be of the highest type. That's what I want—the best. I want to win. Every day I want to win. I don't like to lose. I can't stand close games. They make me nervous. I like games where we win 10 to 0. Then I can sit back and enjoy myself.

"I spent years and money building up an efficient organization. Now that it is working smoothly, why should I let it stand still *while the other clubs catch* up with me?

Let the Other Clubs Worry

"I have a $5,000,000 investment in the Yankees. It's a big business. We cater to millions of people. I have to protect that investment. I have to please those people. Yankee fans want a winning ball club. They support a winner. They won't support a loser. So, even if I weren't interested in whether the Yankees won or lost, for purely business reasons I want an organization to keep the Yankees on top.

"That is what the other clubs should have. They shouldn't worry about the Yankees; they should worry about themselves."

The colonel's idea was that the Yankees are a challenge to the other teams, and that the other teams should accept this challenge and strive to equal the Yankees in organization and accomplishment, instead of bemoaning their superiority and trying to curtail their activities.

"They not only try to beat the Yankees on the field," he said, "they try to pass laws against them. And they are always squawking because the Yankees are so strong and won't help anybody.

"Nobody helps the Yankees when they are down. They don't ask for help. They help themselves. The other clubs should be as self-sufficient as the Yankees.

"When the Detroit Tigers won two pennants in succession, nobody called the Tigers a menace to baseball. And nobody cried over the Yankees in the years they didn't win. But when my ball club won in 1936 and again in 1937 and beat the Giants in the world series there was a great to-do. The world series was getting to be a joke. That's what they said. But *my* ball club didn't make it a joke. Winning the world championship is serious business. It's our purpose in baseball.

"And when my ball club won again in 1938, that *was terrible. The Yankees were too powerful. Something* should be done about it. Sure it should. But don't break up my club. Improve the other clubs. You wouldn't break Kreisler's fiddle because he played it better than anybody else. You'd try to find another Kreisler.

"Back in 1928, there was the same cry: 'The Yankees are dominating baseball.

(Continued on page 60)

RENNIE

IFOR THOMAS

Who Chooses Our Wars?

By Drew Pearson

We have tried to legislate ourselves into isolation. It doesn't work. Our Neutrality Act has become a political weapon. Behind the scenes in Washington Mr. Pearson shows you how it has been twisted from its original purpose—how diplomats on the firing line have made neutrality serve the dictators' interests

Pursued by a Coast Guard cutter, the Spanish freighter Mar Cantabrico, with $2,700,000 worth of used American airplanes aboard for Loyalist Spain, races for the three-mile limit as Congress rushes the arms embargo. Despite the cutter's attempts to delay it, the freighter beat the embargo by an hour

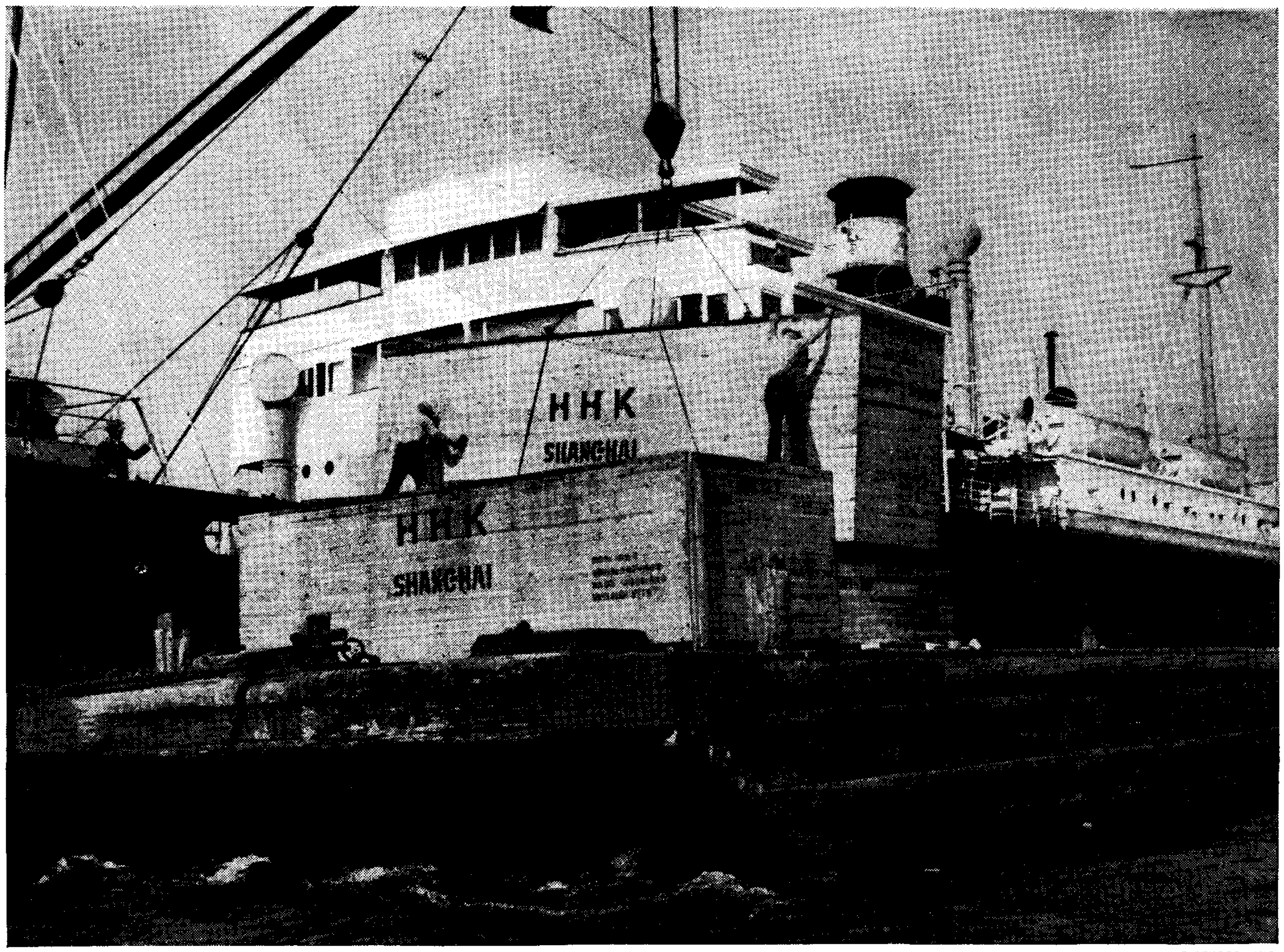
ACME

SATURDAY, October 5, 1935, was one of those gorgeous Indian summer days when nature smiles down on government workers in compensation for the cruelty of the Washington summer. Just the day before, Italian troops, sweating along the dusty roads of Eritrea, finally had reached Adowa on the Ethiopian border and begun the first real battle in a war that some people feared might spread to Europe. Worried over such a conflagration, Congress had just passed the nation's first Neutrality Act, an attempt to keep the United States out of war by legislation.

State Department officials, however, calloused to international incidents and not enthusiastic over the obligatory mandate shoved in their laps by Congress, relaxed on the golf courses and at the riding clubs in near-by Maryland and Virginia. Despite the battle raging at the gates of Adowa, war had not been declared officially, and they were in no hurry to invoke the arms embargoes required by the new Neutrality Act.

Suddenly, however, telephone bells began to ring, motorcars began to arrive at the State Department, and at 11:00 P. M. the press was summoned to receive copies of a proclamation signed by the President of the United States making it a penitentiary offense for American citizens to ship munitions and materials of war to Italy and Ethiopia.

What had galvanized the State Department into action was a radio message from President Roosevelt aboard the U.S.S. Houston, then cruising off the coast of Mexico. "Even though war has not been declared," radioed the President, "it is a simple and indisputable fact that Italy and Ethiopia are engaged in combat, thus creating a state of war."



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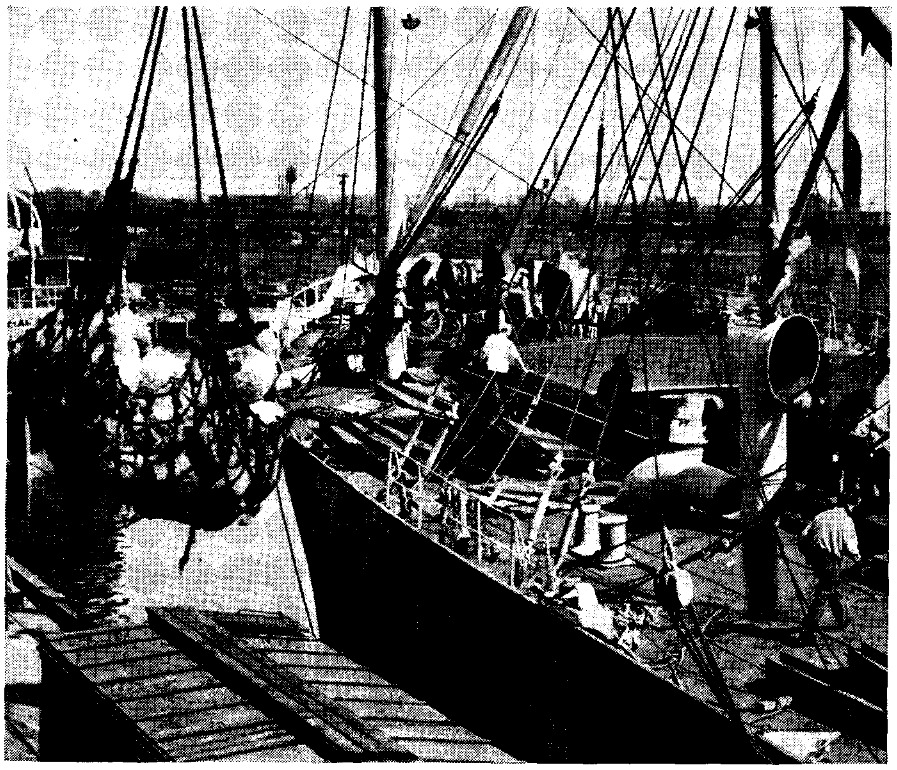
At Los Angeles, 19 bombing planes consigned to China are unloaded from the U. S.-owned Wichita for transfer to another ship. Washington feared that Japan would sink the Wichita

Seventeen carloads of barbed wire, an agricultural essential important to nations at war, are loaded at Baltimore for shipment to China. Center, an old American Army ambulance is burned to provide scrap iron for Japan. Neither scrap iron nor barbed wire is considered to be war material under our Neutrality Act



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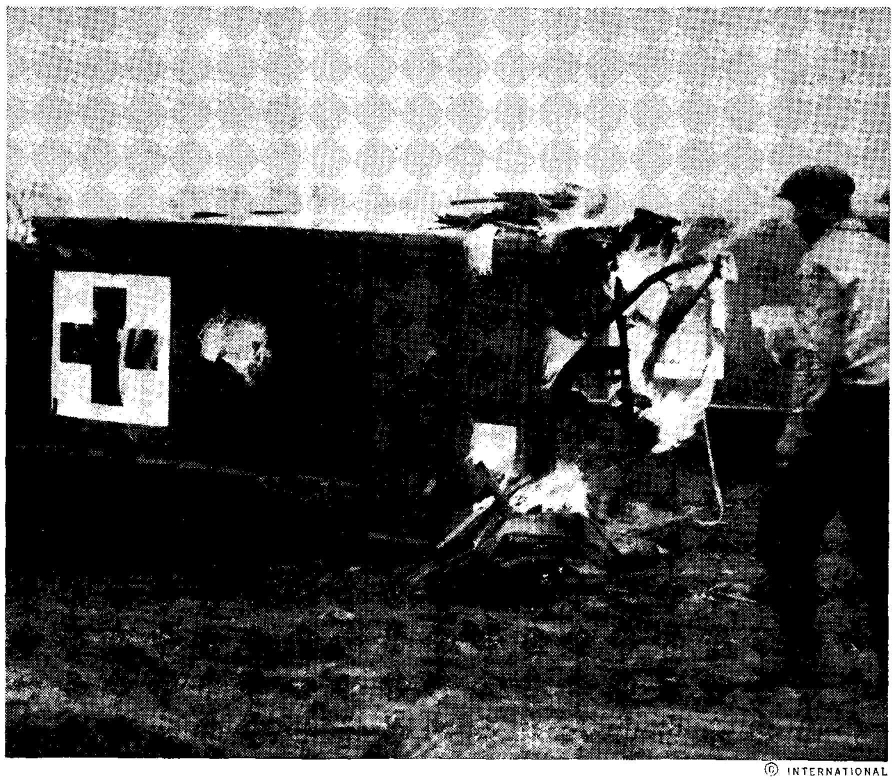

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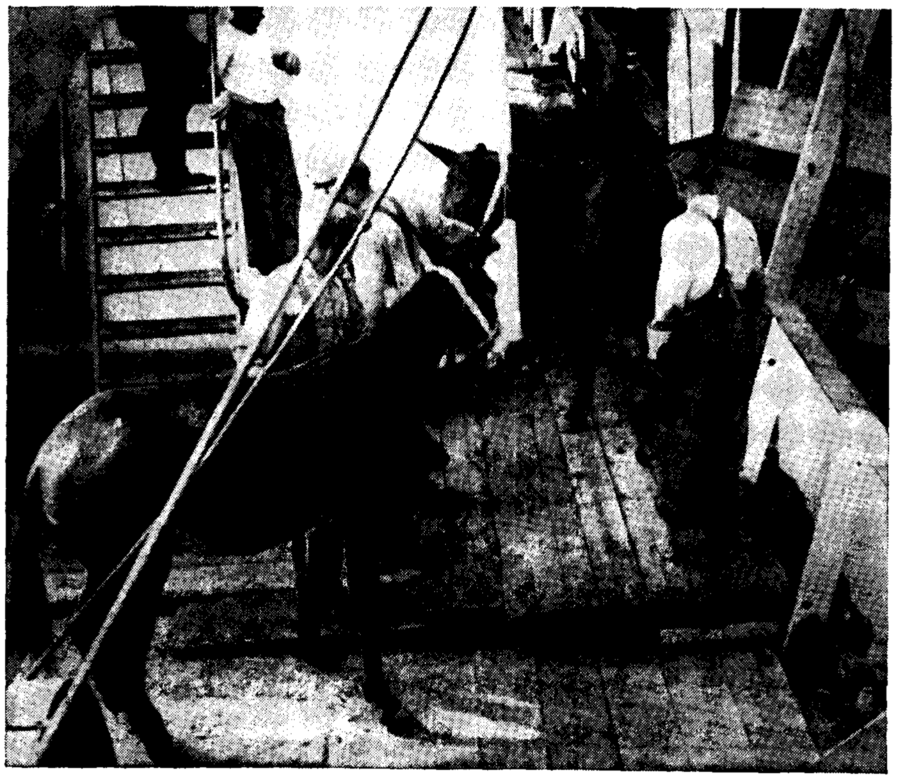
Mules are essential to nations preparing for military conquest, and Italy and Germany are best customers. Italy bought $342,000 worth of them here in preparation for her Ethiopian campaign; picture shows part of a shipload sent to Germany late last year



PICTURES, INC.

Accordingly, he asked the State Department to invoke the new Neutrality Act at once.

Mr. Roosevelt also suggested in his radio message—and a suggestion from the President is tantamount to a command—that the State Department immediately issue the second proclamation required under the Neutrality Act, banning American citizens from travel on belligerent vessels. But the diplomats, either weary or not convinced of any immediate urgency, went home that night without radioing the text of the second proclamation to the President for his approval.

So on Sunday came a crisp message from the U.S.S. Houston. It said: "What about that second neutrality proclamation?"

This was something which the State Department could not ignore—not even on a Sunday. Again officials were called from their homes and their golf courses, again they hurriedly radioed a draft of the proposed proclamation to the U.S.S. Houston. The President flashed back his approval, the press was summoned, and, regardless of the Sabbath, the ban on belligerent vessels became law.

An Important American Experiment

With this burst of presidential fervor began the first American experiment in neutrality. It has been an experiment subjected to many and changing interpretations—complete observance in the case of Italy, complete evasion in the case of China, rigorous imposition in the case of Spain, inexplicable inefficiency in the case of Germany. Nevertheless it has been one of the most important experiments this nation ever conducted. The United States has had the benefit of a two-year laboratory test in staying out of minor wars before the advent of a major war. And now that neutrality is back where it started, ready for a thorough overhauling by Congress, it is important to scrutinize the laboratory charts of the past as a guide to our policy in the future.

The first chart deals with the important background, chiefly the fact that President Roosevelt never was enthusiastic about neutrality imposed by congressional mandate. Once the law was passed, as we have seen, he was determined to carry out its provisions—at least in the case of Italy and Ethiopia.

But before the act was passed, he used all his political skill to persuade Congress to grant him discretionary power to throw the weight of an American embargo not against both belligerents, but against the aggressor alone.

This the Senate flatly refused to do. And when the Pittman neutrality bill, which imposed embargoes against both belligerents, regardless of the aggressor, reached the House of Representatives, a delegation of loyal Democrats came down to the White House with blood in their eyes.

"You are not going to get discretionary power, Mr. President," proclaimed Maury Maverick of Texas. "The Senate has gone on record against it and a majority in the House is opposed. We'll never give it to you."

The President replied with equal emphasis. He pointed out that his ideals and aims were identical with those of Congress—namely, keeping the country out of war—and that he intended to avoid war at any and every cost.

"You may think you can keep us out of war," shot back Representative Sisson of New York, also a Democrat, "but you can't. You may recall that Woodrow Wilson, whom we both loved and served, was re-elected on a pledge to keep us out of war. But he didn't. He was misled by his State Department and his advisers."

The President wanted more particulars as to who Sisson thought had misled President Wilson.

"Colonel House," replied the congressman.

Disputing this, Mr. Roosevelt defended Colonel House; but after further discussion, Mr. Sisson, who headed the delegation, closed the interview.

"If we fail to pass this Neutrality Act, Mr. President," he said, "and if the United States drifts into an international jam before the next session—as we may well do—then the people of this country will know that the responsibility rests on the shoulders of one man.

"And," he concluded, "it will mean the defeat of the Democratic party."

A Fruitless Embargo

Next day the President sent word to his leaders on Capitol Hill that he approved the Neutrality Act even though it placed equal restrictions against both belligerents.

It was just one month later that he acted with such speed in invoking the new act against Italy and Ethiopia.

Those who watched that speed do not, for one minute, question Roosevelt's sincere desire to carry out the mandate of Congress, once it formulated a definite policy. But also there is no question but that the Italo-Ethiopian war was one in a thousand where an embargo imposed on both countries penalized only the aggressor—if, as a matter of fact, it penalized anyone.

Outside of a few big-game rifles used for lion hunting, Ethiopia purchases no arms from the United States. Save for a few native dugouts, paddled over Lake Tana, she has no shipping that American citizens might be restrained from using at a penalty of $10,000 fine and five years' imprisonment. And except for the money-changers plying their trade in the open market square of Addis Ababa, she has no banks to arrange credits, sell bonds, exchange securities, and tempt the cupidity of American bankers at a risk of $50,000 fine and five years' imprisonment.

In fact, imposition of the Neutrality Act upon Ethiopia did not affect relations with that country at all.

On the other hand, the embargoes should have had a serious effect upon economic relations with Italy. But they were not serious—for two reasons. In the first place, it always happens that an aggressor nation plans the aggression in advance, accumulates enough supplies to go a long way in taking its objective. In the second place, Italy is an industrial nation, chiefly needs raw materials, not manufactured goods, and the Neutrality Act does not embargo raw materials.

To illustrate Reason Number One:

(Continued on page 48)

The Tattooed Man

By John Russell

SHE was like a flower. Other girls had been like that; but blowzier, riper, touched somewhere in petal or heart. This one might have been offered under his hand to pick at morning, dew-bright, in a glint of first sun.

She knew all the cute little tricks and the cute little moves. No sooner had he climbed the stone steps from the boat landing than her light hand was inside the bend of his strong elbow, with just the right pressure, her face was smiling up at him with just the right impish invitation. "A long voyage, sailor? . . . *Long time no see. What's it been like on stormy water?*"

His swelling arm muscles drew her close. "Ye-ah," he said thickly. "A long time." He turned his answering smile to her—the smile, he knew, that few could resist.

The rest of the shore party, his mates, had been chattering and shuffling about with a bunch of other girls. Somebody really knew somebody, it seemed; somebody had written ahead for a date; and now they were pairing as naturally as old friends. "Sam," they called. "Where's Sam? . . . Oh, there he is. Trust Sam—he don't need no introduction!"

"He's got Minnie," said one of the girls, with a glance over her shoulder.

"You bet *he has: he always gets Minnie. That's* the old fast worker, Sam. . . . Come on. We're goin' down to Pete's place—for ginger ale."

Sam looked at the girl. "Your name's Minnie?"

She nodded. "Minnie Morrison." She said it like a child, quite simply. Yet she was not a child. He could tell from her hands. She had the toil-worn hands of the poor—pretty enough, and well tended, like her neat, homemade frock; but revealing. No, she was no minor.

He gauged his pace to let the rest of the gang get farther ahead. . . .

What was it she was saying? "Y'know, Sam—I got a brother at sea. He's on the Yellow Funnel Line, last we heard. His name is Nate Morrison. Maybe you met him somewheres."

"Na-ah," he said.

Tricks. She knew all the tricks. The other girls must have taught her. But she remained budlike in herself, in her utter simplicity. . . .

"You ain't so hot for ginger ale right away—are ya?" he asked abruptly. She flushed a little, shook her head. "Then let's give 'em a miss. This way!"

He swung her behind two autos and down a side street. In that instant they had lost the others and were hurrying through a block of cheap stores and low hotels with narrow, furtive entrances. His eyes roved swiftly over the signboards. Suddenly he read one: "Prof. Dixey—Tattoo Artist." He laughed, to loosen a tightness in his throat where the quick, expectant pulse was beating.

"I remember," he said, with a directing nod. "I almost forgot I'd ever been here before. But I remember now. Dixey. He tattooed a rose on my chest."

"You—you've been tattooed?" she asked, somewhat breathless with his pressing gait.

"Sure, I have. Wherever I go—any port—I always get a new one. . . . Ain't much room left on me," he added.

"Tattoo marks? Won't they ever come out?"

He gave a snort of amusement.

"You'll be surprised when you see me, kid. I'm a regular picture gallery!"

Actually, he had collected tattoos all his life, as other men collect stamps or intaglios. And from much the same impulse—a groping sense of something charming, something rare and beautiful to be gathered and treasured. . . . And here this girl, in all her innocence, had put a finger unerringly on the canker of it: *the fact that his collection could never be* changed; the marks would never come out!

Some were not so good—inevitably he had learned. The rose on his chest he still liked, and a blue gentian, and an intricate arabesque about his waist like a belt of lace. But there were all kinds of other emblems and picturings—gross, ugly, repulsive; done on drunken sprees by drunken botchers. . . .

How would he appear to this girl—this exquisite creature? He was a tattooed man. A man covered with records of falsity, shame and evil experience: *marks* bitten with bitter inks into his skin, and into his soul—indelible; never to be changed till death.

They had reached a trolley crossing when he stopped short. "Look here, kid—are you sure enough *the sister of Nate Morrison? Is that true?*" She drew back from him in startled wonder. Then nodded, with the childlike way that left no doubt.

"How do ya get home?"

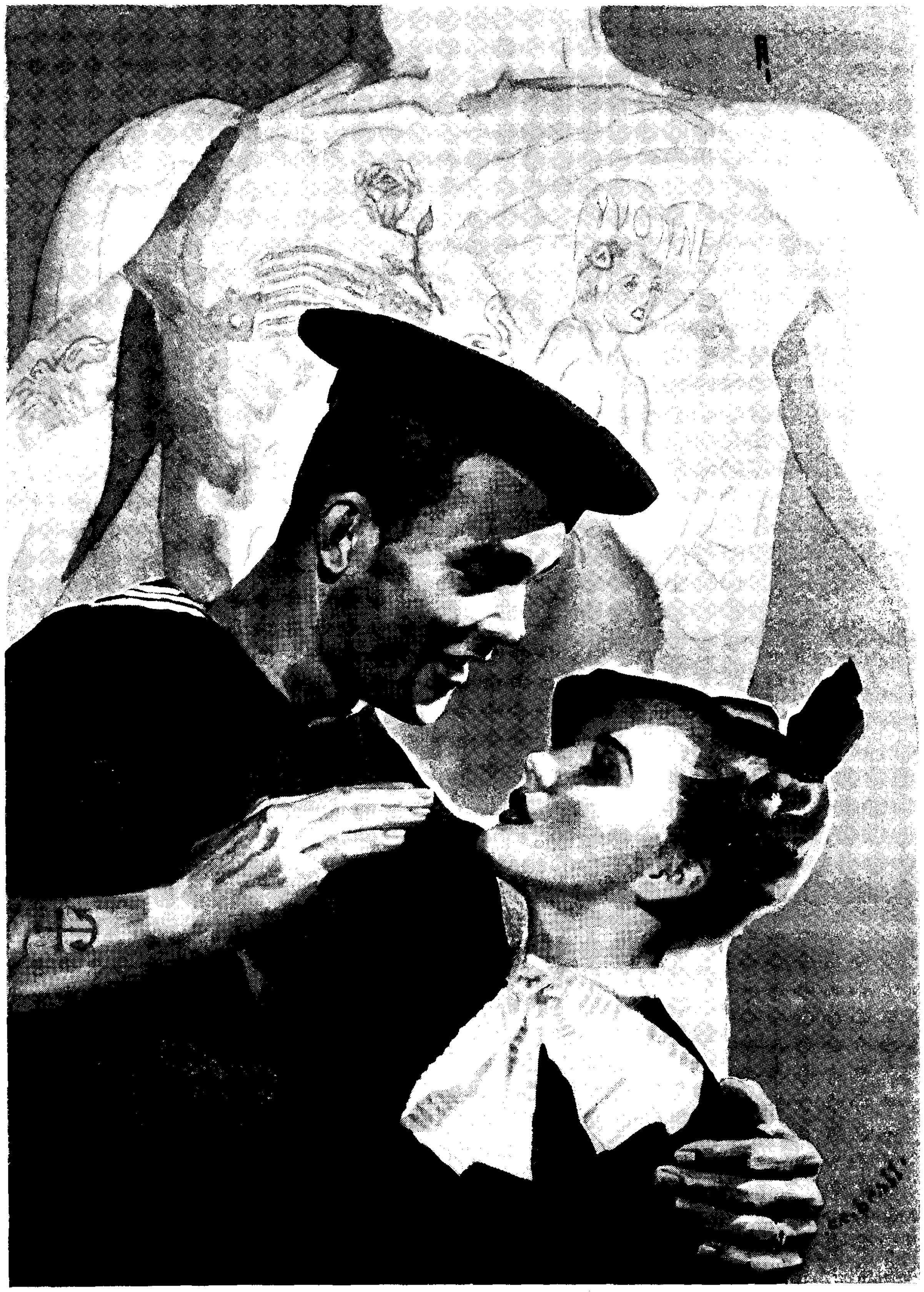
She gestured weakly toward an approaching trolley that showed a sign: Lavender Gardens. He grabbed her roughly by the arm. "Well, you beat it home, d'ya hear? Get on that car and beat it—understand? . . . Lissen. I know your brother, all right. Nate Morrison—on the Yellow Funnel. Ye-ah. He's my best friend. He told me to look you up and see how you was acting."

She could only stare at him; overborne, terrorized. He almost carried her in his single fist to the car track, and signaled. "I *won't tell him this time," he* snarled harshly. "But you cut it out. . . . You cut out this bunch of tough girls ya been runnin' with. Get me? If ya don't, y'll be watched, and he'll hear about it: and God help you if he does!"

The car came to a stop. Quicky, he thrust a roll of money into her hand and shoved her up the step. "Here. Your brother sent you this—case o' need. . . . So cut it right out; *you hear me?"*

The car started with a jerk.

He stayed a moment, looking after her. Then he put both hands in his pockets and turned to saunter along and find Pete's Place. He wondered if someone would buy him a drink. . . . He had good friends in the crowd. . . . But he had never had a friend named Morrison. He had never known anybody named Nate Morrison in his life.



"You'll be surprised when you see me, kid," he said. "I'm a regular picture gallery"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

LEWIS CLARK

American skiing comes into its own on the high trails like this one in Yosemite National Park

Skis in the Sky

By Frank J. Taylor

It's a new American sport called ski touring, and it's different from anything that ever came out of Europe. Pack up a kit bag and treat yourself to a slide through the clouds

WELL, it was about this time of year—midwinter—that Mr. Otto Steiner's feet tingled with the itch to slide down Mount Shasta, which was then, as right now, fourteen thousand feet high, snowbound, and a playground for blizzards. He was up at Shasta City, California, where the natives have a holy respect for The Mountain in winter.

"You are crazy to try it alone," they told him. "You will never come back."

But Mr. Otto Steiner recognized, from years of experience, the unmistakable symptoms of ski wanderlust and he knew that he had it and, furthermore, that the only cure for this delectable malady was to whoosh on skis down across the vast virgin snow fields that lay in unbroken mantles above timber line. So, ignoring the warnings of the natives, he shouldered his rucksack bearing emergency rations, cinched the straps of his skis and set off at a rhythmic shuffle up Shasta's western slope. The townspeople watched him disappear, a speck against the snowbanks.

All day he plodded, perspiring, across the unbroken snows in the bright sun. Nightfall found him near The Thumb, at the 12,000-foot elevation. That's where the sudden storm found him, too, one that threatened to become a cold, blistering blizzard, the kind that turns back less willful adventurers. But Mr. Otto Steiner merely stomped down the snow, burrowed into a drift, scooped a hollow large enough for himself and his pack, ate a bar of chocolate and some hardtack, slipped into his sleeping bag, and relaxed. The wind howled outside in cold fury, but it was warm inside his frosty cave, and he dozed for hours.

When he awoke, it was quiet and still outside. Digging his way out, as dawn crept over the eastern horizon, he found that the storm had piled a fresh snow blanket five feet deep on top of his refuge. He lit his primus stove, made a cup of tea, then fastened his skis, shouldered his rucksack and resumed his slow shuffle up the mountain. All day he plodded uphill, and late that afternoon reached Mount Shasta's windswept crown.

Otto Steiner took a lingering look at the far-flung world from his vantage point, then pointed his skis downward, leaned forward and gave a shove with his ski poles. With leisurely, graceful speed, he cut across the snow fields like a zephyr sweeping down the mountain. Half an hour later by his watch, he glided into Shasta City, eleven miles from and ten thousand five hundred feet below the crest of Mount Shasta, whose west slope is the longest, fastest, most precipitous downhill ski course in any ski-crazy country.

Two Days Up, a Half-Hour Down

Otto Steiner was hailed by the astonished townspeople as the first human to conquer Mount Shasta alone in midwinter. Ten years before, Oliver Kehrlein and Bestor Robinson had led a party up the mountain, only to be turned back by an avalanche. The next year they tried it again, but this time met defeat in a blizzard. Another trip the following year, and they were defeated by sub-zero weather. The fourth attempt failed, too, but in the fifth winter the persistent ski mountaineers reached the mountaintop. Five years up and one hour down stood as the Mount Shasta record until Otto Steiner cut it to two days up and half an hour down.

Now you might say that anyone who would deliberately flirt with blizzards and avalanches in midwinter above timber line, as did these daring souls, is slightly crazy. On further inquiry, you'll discover that fellows like Steiner and Kehrlein and Robinson are the pathfinders for a thrilling craze now sweeping the western half of the country. You'll find thousands of enthusiasts for the new sport of ski mountaineering insisting that it's easier and safer and more sensible to climb the topmost peaks of the Rockies, the Sierra Nevadas, the Cascades, the San Bernardino Range in midwinter than in midsummer. You'll run into a ski club in every Western college and city and most every town. You'll find employers rejiggering their vacation schedules so that people with ski wanderlust may take their holidays when the mountains are piled deep with snow. You'll find stenographers and lawyers and merchants and housewives arguing about the Alpine technique of sleeping out in the snow versus the American.

And, like as not, you'll find yourself catching the bug and buying skis, rucksack, form-fitting eiderdown sleeping bag, primus stove, concentrated food, and other paraphernalia for assaulting mountains in midwinter. Because, as Mr. Otto Steiner assures you, in the second winter out of ski school you are skillful enough with competent leadership to tackle ski mountaineering, which

(Continued on page 58)

NEW MEXICO SENTINEL

[redacted]

Dinner time in Camp Capitan, high in Lincoln County, New Mexico, where hundreds of underprivileged Spanish-American girls are taught a new way of life in the only surviving WPA project of its kind. Below, one of the girls learns decorative tinsmithing

AT EIGHTEEN Ramoncita Gurule was tall and her eyes were soft and brown and her skin was the color of ripe peaches. She lived with her mother, Josephita; her father, Jose, and her three younger brothers in a two-room adobe hut near the town of Wagon Mound, which is in Mora County in New Mexico. At first glance you'd say that Ramoncita was a Mexican girl. Actually she was Spanish-American and in a vague, rather bewildered way she was proud of being American and resentful of being called Mexican.

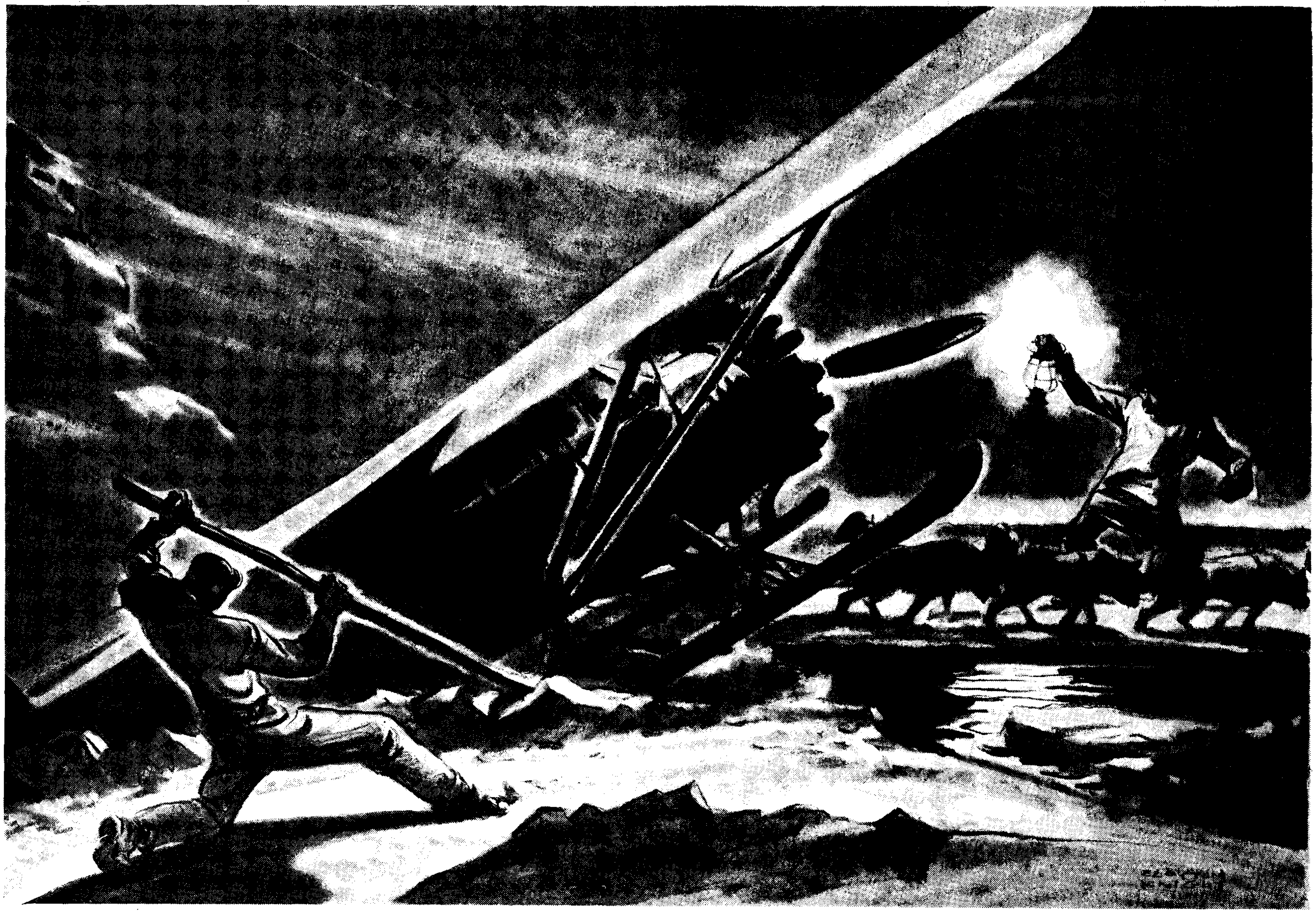
Her father had come from Old Mexico when he was very young, but, although he had lived now in Mora County forty years, he still spoke very little English and his Spanish was the language of the peon. Ramoncita, too, talked bad but understandable Spanish and worse English. Yet technically she was as American as the girl born in Boston or New York.

Now and then her father looked at Ramoncita with a slight touch of anger. She was eighteen and still unmarried. Worse still, she showed nothing but contempt for the cowhands and laborers who were his friends. Eventually, of course, she would marry one of them and cook his tamales and scrub the floor of his one-room mud hut and bear him many children. That was all Ramoncita was fit for. That was her destiny. Of course she was beautiful, and she had a lovely soft lilting voice, but Ramoncita was uneducated; Ramoncita outwardly was a stupid, inarticulate girl. But underneath there was something fine in Ramoncita, something that made her scorn the clumsy advances of the boorish men who came to call upon her father and to look at her appraisingly. Ordinarily this instinct, this vague, unexpressed longing for something finer, would have died soon enough and Ramoncita would have followed the traditional path of the Spanish-American girl in New Mexico: eventually she would have formed an alliance with a cowhand or a laborer and henceforth her life would revolve around the bearing of children, children who would eventually perhaps become wards of the state. With luck Ramoncita might have married a clerk in an El Paso or Albuquerque store but the Spanish-American in New Mexico, although full of charm, has never been characterized by enthusiasm for sustained economic effort. In any case Ramoncita had nothing in the way of either a happy or a secure future ahead of her.

But something happened. Fate in the person of a woman named Lucy Shaw came to New Mexico. Lucy Shaw was a New Yorker whose life had been divided between investment trust work and social welfare work among girls. It was her husband's health that brought her to New Mexico. For two years she and her husband did very little except soak in the sunshine of New Mexico and breathe deeply of the cold crisp air. And gradually his health returned. Meanwhile her instinct for social service asserted itself. She couldn't help but notice pretty Ramoncita Gurule and hundreds like her.

She had heard of the backwoods of South Carolina and she had read of the poverty, the superstition and the ignorance that flourished in those dark hills. Here in New Mexico she saw the same thing—with a Spanish accent. New Mexico is a country of vast spaces and in outlying districts poor travel facilities. There wasn't a school, for instance, within twenty miles of where Ramoncita lived. Had there been it is doubtful if her father would have allowed her to attend. He needed her help in the kitchen and in the fields. Mrs. Shaw watched the inevitable degradation of girls like Ramoncita; watched them wallow in their ignorance; watched their

(Continued on page 56)



The plane jolted forward. Foot by foot the dogs clawed, slipped, fought their way ahead

Trail's End

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Fast planes fly the mails over Alaska's trails where the husky once toiled. But the husky went out fighting, holding on to the last. Maluk was one of the last—a hero that, ironically, died so one mail ship could fly again

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

MALUK. It means leader, in the Kobuk tongue, one who leads, one who is brave; but Maluk was not brave, not in the usual sense of the word. He did not need courage, because he had never known fear or awe. He had never known a master. He acknowledged no superior, and in ten years along the trails of the Yukon he had found one equal. That was Pop MacNab.

Maluk was a full-blooded Kobuk husky: big-boned, broad, with towering shoulders like a buffalo, solid muscles over his shoulders, big legs and feet like the underpinnings of a Clydesdale stallion. He trotted steadily at the head of the mail team, his tail coiled tight as a spring, his massive shoulders rolling alternately, his face impassive as he peered through the flurries of snow, rolling in great gusts off the bluffs that line the Bering Sea. His head was erect and forward.

It was the head of a warrior. The skull was wide and flat, the jaw brutal; the Mongolian-slanted eyes were cruel, unimpressed, insolent. There was independence rather than intelligence in Maluk's face. He did not have the quiet wisdom of the bird dog, or the wit of the collie or the reckless courage of the terrier; but he had developed a perpetual awareness, in the battle royal for existence in the Arctic, and he had a quality of supreme self-reliance that made up for all the rest. The wrinkles in his surly old face were a chart of all the trails he had conquered. He had faced the worst blizzards, and fought them out; and his contempt for the elements showed in the curt lift of his head, his cocked triangular ears, his arrogant stride. . . .

Pop MacNab, riding the splayed ends of the sled runners, bit another hunk from his plug of tobacco and gripped the long hickory handle bars with his furred fists. The sled, loaded high with nine hundred pounds of mail bound for Nome, tilted a moment on an ice hummock, and he threw his weight nimbly to the high runner, leaning far out until both runners settled again. He shifted a practiced foot to the five-fingered metal brake, jammed down the middle prong like a keel, and swore as he brought the sled out of its perilous sideslip.

"If this trail gets much worse," he muttered aloud, "we'll need a team of mountain goats to finish the run."

Ahead of him, Maluk's indifferent rump and tight-coiled tail rolled steadily from side to side, and Pop lowered his head again and sent a jet of brown tobacco juice between his teeth. Long years on the run had accustomed him to talk with his lead dog in a casual monotone, an easy running conversation that never criticized and never commanded. There was a deeper understanding between them than praise or blame: an agreement without words, a grudging admission that they were independent of everything else in the world, but not of each other. Maluk had an uncanny ability to sense danger: a bad stretch of ice ahead, a fresh slide somewhere in the trail. Pop did not understand how he knew these things, but he never questioned Maluk's judgment. He trusted the dog as he trusted no man. When Pop slept at night, Maluk coiled before the door, his head on the sack of registered mail; when Pop harnessed the team again in the morning, Maluk stood guard over the other dogs, watching them through half-shut eyes with the studied indifference of a section boss; when the run was over, they separated silently, like a pair of trail-weary partners, without so much as a backward glance. They never showed any sign of affection: their relation was beyond that. They respected each other; Pop never took advantage of that respect; in all the years on the trail he had never used a whip.

THE big dog halted momentarily before an open break in the ice. Pop trotted forward, gave it a single calculating glance. "Can we make it, Maluk?" he asked in a low voice.

Maluk braced himself. Pop ran back to the rear of the sled again. "Ready," he called. The lead dog hesitated an instant, allowing

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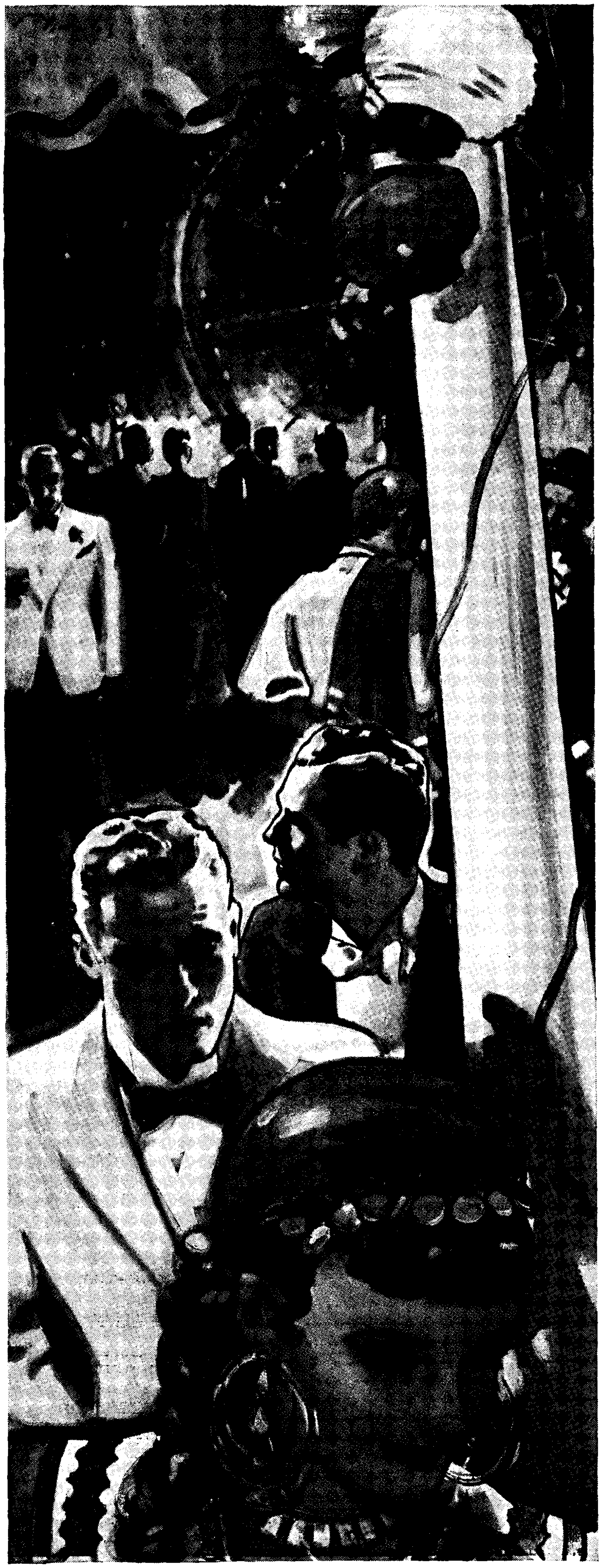


Bill became aware that, wherever he went, a man followed him

The Green Angel

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

WILLIAM BOONE, a noted young muralist, is preparing to purchase a ticket in a New York City railroad station when he sees a sneak thief running away with a toilet case belonging to a girl in the ticket line. He pursues the thief, retrieves the case, and returns it to the girl.

The girl is Suzette Aberdeen. She is on her way to the elaborate country estate of the wealthy Rodney Barnett, to whom—due to the efforts of her worldly and impecunious mother—she is engaged. She does not disclose her identity to Boone. Nor does she discuss her personal affairs. Boone, however (thinking that he will never see her again) informs her that he is en route to a perilous adventure, wherein he is to match wits with an unusually dangerous adversary.

A few hours later, they meet again—as *guests of Rodney Barnett!* Boone, it appears, has promised to paint a portrait of Barnett's stepdaughter, Nancy. It is obvious, however, that he has other, and far more important, reasons for coming to that beautiful estate. He has brought a valet—one Harmon—with him. From Harmon he receives frequent reports on what is going on in the house. And, guided by a blueprint (which he keeps secreted), he snoops about the place, searches for something the nature of which has not, thus far, been revealed.

In an upstairs portion of the house, he finds an old, dusty theater. The stage is set to represent a dilapidated porch, deep in a mossy wood. Hanging from the ceiling of the room is what appears to be a papier-mâché angel—a large white-and-green figure. Making numerous measurements with a tapeline, Boone tiptoes about the room, in a vain effort to find a spot which, if the blueprint is correct, should be somewhere near. . . .

Meanwhile Boone has fallen in love with Suzette Aberdeen. And he does not believe that she loves Rodney Barnett. The thought of the approaching marriage affords him some sour amusement. "When he marries her," he muses, "she'll be my aunt!"

III

NANCY, around the curve of the bar, was watching Bill Boone. Usually when she was attracted to a man, definitely attracted, then didn't see him again for a long time, he was a disappointment. She was quite surprised not to be disappointed in Bill Boone. All the time he talked to Suzette, until Rodney interrupted them, Nancy studied him and judged him in terms of his good coloring, his height, his shoulders, his interestingly relaxed air, his careless brown hair. If it weren't for Jim, she could really be interested in this man.

She thought: "Suzette is simply goofy about him. She is positively limp with it, I don't care what she says. The way she's looking at him and trying to pretend she's too, too amused. He said it would take three weeks for that portrait. Well, anything can happen. I might really fall in love with him."

She moved along the bar toward him, not smiling softly as she had planned, but grinning, because the idea amused her so.

She thought, "He's attractive. And he's acceptable. Certainly Rodney wouldn't disapprove of him."

Rodney took Suzette away to meet some new people who had just come in. Nancy closed the gap and said, "Hello, Bill Boone. I suppose you don't remember me."

He looked at her solemnly. "Don't rush me," he said. "Let me look at you a while. Didn't we meet in a broom closet?"

"You're stalling," she jeered. "You don't remember me at all."

He had learned, since he had met her on the ship, that Nancy Barnett was one of the season's most popular and disillusioned debs, and that she had a reputation for recklessness. She rode bad horses and flew a plane with a landing speed much too fast for an amateur.

"No," he said, "and I was wondering if you'd tell me something about this horrid Nancy Barnett who's having this party tonight. Point her out to me, will you?"

He thought she looked older than she had on the ship and decidedly unhappier. Her mouth had a more dissatisfied look. It wasn't sullen or pouting, but when it wasn't smiling or talking it was drawn down at the corners. Her eyes, too, had changed. They were very blue and they were beginning to have that vague look you saw in the eyes of neurotic women.

HE HAD cultivated her deliberately on the ship because he had decided that the best way to get into the Barnett house would be under the pretext of doing her portrait.

She drawled, "You know, Bill, you're one of the few men I've met after a long separation who didn't prove to be a drip. You see, I go on the principle that today's heartache is tomorrow's headache."

"Tell me," Bill said, "why I am Mrs. Aberdeen's headache? I never was her heartache. Just now when I met her, she smothered me with icebergs."

"Maybe she knows your reputation. Maybe she thinks you're a menace. You know, Suzette's marrying Rodney tomorrow noon."

"Yes, I know."

He saw Rodney go to a doorway as a girl appeared there. She was a tall, slender girl with light brown hair and dark blue eyes and she wore a white waltz frock. She wasn't distinguished, but she was pretty and her figure was alluring.

Rodney took her to the bar and introduced her to Suzette. Bill Boone heard him say, "Suzette, this is Miss Pond, my secretary. And this is Miss Aberdeen, Thelma."

"How do you do?" Suzette said.

"So you're Miss Aberdeen," Miss Pond said.

"Yes." It seemed to Suzette that Miss Pond, standing close beside Rodney, had the proprietary air of a mistress not quite sure of herself. Suzette thought: "She acts as if I were a usurper. Maybe I am. Maybe I won't be for long."

"Have you been in the United States before?" Miss Pond asked.

"Oh, yes. I came over to school."

"Your accent puzzles me," Miss Pond said. "Do you speak Chinese?"

Suzette laughed and said, "Yes. That may account for it." And she wondered why Miss Pond reminded her of such trite things. Miss Pond's mouth, for example, was a mouth made for love and laughter.

Around the curve of the bar, Bill Boone, listening to Nancy, was watching the girl in the white waltz frock. He

(Continued on page 43)

NO LADY who has fallen upon an octopus wishes to do it again. In addition to leering at the lady out of two very unpleasant eyes in a masklike face, the octopus customarily reacts by grabbing her about the ankle, or elsewhere, fastening by a vacuum cup at the end of a tentacle as well as by the wrap-around process, and dragging her to him in a most overwhelming embrace. Therefore no lady wants to fall on him more than once if she can help it. Elsa Lanchester had to land on the same octopus eight times for long shots, close-ups, and still photographs during the filming of The Beachcomber. The octopus did not grab her. It may have known that she was chaperoned by her husband, Charles Laughton, or it may have been too convinced by her impersonation of the impregnable Miss Jones, a spinster missionary-rampant to whom Mr. Laughton, in the picture, referred as "a sanctimonious suction pump."

Anyway, Elsa Lanchester survived these and succeeding shots for the film and has become the pride of Mayflower Pictures, London, and the regret of Hollywood, which once had her under contract but didn't know what to do with her.

The first time she was in California, they paid almost no attention to her at all except to order her kept in the background because the press agents hadn't yet figured out what sort of wife Charles Laughton ought to have to satisfy the film fans. The fact that, in London, she had distinguished herself as a dancer, a singer, and also on the dramatic stage before Laughton had ever taken his first curtain bow had evidently failed to percolate to our far West Coast. She was younger, so what?

Before she came back with him the second time, she had appeared as Anne of Cleves in the English production of Henry VIII and she came with a contract. But since most of the cinemoguls had never seen her in person, the greater part of Hollywood, with true imagination, was prepared for something pretty slow with straw-colored hair and a thick German accent—a good deal like Anne in the picture. The arrival of a slim young thing with a mop of red hair and a vital sense of humor was very confusing indeed. What added to the confusion was that her features, though highly pictorial and the delight of a painter, did not correspond to the Hollywood ideal. They tried a glamor make-up on her and it was fatal. She lost character. And as she was she fitted no catalogued type.

A Shock for Hollywood

What to do with her? They gave her two small parts, in David Copperfield and Naughty Marietta, and then made the supreme effort and cast her as the horrific mate to the monster in The Bride of Frankenstein. She also played the docile Mary Shelley in the prologue, but most people who don't read cast lists carefully didn't know the two were the same woman. Here ended her American film career—at least, for the time being.

When she later appeared looking like someone else again—a gentle warm creature—as the wife in Rembrandt, made in England, there was some surprise, but this in turn was no preparation for the virtuous ramrod in The Beachcomber—a performance which now causes Hollywood to look longingly at Mr. Laughton's wife.

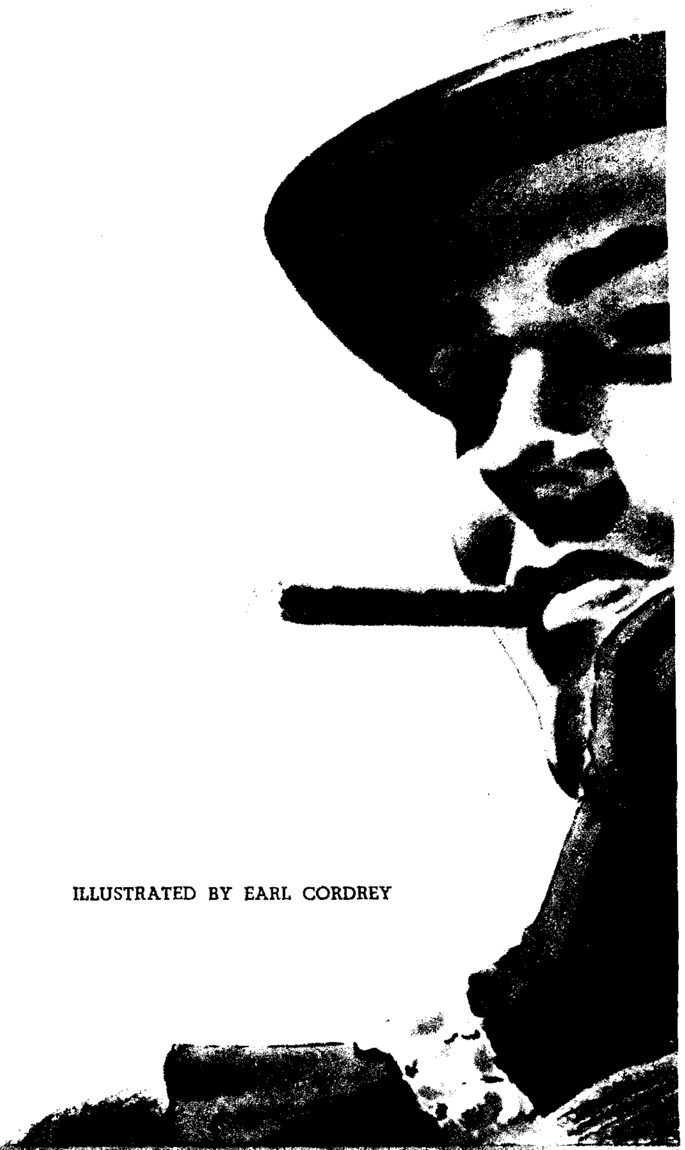
As to the job of being Mr. Laughton's wife—it has apparently been a pretty engrossing one and her favorite role. Not that she says so in so many words. But you note that "Charles and I" is the phrase with which she begins the answer to practically any question you ask her. You realize that it is less a reference to two persons than a kind of unified corporation—something like Charles and Company. Friends are under the impression that she thinks the letters B. C. stand for Before Charles. And it's evident enough, too, in her book, Charles Laughton and I, though she does occasionally give her spouse a caustic wifely wallop.

(Continued on page 30)

The 99th Stitch

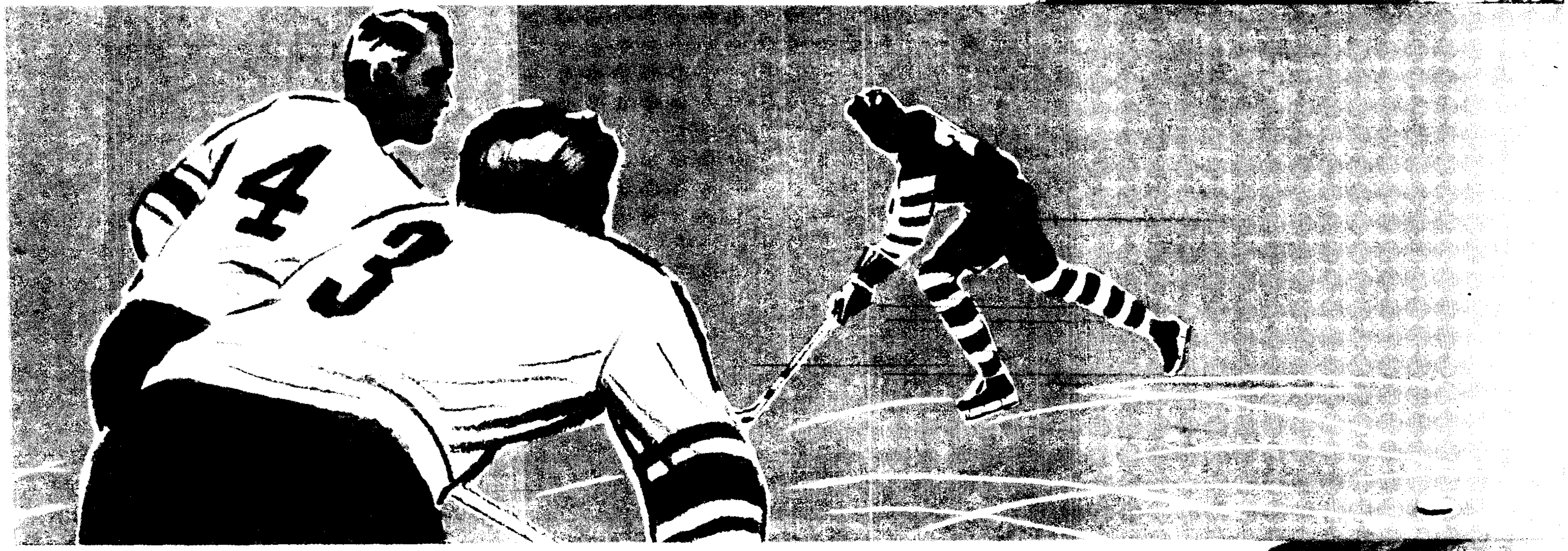
By B. B. Fowler

Rome's gladiators saluted their emperor before they went out to die. This is the story of a modern gladiator who found out times haven't changed



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

HE SAT in the window with sunlight pouring in a warm, golden flood on the leg he was massaging. He seemed to be rubbing the sunshine into the muscles, lessening the dull ache that had lasted too long. His mind ran back over the months to that early season game at Toronto when the defense had ganged up on him. Five years ago the stiffness would have gone in a week, the dull ache vanished in three. This year it had bothered him throughout the season. To Ebbie it was a sign as clear and unmistakable as the promise of spring he felt in the late winter sunshine.



As he massaged, his gaze was focused on the open sports page on the floor beside him. His picture was at the top of one of the columns. His mouth twisted in a wry smile as he remembered the persistence of the photographer as he worked to get Ebbie into just the right pose.

Ebbie studied the picture of himself, jaw set pugnaciously, shoulders thrust forward aggressively, brows pulled down in what the reading public would take for a fighting scowl. That was the Ebbie Gordon that the hockey fans knew—the Ebbie who had won himself such fancy titles as "Typhoon Gordon" and "Hockey's Bad Man."

The text beneath the picture asked, "Will the one-man wrecking squad of the Panthers be able to put on enough pressure to dynamite the Rovers out of the play-offs? Dave Riggs, manager of the Panthers says, 'Yes.' Maybe Dave only thinks so. It is common knowledge that the Panthers' front office believes the team is championship size. So it's up to Dave."

The reporter had done a thorough job of reviewing the career of Ebbie Gordon. He had made a total of the minutes spent in the penalty box. And the total was impressive. He had even computed the number of stitches scattered over Ebbie's anatomy. Ebbie read the total and said, "Ninety-five. That's a lot of stitches."

His hand touched the cheek where the thin scar ran from temple to jaw. They had stitched that up three years ago after that crazy Frenchman had slugged him in Montreal. He glanced at the white line on his leg. He had picked that up in Boston his first year in the big time.

The sum of the stitches was a grim reminder of passing time. They ran in a pattern on the surface of his thoughts, marking the fabric of the years. The years had not much longer to run. There was only a question of where Ebbie would stand when they had run their course.

THE telephone bell cut a shrill path through his thoughts. He swiveled in his chair and scooped the instrument from the table.

The voice at the other end was quick and sharp: "Listen, Ebbie, it's all fixed. I've worked on Harlan till he's sold on the idea. You'll be the next hockey coach at Guilford."

With an effort Ebbie kept the jubilation out of his voice. He wanted to shout and sing into the phone. Instead he said, "That's swell, Len. That's great."

Len's voice dropped a note. "There's just one thing, Ebbie. You know old Harlan and his code. He won't stand for rough stuff at Guilford. Now, all he knows about you is the record I've given him. He doesn't read the sports pages. Sports writers are just a little lower in his estimation than the hired gladiators of the pro game."

"Yes, I know that," Ebbie said.

Len went on: "I've sold your record to him. He came down to the city with me today. He wants to meet you. He's going to be at the Garden tonight to see you play."

Ebbie could feel the warmth of the sunshine on

He was swinging back when he saw Maida. He saw the people in the box with her. There were men who were sleek and prosperous-looking. There were other girls who screamed shrilly and waved to him as animatedly as did Maida

his neck. It counteracted a little the cold finger that touched him inside.

"Now, Ebbie, listen to me. Go on that ice tonight and play smart hockey. But no rough stuff."

Ebbie nodded at the phone. "I get you. No rough stuff. No power plays."

"You've got it. No power plays. None of that smasheroo stuff. Let the other boys pull whatever they like. You look after Ebbie. Because the old man will be watching you every second."

Ebbie said, "I'll be a lamb on skates, Len; a woolly lamb on ice."

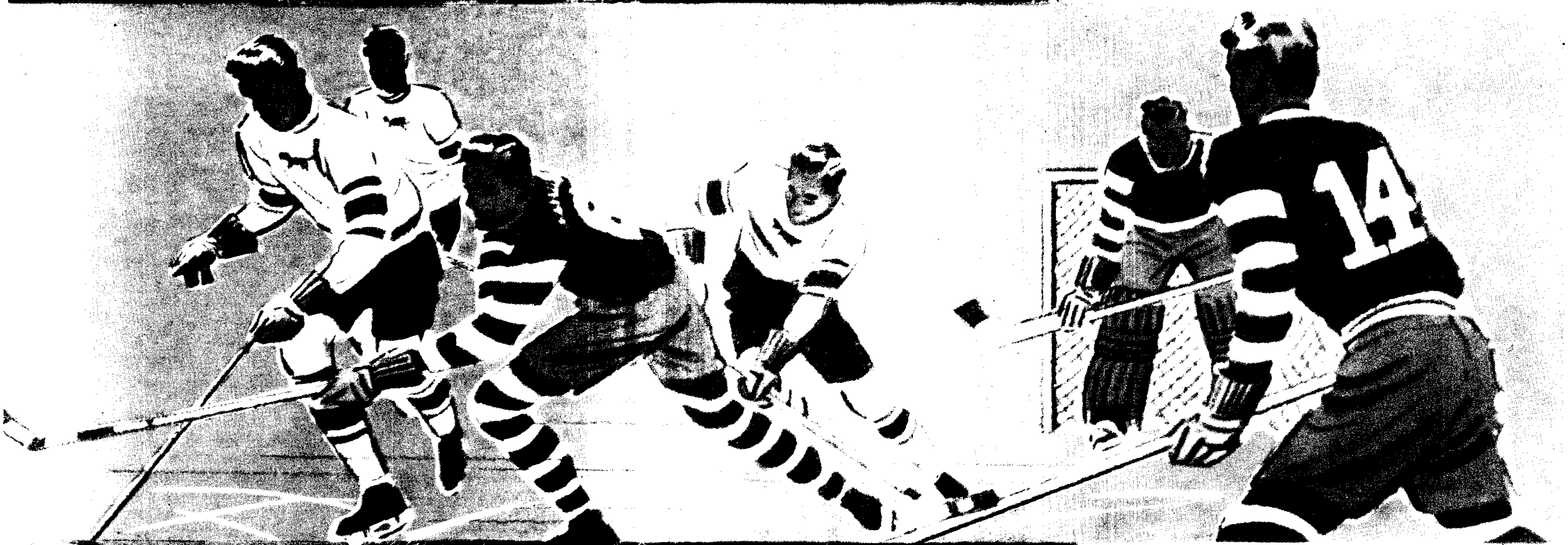
"Remember that when you get out there. After the game you'll meet the old man at the Commodore and put your fist on that contract. Be good, boy."

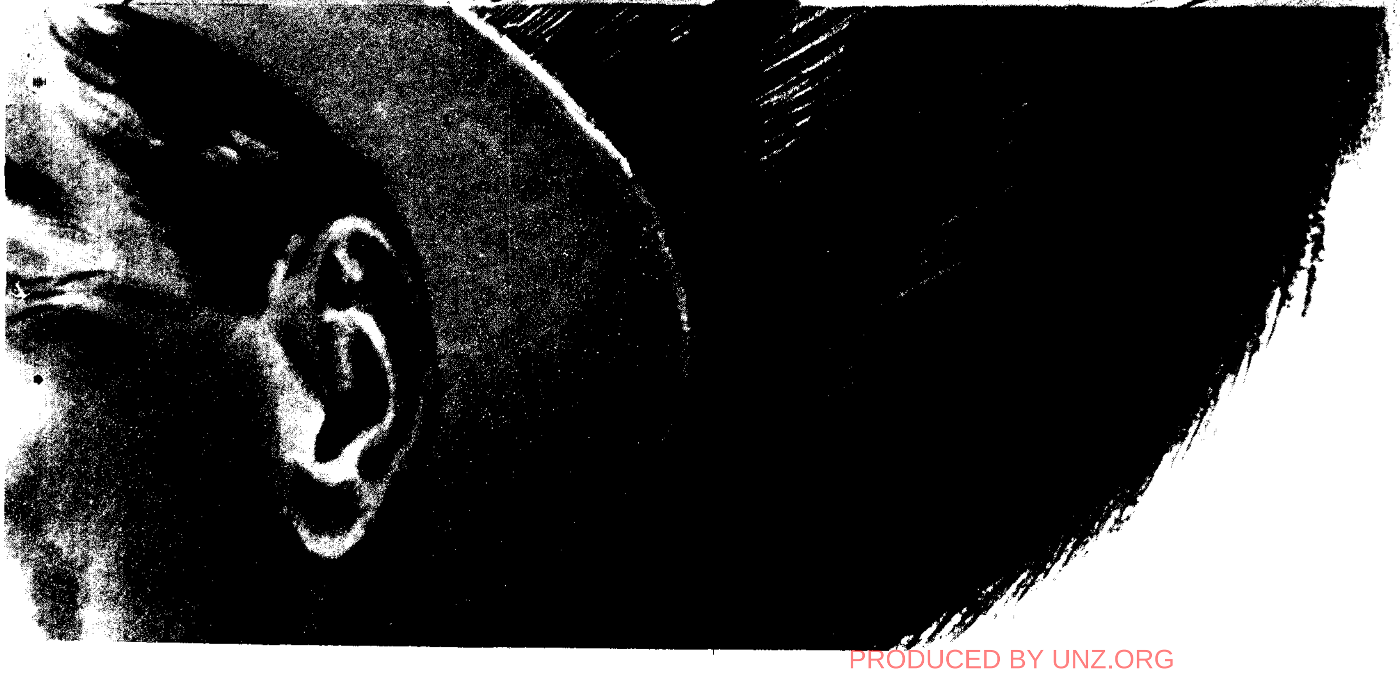
EBBIE hung up the phone and said to the empty room, "You'll be surprised how good I'll be."

He smiled at the windows but the smile wasn't crooked now. His gray eyes lost some of their level coolness as his mind began to play with ideas. He could see Guilford, the quiet little town with the streets drowsing under the old elms. He could see the drab dignity of the old buildings on the hill; gray stone and ivy that were worlds removed from the arenas where the paid gladiators did combat under thumbs that were as merciless as those of any Caesar.

He was almost ready for the street when the phone rang again. As he picked up the instrument he looked again at the open sports page on the floor. His picture seemed to glower at him from the page. He thumbed his nose at it and said into the mouthpiece, "Yes, this is Ebbie Gordon."

The voice at the other end gushed, "Ebbie, darling, you promised to call me when you got to town. You've been here since yesterday and I finally have to break down and call you."





The crooked smile came back to Ebbie's lips. "I'm sorry as all get out, Maida. I got in late last night, dog-tired. Dave Riggs has been riding herd on us all day. He wants us right for that game tonight." He found it easy to lie to Maida just now.

Her brittle voice rattled on, "I'll be at the game, Ebbie. I'll be looking for you. After the game you'll come around to my place. I'm throwing a party and the gang is just dying to meet you."

Ebbie tried to make his voice sound bitterly disappointed. "Isn't that just my luck. I'm tied up after the game, baby. I've got a business date. No, I

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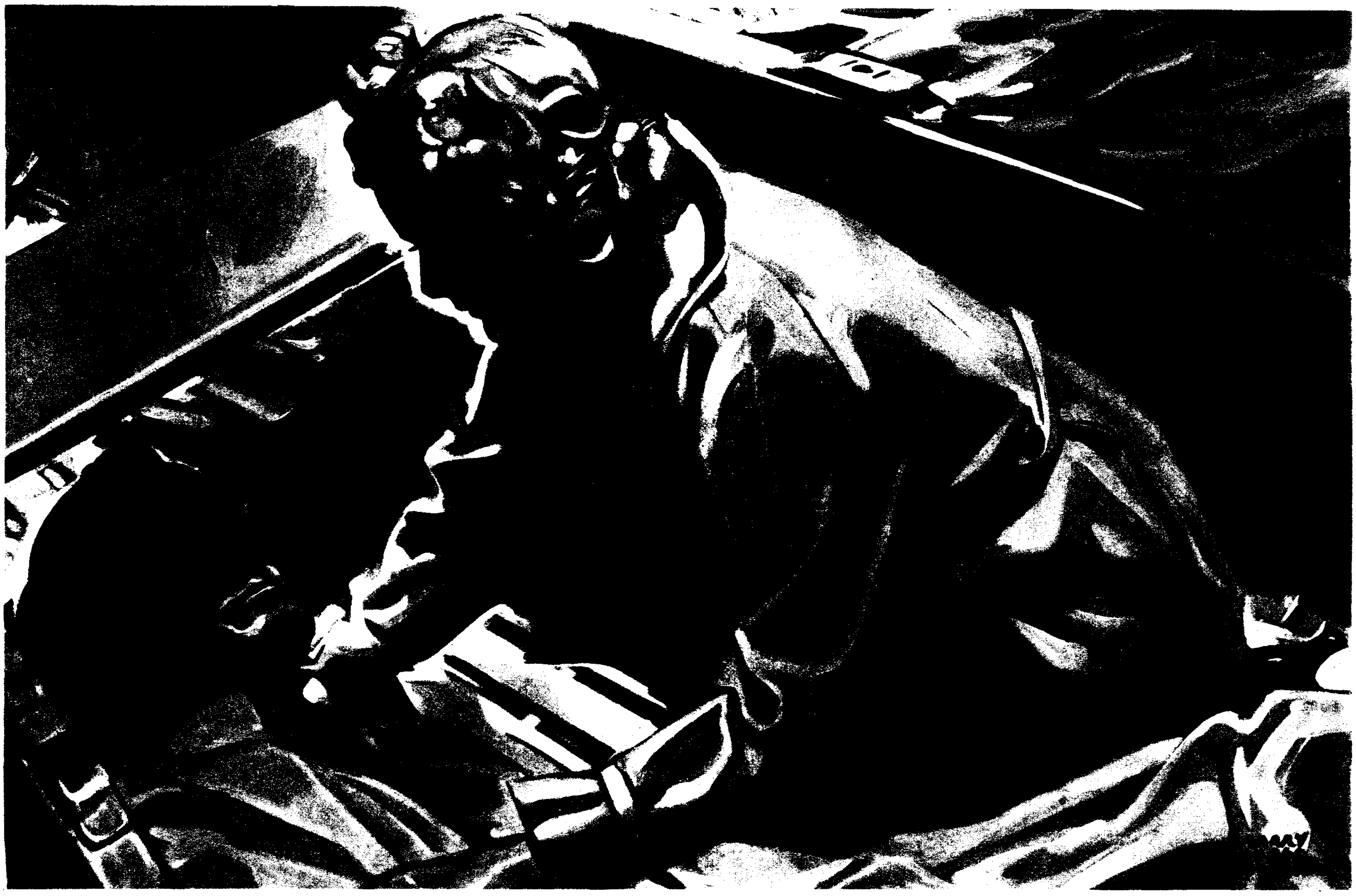

"No, I'm not hurt," he said, "but I made enough racket to bring out the horse guards"

The Resounding Skies

By Laurence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

MYSTERIOUS interference waves are spoiling North American radio broadcasts in tropical America. Walter Lane, a secret agent, goes down to Puerto Musa, to investigate the matter. He knows that his predecessor, Bill Bossert, had died of arsenic poisoning.

Like Bossert, he goes to work for the Caribbean Fruit Company. And, taking no one into his confidence—except Bill Roland, the U. S. vice-consul—he presently learns that the man he must watch most carefully is a German: Adolf von Graulitz. . . .

Two murders shock the little community. The victims are Roland and Gerald Stilton, the company's agent in the Capital. The killer of Stilton steals $100,000 of company funds.

Lane feels sure that von Graulitz is deeply involved in the crimes. But, due to a concatenation of strange circumstances, the men surrounding him—Dave Perry, manager of the Puerto Musa division of the company; Cecil Holliday, the district superintendent; "Pinky" Hind, an overseer; Henry Alcott, an accountant; and Ed Bannister, a company official—think Lane is guilty and arrest him.

Meanwhile, Walter Lane has fallen in love with a charming girl: Perry's secretary, Muriel Monroe. At times he suspects that, professing to be his friend, she is working against him. Nevertheless, he loves her. She visits him, in jail, and advises him to squeeze through his window at ten o'clock that night, and make his escape. A boat, she says, will be waiting.

A short time later, Coronel Blanco, the comandante, tells Perry that the prisoner will attempt to escape that night! . . . Henry Alcott's wife, preparing to give a large party, receives a caller: von Graulitz. The German says: "I have made repeated efforts to see Mr. Perry and your husband. I am determined to have an interview with Mr. Alcott—*tonight and alone.*"

VII

MRS. ALCOTT blanched. "No," she faltered. "Please, Mr. Graulitz. . . ."

"It is imperative."

Mrs. Alcott clenched her thin hands and sat down on the wicker settee. "You had an interview with Mr. Stilton last night," she said in a tight voice, "and Mr. Stilton never came back."

Adolf von Graulitz sat down next to Mrs. Alcott. His eyes smiled coldly at her along the bridge of his nose.

"You will tell Mr. Alcott that I shall be at Miguel Wong's hotel tonight until midnight. Tell him that I will expect him to bring Miss Monroe to me there. I will wait until midnight. You will send him."

"No," said Mrs. Alcott.

Graulitz flipped open a gold cigarette case, passed it to Mrs. Alcott. She didn't look at it. Her eyes were fixed on the German's face in a kind of fascinated horror.

Graulitz took a cigarette, tapped it on his wrist, replaced the case, and struck a match before he said: "You love your husband, Mrs. Alcott?"

"Very, very much."

"Of course. Much more than he loves you, in fact."

"That's unkind, Mr. Graulitz."

"I am a blunt, outspoken man, Mrs. Alcott. Do you know where your husband was between one and one-thirty o'clock this morning?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Alcott promptly. "He was home—in bed."

"He was not home," said Graulitz. "And if he were, you would not be able to prove it, because you and Mr. Alcott have separate rooms."

Mrs. Alcott winced. Adolf von Graulitz allowed smoke to trickle from his nostrils, veiling his triumphant smile.

"You see," he said, "I am well informed. Now. Your husband was abroad in the port at the hour at which Mr. Roland was killed. So—"

"You're not accusing my husband of killing Bill Roland!" exclaimed the horrified Mrs. Alcott.

"NO, of course not. I would not dream of such a thing," said Graulitz. "But the fact remains that he will not be able to prove that he did not murder the vice-consul."

"But he will! I'm certain he will. Since he is innocent, he can prove it. Why, he came home from the comandancia only a short time before, and—"

"He will not offer an alibi," said Graulitz, "because he is a gentleman."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Everything. A gentleman does not jeopardize the reputation of a lady who has placed her confidence in him. Mr. Alcott cannot furnish an alibi for the time of the consul's murder—unless he betrays a lady's good name."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You know very well what I mean."

Mrs. Alcott stared at the German for a long moment of dazed, hurt silence. Then she bristled defensively.

"If you mean that Henry is unfaithful to me," she said, "you—why, it's ridiculous. You know there's no such thing as a clandestine affair possible in Puerto Musa. We all live in a goldfish bowl. We're such a small colony, all living in each other's laps, practically, that—" Mrs. Alcott stopped suddenly. Her lips were white. "Who is the woman?" she demanded.

"That is a matter between you and your husband," said Graulitz. "My point is this: I know that your husband was not home when Roland was killed last night. I know that he cannot very well furnish an alibi. I have kept silent so far, because I have nothing against Alcott. But I swear I will keep silent no longer if he does not come to me at Miguel Wong's *albergo* by midnight tonight. You will send him, Mrs. Alcott?"

"Suppose he does not want to come?"

(Continued on page 34)

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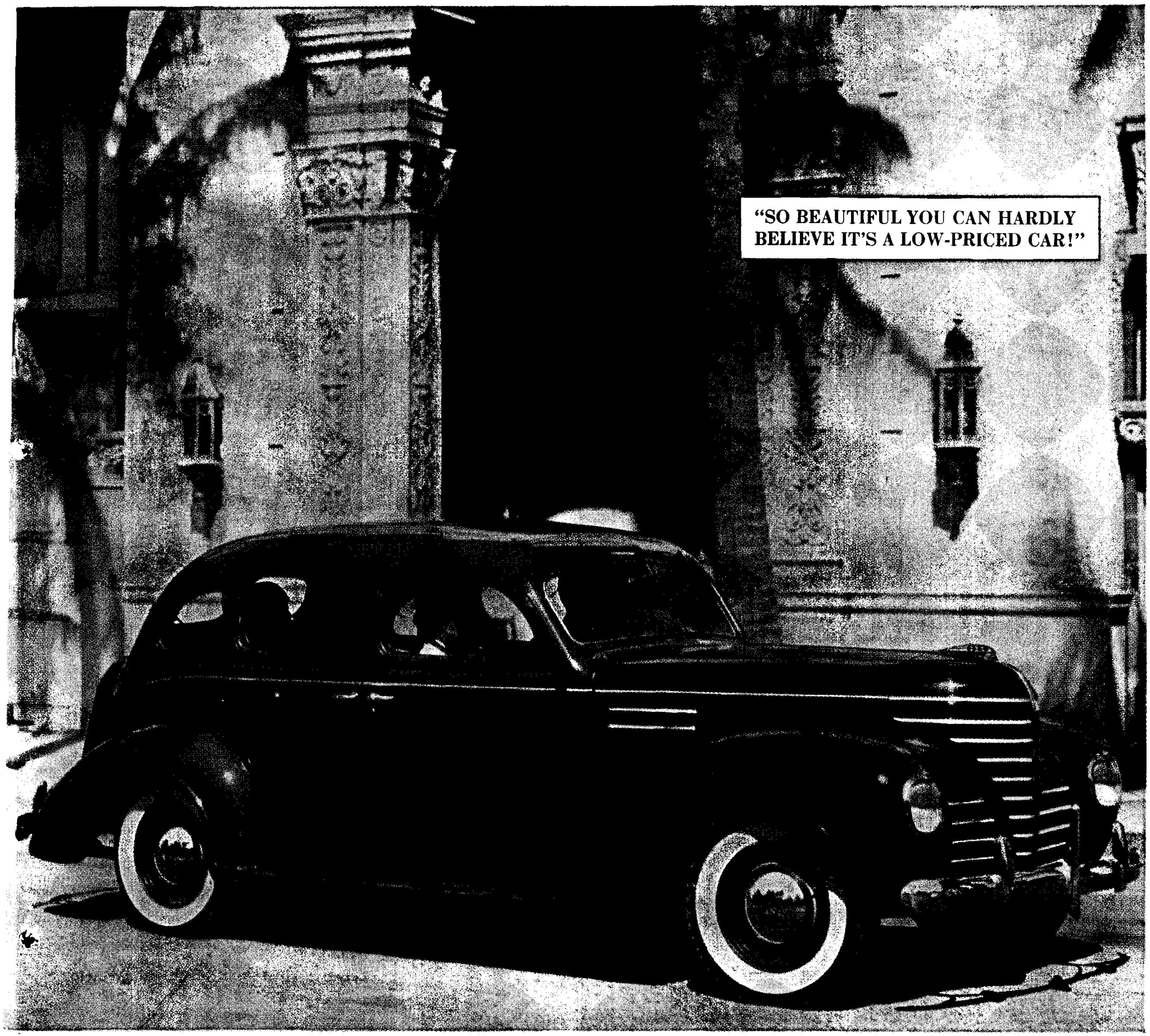
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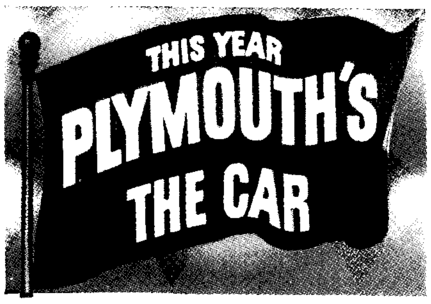

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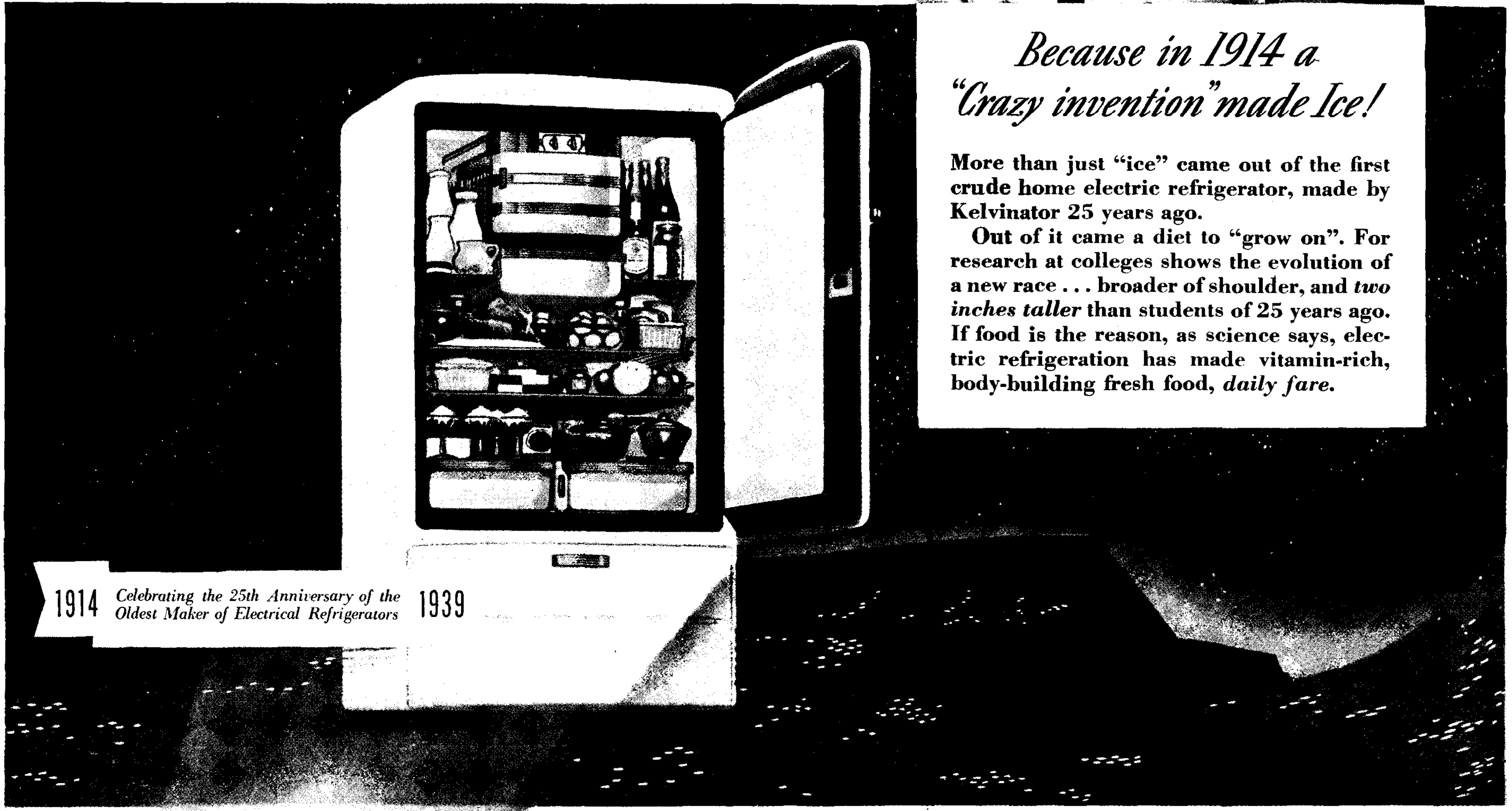

Because in 1914 a "Crazy invention" made Ice!

More than just "ice" came out of the first crude home electric refrigerator, made by Kelvinator 25 years ago.

Out of it came a diet to "grow on". For research at colleges shows the evolution of a new race . . . broader of shoulder, and *two inches taller* than students of 25 years ago. If food is the reason, as science says, electric refrigeration has made vitamin-rich, body-building fresh food, *daily fare.*

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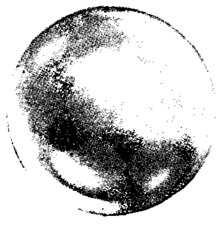
Now You'll See *New Wonders in Cold Making and Money-Saving in the Silver Jubilee Kelvinator*



The POLARSPHERE . . . so perfect, so trouble-free, it is sealed away forever. So powerful, it could keep *five* refrigerators cold—cold equal to half a ton of ice per week!

TODAY YOU'LL SEE the proudest achievement of the company that first introduced electric refrigeration to the home.

With America rapidly outgrowing its present refrigerators, Kelvinator realizes that *even better* cold-making . . . with still *lower costs* . . . is needed for your new way of living.

So . . . the Silver Jubilee Kelvinator! Entirely new . . . entirely different . . . beautiful beyond description!

You'll see a new principle of cold-making . . . cold "conditioned" four ways . . . to call forth a new, juicy flavor from meats—to crisp back the garden taste and savor of vegetables, keeping them nature-fresh for days. Even the new "fast-frozen" foods are *kept* frozen until used.

You'll see many new conveniences . . . a vegetable bin . . . shadowless twin dome-lights . . . finger-tip cube releases . . . double glass-topped crispers—to name only a few.

And all these marvels of new-day refrigeration are yours at a *lower cost* because of Kelvinator's amazing new current-saving Polarsphere.

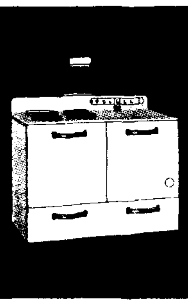
Compared with refrigerators of a few years ago, it costs you 50% less to run . . . freezes in one-third the time . . . offers you 40% more refrigeration.

It is actually so far in advance that you'll want to "catch up with the parade", even though it means replacing your present refrigerator.

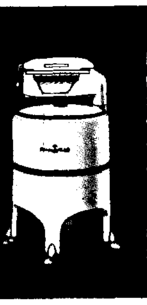
To see the 1939 Kelvinator is to want it. You'll find that means only a few cents a day. KELVINATOR, Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

Silver Jubilee KELVINATOR

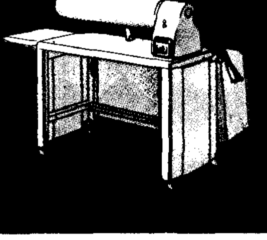
SEE THESE OTHER SILVER JUBILEE HOME APPLIANCES



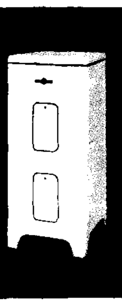
Kelvinator Electric Ranges for 1939—more economical than ever—with faster heating ovens . . . oversize broilers . . . two types of sturdy high-speed cooking units.



Kelvinator Electric Washers: Fin-Flex Agitator "bends" and flushes dirt out of delicate fabrics. Fabric-Saver Wringer has the new Automatic Pressure Pilot.



Kelvinator Electric Ironers: to ease you through the family ironing quickly, economically—2,736 square inches of material per minute! New ease of operation!



New Kelvinator Electric Water Heaters are trim in design, with all plumbing and wiring concealed. They're completely automatic, economical, never-failing.

Mexican Omelette

Continued from page 10

if heaven was like this. While it was true that the local alligators were addicted to sombreros and serapes, they were still an audience, something that had been sadly lacking in the combo's career up to this point.

Then, strictly professional. Stix seated himself at the traps, glancing proudly at his fiancée, who was still trembling a little at the sight of so many people. "Ready, honey?" he asked. Edie nodded nervously, looking very slim and carriage-trade in the form-fitting sequin gown that set off her torch patterns to the best advantage.

Lifting her mouth for a quick kiss, she breathed, "Mow 'em down, Stix!"

He winked. "They're in the bag," he said briskly, holding up his sticks for attention. He got it and in that one still second he could feel the boys behind him loosening up, ready to go looking for a cloud on his first sock chorus.

He nodded at Jack Fina, their keyboard polisher, and then they were away on *Tear It Down,* with Stix's high-hatter furnishing the downbeat for the others. By the time he had filled his last pattern the crimson band coat was wringing wet. Stix slid onto the cymbal then, choking the period, and the melody came to an abrupt halt.

Panting, he stood up to acknowledge the applause. He was still bowing dazedly when Edie's anguished expression finally began to register. But it was not until the ringing of his own percussion tools died out of his ears that the horrified Mr. Harris realized he had been taking curtains before a stillborn house. Not a hand stirred. All was silence.

Then: "Rumba! Rumba!" called El Renaldo.

The Cats stared at him, unwilling to believe their ears. Even the long-underwear division would have appreciated their last effort. But not here. "Geev us the rumba!" El Renaldo cried again. The natives, taking their cue as always from their heroes, promptly swept up the cry.

George came scurrying from behind the bar, apprehensively wiping his bald head. "Maybe you'd better play a few at that," he said hoarsely. "Maybe this *has* all been a little sudden."

Stix stared at him. "Just because that bull teaser wants it?" His voice was suddenly hard. "If he don't like it—"

"He'll take the crowd with him," groaned Mr. Miller. "You see, I forgot to mention that Renaldo himself is not exactly an alligator. As a matter of fact, he is not only the public's Number One Toreador but it also happens that he is the champion rumba dancer of all Mexico."

The color was edging over Stix's collar. "This is a fine time to remember that," he said coldly. "We have never gone for this chili stuff."

It was Edie who hurried into the breach then. "Be reasonable, Stix," she pleaded. "We've got to eat, don't we?"

Mr. Harris looked at her for a long moment before nodding reluctantly. "I guess so," he said grimly, "but this is certainly getting your calories the hard way."

HE BECAME increasingly sure of that in the week that followed. Each night Renaldo and party appeared, followed by his gaping admirers, and each night the Clambake Cats found themselves playing nothing but gourd music. Mr. Fuss McDonald's chagrin was the greatest of all. A rug-cutting individualist, Mr. McDonald had never bothered learning to read music at all and consequently now found himself delegated to the rumba sticks and forced from time to time to leap to his feet, crying: "Rumba! El Rumba!"

Nevertheless the crowd and, more important, El Renaldo, liked it. And they liked Miss Edie Malone best of all. Edie, hoeing it down on the Carioca and Say *Si Si* displayed such unexpected fervor that Stix began to suspect there must have been a dash of the mandolin in her family tree.

ON THAT second night it was El Renaldo himself who led the bravissima applause for Tony's Wife and insisted that George should bring Stix and Edie to his table.

"How do you do?" he said to Stix, his eyes lingering on Miss Malone. "Your band, I like very much."

"Thanks," Mr. Harris said shortly, wondering just how you could be pleasant to a guy you instinctively wrote off as a schmaltz party. He introduced Edie then and Renaldo bowed deeply, sweeping her hand to his lips.

"Such pleasure, Mees Malone! You are the soul of the rumba!"

TONIGHT
TOMORROW
Reamer Keller

"Say when, sir"

REAMER KELLER

Edie colored daintily at the praise. As George had promised, they soon discovered that El Renaldo was more than gracious. It developed that he was so very gracious that Mr. Harris soon found himself returning to the shell minus his canary. It was only fair, said Renaldo, bowing, that his so charming fiancée should dance one rumba with him.

Stix, watching them over his pot lids, was forced to admit grudgingly that the guy *could* get around. Edie seemed to float in his arms. There were three encores before Edie could make her way back to the stand. When she did, her blue eyes were all shiny.

"He's nice, Stix," she said. "He has the cutest accent." Something in his eyes made her add hastily: "I—I knew you'd want me to be polite to him."

"Sure," said Mr. Harris, elaborately offhand, "business is business."

He wasn't so sure of that, however, when, the following day, he found himself accompanying Miss Malone to the bullfight. Renaldo, he gathered, had simply insisted that they witness his debut.

He opened to a full house and Stix, sharing the toreador's own box with Edie, looked about him, wondering why all the audience. Personally, he had seen much more excitement at a Maypole dance.

Only one bull got so much as a draw. A large black party hailed as El Diablo Toro chased both picadors and matadors to cover. He stood there then, pawing and snorting, until some cautious flunkies roped him, thus clearing the field for El Renaldo's entrance.

There was an imposing flourish of drums at the main tunnel and as every head turned, a small native band, imported from the mountain country for the occasion, marched onto the field, bursting into the Toreador Song. They were followed by Renaldo's personal picadors and then, in the best Barnum fashion, by the great man himself. The glamor boy, all done up in silk breeches and a gold-braided parade cape that Mr. Harris found most offensive, bowed right and left as he took up a position on the fifty-yard line, gracefully flexing his blade.

An asthmatic sacrifice was ushered into the grounds and after the usual preliminaries, his attention was directed to the matador's flaming red cape. There were exactly three snorting charges (Renaldo almost slipped once and the crowd, Edie among them, came to their feet with one convulsive gasp) before the death thrust was duly administered.

Renaldo whirled then and in the best cinema tradition, his blade gleaming in the sun, saluted his box as he dedicated the bull to Miss Malone. Edie flushed and Stix, rising to his feet, said shortly, "The bull's all yours. And to match it, I'll give you El Renaldo on toast."

MR. HARRIS was bitterly regretting that offer before the week was out. The rumbas of El Renaldo and Miss Edie Malone had become a nightly feature in themselves. He was tossing on his hotel bed, wondering just how a suitcase man could best broach such a delicate subject to his fiancée, when some horrible string music assaulted his ears.

Muttering, he threw open his window and, to his utter horror, found Edie standing on the neighboring balcony, bathed in the moonlight and smiling softly at the caballero in the courtyard. Mr. Harris peered into the warm darkness and then his mouth set into thin, grim lines as he recognized El Renaldo. Stix turned to his betrothed.

"What goes on here?" he asked. "Is this a private party or can I come in?"

Edie gave him a gentle, reproving smile. The nicest engaged lady is not exactly averse to having her fiancé know that others also appreciate her charms.

"It's just an old Mexican custom," she said casually. And then, sighing a little, "Isn't it romantic? That guitar in the moonlight!"

"Offhand," said Mr. Harris, "I would say that it is a very poor guitar that could probably stand a new E string."

Edie froze him with one well-placed glance. "Certain parties would do well to be as romantic," she said frigidly. "Don't you think a girl ever gets tired of spending her life on a band shell?"

"Oh," said Stix, "so that's how it is? You'll pardon me if I get out of the draft!"

He slammed the door on that and when he did finally fall asleep it was with the firm resolve to keep Edie at her distance for the next few days.

He had Miss Malone's complete cooperation in that matter.

One day she missed rehearsal entirely, arriving in Renaldo's car just as the band was leaving the *fonda.* Mr. Harris stopped in his tracks, staring after that long, expensive roadster.

"I'm sorry, Stix," she said hurriedly. "I hadn't realized—"

His eyes were as cold as his voice. "I know," he said. "You'd forgotten that even bands that play corny rumbas have rehearsals now and then."

The boys looked at one another, uneasily shifting their instrument cases. Edie stared at Stix for one bleak second. When she spoke, her voice was carefully controlled.

"We couldn't get away. Renaldo wanted me to meet his parents and they were showing us over the hacienda."

"Parents?" asked Mr. Harris, raising his eyebrows. "Hacienda? I thought bullfighters just grew."

Her blue eyes went even darker at that. A young lady who has just been offered a permanent and romantic abode under the stars is in no mood for such patter. "You wouldn't understand," she said icily. "That's the way they do things down here."

No one had ever accused Stix of being a sleepwalker. His eyes narrowed slightly and his face was even paler than usual.

"Look, Edie," he said finally, "I don't wanta beef. But you're engaged to me and I don't like you going places with

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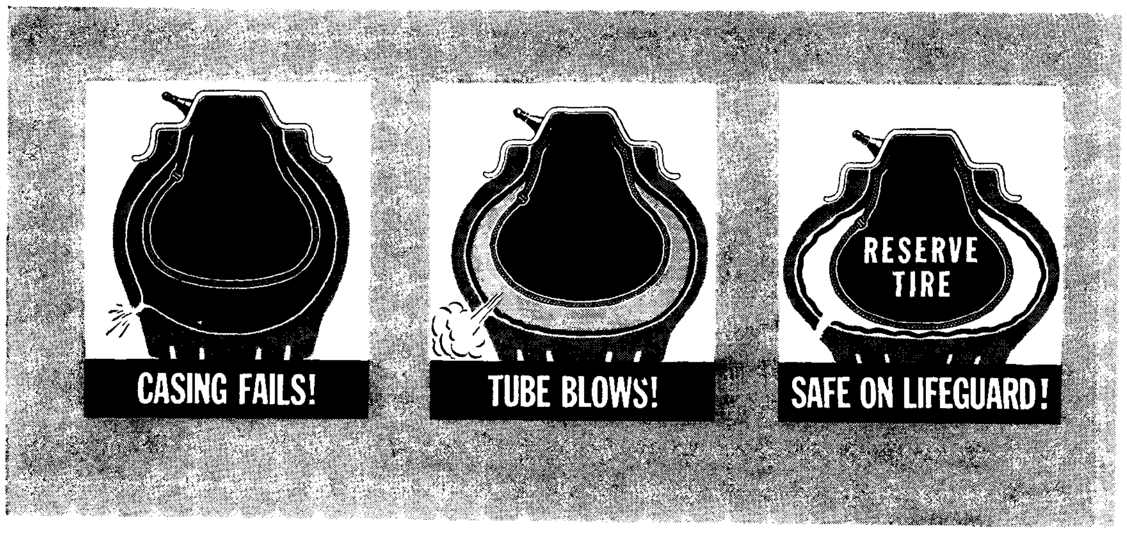
Don't confuse LifeGuards with so-called puncture-proof tubes, which afford no protection against blowout dangers. Insist upon LifeGuard . . . and you'll protect yourself . . . your family . . . and your car!

PAY FOR THIS SAFETY AS YOU RIDE!

Your car dealer can equip your new car with LifeGuards—in sizes available—from his own stock, or arrange to have it equipped through local Goodyear dealers. The slight extra cost can be added to your financing plan or handled on an Easy Pay Plan.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an icky who has that stockyards touch. Just because you've clicked doing rumbas—"

That was the wrong thing to say to a party whose last name ended in Malone. "You're jealous!" she flared. "You're mad just because we can't be barrelhouse every night! All you think of is gut-bucket get-offs!"

There was a stunned silence as the boys realized that they had a lady Benedict Arnold in their midst.

"Okay," Stix said coldly. "If you wanta go long-hair on us—"

"I do!" she said furiously, while she could still get the words out. "I'm giving my two weeks' notice right now!"

"Fine!" he said bitterly. "And don't think I won't take it!"

Edie was desperately twisting her fingers. "While you're at it, you might as well take this too!" she cried, hurrying away. The suitcase man was left staring speechlessly at the engagement ring in his hand.

THAT final Saturday found Lamarilla swarming with tourists, lured by the knowledge that on the morrow, El Renaldo would make his farewell appearance; romantic rumor having it that he was about to enter into matrimony with a lady vocalist. As a final flourish, the matador was to exchange pleasantries with El Diablo Toro, that snorting individual who had already compiled a casualty list rivaled only by Mrs. O'Leary's cow.

George Miller, floating with a sense of well-being that comes only of capacity business mixed with stuff in green bottles, made one last effort to hatch the dove of peace that night. The prolonged refrigeration taking place on his bandstand had reached the point where George felt a little frostbitten himself. Now, waxing very paternal as the tequila reached the places where it would do the most good, he made his way through the crowded tables and, getting Stix aside, said confidentially: "About Edie, my boy—"

Mr. Harris glanced at him and when he spoke his voice was so cold that George found himself practically sober. "Thanks," he said politely, "but a man who has been playing rumbas for three weeks is in no mood to discuss his deepest emotions. Do you mind?"

George shook his head hurriedly, laying an immediate course for the bar.

Miss Edie Malone really mowed them down that night. The applause was increasingly tumultuous. At each encore she made a point of graciously stepping aside so that Mr. Stix Harris, unhappily ensconced at his traps, might share the ovation. Stix bowed stiffly, morbidly wishing that he could sally into just one chorus of One O'Clock Jump and show certain canaries artistry that was artistry. Through sustained effort he managed to keep his eyes off El Renaldo, who was holding court at his usual table.

The pay-off came at midnight. Edie had just finished one of the toreador's favorites and he made his way through the crowded floor to the bandstand. Bowing gallantly, he exclaimed: "Such fire, my Edie! Such passion!"

She colored and Renaldo, noting Stix's cold gaze, said negligently, "A rumba, Señor. We would dance."

"Maybe," Mr. Harris said shortly, "but not with my canary. In case you hadn't noticed, it happens there are other customers also and Miss Malone is still working for me."

Edie stared at him, the color draining from her cheeks and leaving her eyes large and smoldering. El Renaldo scowled. Impetuously, he seized Edie's hand, lifting her from the stand.

"Let go of her!" Stix barked, getting to his feet. He grabbed Edie's free hand, pulling her back toward the stand. Miss Malone, feeling herself coming apart, tried to free her hand. "I can dance if I want to!" she gasped. "I'm no tug of war, Mr. Harris!"

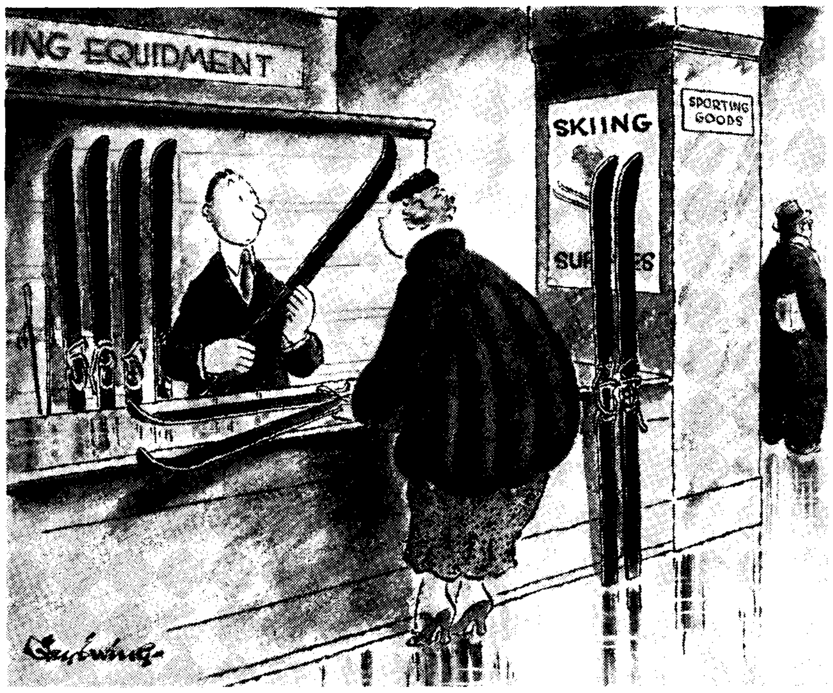
"That's what you think," he said grimly, pulling her up to the stand with one vicious jerk. Renaldo gave an outraged cry at that and sprang after her. That was all Stix had been waiting for. He hit the toreador just once and Renaldo was all over the floor like a mop.

"Oh!" Edie gasped. "That I was ever engaged to a man who would humiliate me like this!"

Stix was too busy to answer. With one wild cry that crowd of picadors, fellow matadors and common admirers came surging down on the stand. El Renaldo rose shakily to his feet just in time to be caressed with the business end of Mr. Fuss McDonald's slip horn. Then the mayhem was on for keeps.

Fighting back to back, the Clambake Cats, aided and abetted by the patriotic Mr. Miller, equipped with a bungstarter, laid about them with their instruments, standing off every assault until the arrival of the Lamarilla gendarmes. Then, bowing only to the sheer force of superior numbers, but still shouting their defiance, they were bustled away to the bastille.

After a very sorry midday meal consisting of some thwarted coffee and leftover frijoles, the Cats were resigned to a languishing Sunday. Most of the *policia* had maneuvered being assigned to the bullfight and the jailer had retired—with key—for his siesta.



"Er, don't you think it's kind of narrow for four of us to sit on?"

JAY IRVING

GEORGE, watching Stix stare moodily from the one barred window allotted their tank, sighed heavily. "If we could only get hold of the consul—"

"Consul?" howled Mr. Fuss McDonald, halting his mad pacing. "This is no time for amateurs! We gotta get hold of the union!"

Jack Fina looked up from where he was cleaning his nails. "Maybe Edie—" he suggested.

"Ha!" Stix said bitterly. "If you think my former fiancée—"

His tirade was cut short by the sudden appearance of their jailer and two red-faced *policia*. As the keeper fumbled with the lock, the larger gendarme, still panting for breath, wheezed: "On your feet, *músicios!* Weeth instruments!"

Stix, the first through the door, halted, regarding him coldly. "If you think we're going to be satisfied with any mere apology—"

"Quiet!" roared the mustachioed party. He launched into the native tongue then, giving a play-by-play to the keeper, and George suddenly nudged Stix. "They need you at the arena!" he whispered. "Renaldo won't go on without a band!"

Stix was hardly able to believe his outraged ears. And then, as this crowning humiliation finally registered, he shouted wildly, "If that ham—"

Mr. Fuss McDonald hastily clamped his hand over the clatter man's mouth. "What happened to that mountain combo?" he demanded.

It was the policeman who answered. "They go home to make revolution," he said haughtily. "Each weenter they go home and make revolution!"

IT WAS only through the united efforts of the Clambake Cats that their maestro was loaded into the police car then. "Be reasonable!" Fuss pleaded. "You don't want us to rot in that hole, do you?"

"I don't care where I rot!" Stix screamed. "I'm not going to—"

"Now, now," George said soothingly, "what's one Toreador Song more or less?"

Stix looked at him for one heavy moment and then was abruptly silent. He didn't even muster a protest as the band was shoved into sombreros and serapes that did nothing to set off their uniform jackets. There was a steady, continuous roar from within the arena where for the past half-hour El Diablo Toro had been waiting impatiently in his tunnel. Stix was pleased to note that an oppressive silence hung over El Renaldo and his flunkies.

Finally they were ready. George, who had been delegated to carrying the drums (Stix didn't trust the improvised straps) fell in at the head of the procession and the gates were flung wide. Stix gave out with a steady, marching roll and they entered the stadium, Renaldo and party close on their heels. As they neared Edie's box those lovely blue eyes widened abruptly. She half rose to her feet only to sink back again when Mr. Harris, looking rigidly ahead, had passed the box.

"Now!" hissed one of the picadors, as the gates closed behind them. "The Toreador Song!"

At that Stix abruptly threw his wood in the air and, as they came down, sailed into the torrid rhythm beat that was the get-off on One O'Clock Jump. "Grab it, Fuss!" he cried and the dazed trom man, a victim of long habit, nodded and took it away. In another four bars they were all in, riding, riding, riding; getting nastier with every note. Those enforced three weeks of sideburn symphonies had brought out all the worst in the boys. Stix's bitterness was transformed into such a savage rhythm that he soon had George clinging perilously to the front end of the drum. Mr. Harris merely socked it all the more.

El Renaldo and the picadors faltered, then fell out of step completely. The crowd's welcoming roar died in one amazed gasp as the Cats hit the chorus, letting out all the stops. Miss Edie Malone, her lovely lips parted, experienced a sudden surge of pride. An old familiar warmth was creeping through her. Never had Stix been more on the nose. Never would anyone hear such get-offs again!

The awe-struck attendants who had been guarding El Diablo Toro in his tunnel turned to stare at the field. As they did the bull gave one mighty roar and charged the barricade, scattering both peons and boards to the winds.

The crowd's shrill scream caused El Renaldo to whirl then, just in time to see El Diablo Toro lining him up for a bull's-eye. He let out one yelp and, letting his picadors choose their own exits, vaulted into the nearest box.

The Cats, suddenly conscious that they were minus their parade, looked around to find that the bull, bent on new worlds to conquer, was studying their maroon band jackets. Satisfied, he let out one basso profundo roar and took out after them. There was merely a crimson blur as the Cats scattered for the stands and Stix, hampered by his bass drum, found himself alone with El Diablo Toro.

The bull halted abruptly, bracing himself for the charge, as Miss Edie Malone gave a piercing shriek. Then, with all the violence of a twenty-eight-inch cannon, the bull hurtled at Stix. Mr. Harris sprang to one side just in time for El Diablo Toro to give the drum a resounding smack as he charged past. He came to a heaving halt some ten yards away, glaring at Stix. Balefully, he measured him for another try.

STIX, who had only then freed himself from the drum straps, was about to take flight when a horrible image crossed his eye. Miss Edie Malone, tears streaking down her cheeks, was darting across the field toward him. One glance at El Diablo Toro, who was just getting under way again, told him that it had to end in a three-way tie. There was only one thing left to do and he did it.

He held his beloved drum aside, much as a matador's cape, and leaped at the psychological moment. The bull rushed into the drum, scoring a perfect target as his bewildered head came out the other side, vainly seeking his recent adversary. He finally spied him, his arms wrapped around a girl who was still crying as she kissed him. Edie had discovered that love, like swing, is never out of season.

El Diablo Toro, always a bad loser, started for them then, only to find his every step impeded by the drum he was wearing for a necklace. Staggered by this unexpected blow from an unkind fate, he came to a panting halt. Eventually he sank morosely to his knees, still moodily eying that maroon band jacket.

When that crowd, never happier than in hailing a new hero, had lifted Stix to their shoulders and were proudly bearing him from the field, Mr. Harris looked happily at his fiancée, who was sharing the same shoulders.

Once again he was the man of destiny.

"You see, Edie?" he asked modestly. "All they needed was to get used to swing!"

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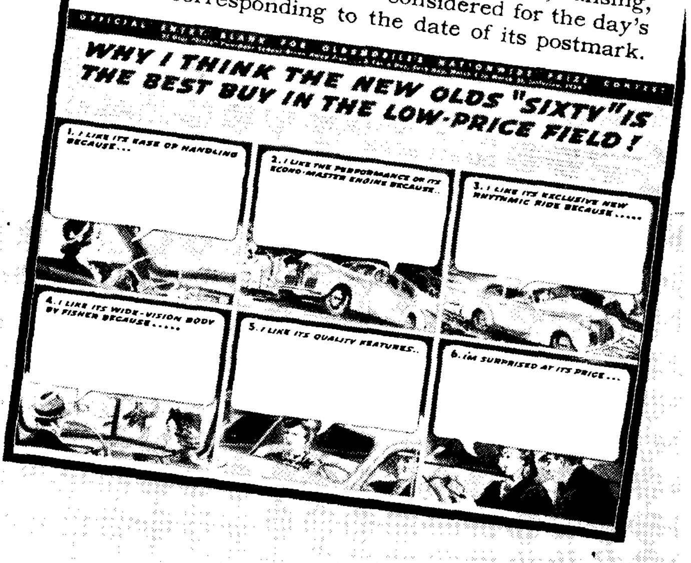

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COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

Great Man's Wife

Continued from page 19

In spite of all this, when they are playing together in a picture, things get pretty dynamic. They both have the habit of bringing home the characters they are doing. It's bad enough when only one is busy. She says that Charles came home every night from The Barretts of Wimpole Street and treated her with such a condescending, paternal manner that it infuriated her. It was one of those "and what has the little girl been doing today?" attitudes. It was that way, says the red-haired lady, until she looked him square in the eye and muttered, "Lay off!" Luckily she wasn't around when he did Mutiny on the Bounty and what he suffered from her Bride of Frankenstein no one will ever know. They were both nearer to themselves in Rembrandt, but this worried them. Their connubial bliss before the camera not only seemed to them like emotional immodesty but took up so much of their natural affection that home life was a bit lackadaisical. But they fought magnificently while they were doing The Beachcomber. She tells you about it with a kind of amused relish. They fought with the same unmitigated antipathy that inspires Martha Jones and Ginger Ted in the early scenes of the picture. But it doesn't matter what the Laughtons say to each other under these conditions—they never hold any resentment about it later. They like acting together because they know each other's timing and general playing habits so well it makes possible a most closely-knit performance.

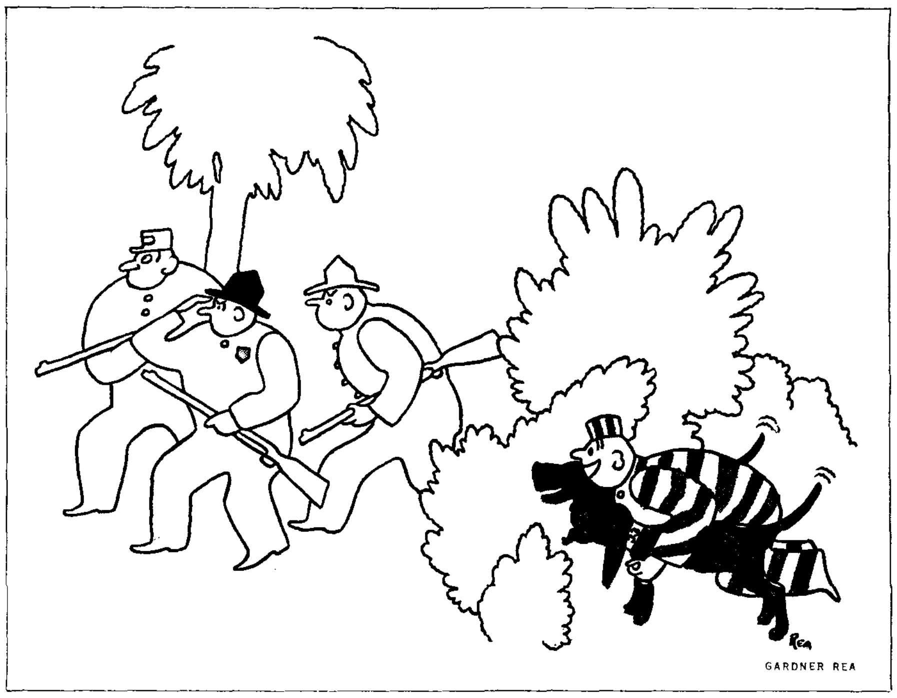
In London she's well known for her skill with the pointed comment. Fortunately her barbs, like her satirical characterizations, are usually aimed at general types rather than at individuals. Of course, if an individual gets too close to type, that's *his* lookout. She is famous for her too-true sketches of smug, self-satisfied children.

Deceptive Lady

You wouldn't recognize the Lanchester lady if you met her. Flatly calling herself "not pretty," she has been so persistent in emphasizing the wrong features to make herself as unalluring as possible for various characterizations that she has scarcely looked like the same person twice. Actually, she is exceptionally attractive in her own particular way. Upon first meeting her, you don't quite know whether to believe the prominent, thoughtful forehead or the large, amused velvet-brown eyes and the impishly uptilted nose, the reticent upper lip or the fuller, more emotional lower one, the determined jut of the chin or the dimple in it. But they all prove characteristic. Her dark red hair springs up strongly and insists upon leading its own life. When she wants to make it lie flat for a sedate part, such as Miss Jones, she has to wet it at intervals throughout the day. She is five feet four, weighs about a hundred and five pounds, and has a clear, deceptively mild voice. She looked and sounded more like herself as Ariel in The Tempest, at Old Vic's in London, than in any other role.

To go back briefly to the period before Charles: She was born of "socialist, vegetarian, pacifist" parents at Lewisham, near London, and spent most of her early years at Clapham Common, until she was picked as one of twenty little hopefuls from the far corners of the world to go to Isadora Duncan's school of the dance in Paris, where she was thoroughly miserable. After three months the World War brought the little product of a pacifist home a joyous release and she returned to England. Eventually, she went into London, where after more study, she became a teacher of dancing and also established and developed the Children's Theater where talented tykes who could not pay were taught singing, dancing and acting.

When this had to close because of a legal technicality, she opened the Cave of Harmony on the same premises. By now she was becoming well known among the London theatrical set and the Cave prospered so that it went into larger quarters. Sir Nigel Playfair saw her there and offered her her first part on the London stage. You can't exactly type her from it. She made her professional debut as the Larva in The Insect Comedy. This led to other roles—sometimes dramatic, sometimes singing parts. She even played Little Lord Fauntleroy, believe it or not. Riverside Nights, a revue in which she was a leading player, ran for a year. At the same time, she was also appearing in the Midnight Follies and had to jump so quickly between the two that she changed costumes in the back of the motorcar on the way over every night. Since all these things left a few hours out of the twenty-four, she sang at parties in private homes just to keep from getting lazy. Some people liked to hear her sing such things as I've Danced with a Boy Who Danced with a Girl Who Danced with the Prince of Wales, but a good many preferred her ultrapathetic rendition of the old Band of Hope ballads.



GARDNER REA

Her voice is a sort of disembodied soprano. Evidently it was the kind an unknown young actor enjoyed, one Charles Laughton, who sat night after night at the Riverside revue, gazing from a distance at the stellar Miss Lanchester. Two years later, the two were cast for Mr. Prohack and they met at rehearsal. Though both are usually inclined to say what they think pretty easily, the romance seems to have been a very silent affair.

"You know how it is," explains Miss Lanchester, "when you want everything you say to be the right and bright thing, every word you utter sounds silly and you get so you can't say anything." Somehow, the courtship worked itself around to the point where they knew they'd get married. It took a little over a year to do this, so you can't call them impulsive.

Anyhow, one Sunday morning in February, 1928, they went quietly to a registry office and were made into the union known as "Charles and I."

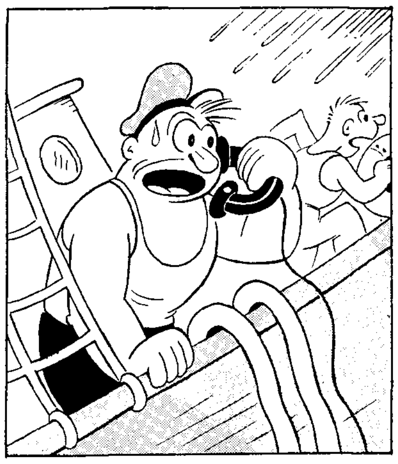
To Hollywood—and Back

After that the vivid Miss Lanchester submerged—temporarily—and the wifely Mrs. Laughton began to swing in a sort of orbit about the ever-interesting Charles, whose career was going ahead full blast. She didn't appear on the stage with her husband again until the two of them were seen in Payment Deferred, though in the meanwhile she did one or two spasmodic plays. After a London season Payment Deferred brought them to America for the first time.

It happens that she had been in several films including three shorts written expressly for her by H. G. Wells, while her husband's experience had been confined to one or two bit parts. But, after much dickering, in which the picture moguls paid no attention to the girl who had played his daughter, Charles Laughton was slated for Hollywood, and Mrs. Laughton joined him there, leaving Elsa Lanchester flat. This alter ego remained quiescent for a time, while Mrs. Laughton stayed inconspicuously in the background and developed a fervent dislike for Hollywood, which she didn't then understand any better than it understood her. But when they gave someone else her own part in Payment Deferred, she went back to England in a rush—a bit ahead of Charles. He followed as soon as he could. In the meanwhile, she had met Alexander Korda and, after she had brought him and Laughton together, they all got going on Henry VIII.

The next high light was their season at London's celebrated Old Vic. Both had a grand time in a variety of classical parts and her own special triumph came in The Tempest.

Just before The Beachcomber was started, after they had formed Mayflower Pictures, Ltd., Laughton and Pommer came to the decision to do the tropical scenes in the south of France. There were those Hollywoodites visiting the Riviera at the time who predicted that no film out of which people had so much fun could come to any good, but it turned out to be one of the best pictures of the year.



"Come up immediately —the boat's sinking!"

you managed to do away with Señor Manzana while you were still behind the bars. Or still in jail, anyhow. That reminds me, I must get a new set of bars for that rear window. . . ."

"And *has* Señor Manzana been done away with tonight?"

The comandante winked broadly. "What do *you* think?" he asked.

"It's too hot to think," said Lane.

"Mrs. Alcott's dinner party was ruined anyhow," said the comandante. "By the way, I didn't see your little pal at Mrs. Alcott's tonight."

"My pal?"

"Sure. The little Monroe girl who came to see you this morning. Where do you suppose she's keeping herself?"

"I wouldn't know," Lane said.

The comandante sauntered to the window and looked down at the water. He stood for several minutes without speaking, staring out at the inlet. Lane looked at his watch again.

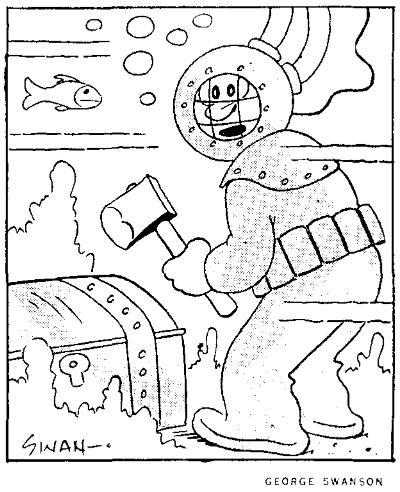
At last the comandante turned back. He said: "She's a neat little package, that Monroe girl. I have a hunch she likes you. . . . Good night, Walt."

Lane breathed a long sigh of relief when he heard the key turn in the lock. It was nearly ten o'clock, and Muriel would be there at ten. Or would she? All day long he had told himself she wouldn't. It was a crazy thing to try, and risky too. Yet down inside of him he felt sure she would come. Probably just wishful thinking. . . .

TEN minutes later—ten minutes that were each a year long—he heard the dip of an oar in the darkness, the liquid murmur of water purling under the gunwales of a small boat. He saw a shadow moving up the inlet, gliding below the window. In an instant, Lane was crouched on the sill. He heard a faint tapping against the weatherboards of the building, as though a boat hook were groping for a hold. He braced himself to jump—then paused. Suppose this were a trap?

He looked down, saw a small blur of a face turned upward, heard a voice that he knew whisper: "Walt!"

He climbed out, swung his legs over, lowered himself until he hung by his straining finger tips. He felt the girl's steadying hands guiding his ankles, heard her say, "Now."



GEORGE SWANSON

He dropped. As his feet struck the bottom boards, the boat skidded out from under him, rocking crazily. He sprawled headlong, knocking his head against the gunwales and rolling into the bottom of the boat. The girl's arms were around him instantly.

"Hurt, darling?" she whispered.

"No, I'm not hurt, but I made enough racket to bring out the horse guards."

The boat was drifting away from the comandancia, stern first. The girl looked up at the receding silhouette of the building and turned back to him.

"I don't think anyone heard us, darling," she breathed. She was kneeling beside Lane, still clinging to his shoulders. She was wearing his own raincoat over her light dress. A fragrant wisp of her hair blew against his eyes, and her cheek brushed his. He wanted to kiss her, but she moved away, crawling into the stern. She was all efficiency now. She handed him an oar.

"We'll have to paddle until we get out of the inlet," she whispered. "The oarlocks creak."

SHE was already swinging the skiff around, heading it away from shore with long, sure strokes.

Lane leaned back and put a restraining hand on her arm. "Just nose over to the right," he said, "and drop me in the mangroves."

"I'm taking you to the cays," she said.

"No, you're not. How will you get back?"

"I'll row back. It's not very far. I've done it dozens of times, fishing with Dave."

"And if a squall comes up?"

"I'll wait it out."

"Suppose they find out I'm gone, and catch you coming in?"

"Suppose they do?"

"Then they'll think for sure you were in cahoots with me to loot the safe."

"I don't care what they think—now."

Lane dipped his oar into the water, paddlewise. He took six powerful strokes before he spoke again. The skiff slid smoothly toward the mouth of the inlet.

"We'll head down the coast toward Manaca Point," he said. "I'll go ashore near the wireless station. I—" He stopped abruptly, lifting his paddle from the water. "Look!" he said.

A black fragment of shadow had detached itself from the low wall of mangrove, was floating into the entrance of the inlet less than a hundred yards ahead.

Lane heard the girl catch her breath. The dark apparition ahead assumed the dim outlines of a small boat as it glided toward them.

"Head for the shore," Lane said, as loudly as he dared. "We can hide in the mangroves till they pass."

He dug his oar into the water, leaned on it.

At the same moment a dazzling blaze of brilliance burst into being behind him. He saw his shadow leap ahead of him to the surface of the water as the beam of a searchlight swept the inlet. A motor roared into action like the staccato tattoo of a machine gun.

Lane twisted around, shipped his oar, reached back to seize the girl, fling her to the bottom of the skiff. He crouched, waiting for the fusillade of shots that would proclaim the *ley de fuega*. He heard none. There was only the approaching roar of the marine engine be-

SAY! DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED?
1. IF ONLY I HAD YOUR VIM, VIGOR AND VITALITY. WHERE DO YOU GET 'EM, SUE?
VITAMINS, TOM. I ALWAYS GET MY VITAMINS!
2. DAD'S A DOCTOR, YOU KNOW. AND HE SAYS YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR PEP. HE'S STARTED ME EATING A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP. THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D. IT'S SWELL — YOU'D LIKE IT
3. SUE, IF VITAMINS WILL GIVE ME YOUR ZIP AND ZEST, I'LL START EATING KELLOGG'S PEP TOMORROW
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN (B+D) ENRICHED 30% BRAN FLAKES

IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT ***KELLOGG'S PEP!*** *IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL — CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS B AND D. EAT* ***PEP*** *EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!*

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hind, and, suddenly, a fainter, smoother sound ahead, another motor purring in counterpoint to the first. Lane raised his head, saw a tiny blue flame flickering from the exhaust in the stern of the dark craft that had materialized from the mangroves. The dark craft was going away, and in a hurry, running from the launch with the searchlight. Lane had only a fleeting glimpse of the stern, could read no name there and could make out none of the figures in the retreating boat.

The roar behind him was deafening now. Lane turned to face it. The glaring eye of the searchlight blinded him so that he could not accurately judge the course of the speeding launch, but it seemed to be bearing down on him. He took a few frantic strokes, then decided the skiff was destined to be cut in two. He reached out an oar to fend off what seemed to be an inevitable collision.

The powerboat changed its course by a fraction of a point and streaked by, inches away.

The skiff caught the sidewash, however, lifted sickeningly, hung poised for a breathless instant at the crest of the swell, then plunged careening into the trough. Just as the skiff capsized, Lane heard Muriel scream.

The next instant his ears rang with the sudden pressure of seething water. He was floundering below the surface, fighting the boiling turbulence of the powerboat's wake. He came up, gasping, a dozen yards from the floating, whaleback shadow of the overturned skiff. He did not see Muriel. He started swimming.

When he reached the skiff, he still saw no sign of Muriel. He called. A scarcely audible "Hello" answered him from the other side. He swam around the bow, found the girl hanging on to the painter.

"Fancy meeting you here," she gasped.

"Just fancy," Lane said. Treading water, he slipped his arms around the girl's waist.

"Climb on my shoulders," he said, "and scramble aboard the wreck."

"But, Walt—"

"Sharks," said Lane. "Up!"

THE girl had one knee on his shoulder when a blaze of light struck him. The searchlight beam of the launch that upset them was boring through the night to find them. The launch, swinging in a wide circle, was coming back.

A bell tinkled in the cockpit, the motor coughed and died. As the launch drifted closer, Lane saw the gleam of three rifle barrels poked over the cabin cowling, and immediately abandoned all thought of flight. He handed Muriel up into the outstretched hands of soldiers on the launch. The comandante himself helped haul Lane aboard.

"Hello, Lane," said the comandante. "I was just going to shoot when you drifted into the line of fire. Sorry we upset you, Lane."

"Sorry? Does the *ley de fuega* rule out drowning?"

"Hell, I wasn't going to shoot at you," said the comandante.

"Who were you going to shoot at?"

"I don't know. I might have known if I hadn't come back to pick you up. Did you get a good look at that boat that just ran out of here?"

"No," said Lane.

"Neither did I," said the comandante. He gave an order in Spanish. The bell tinkled again, and the launch shivered as the motor leaped into action. "We won't catch him now, of course," he continued, "but we might pick up some trace of where he came from or where he's gone. Don't mind a little cruise, do you, Lane?"

"Can't we put the señorita ashore?" Lane asked. "She's pretty damp."

"I'm all right," Muriel said.

She was listening anxiously to the comandante's words, and she looked none the worse for her ducking.

"My apologies, Señorita," said the comandante, "I'm afraid I am too preoccupied to be gallant. There is a blanket in the cabin. Also a bottle of rum, if you are afraid of a chill. . . ."

"I'll stay here," Muriel said, "until I find out what you're going to do to me."

"Do to you, Señorita? It is not my place to do anything. If I were Lane, here, I think I should kiss you. But I—"

"I helped a prisoner to escape," Muriel said. "Isn't that a crime?"

"Oh, that!" said the comandante, with a deprecatory gesture. "Lane here is my friend. He didn't kill Stilton or Roland. I was going to turn him loose tomorrow morning anyhow. I didn't see any harm in letting him jump the gun a few hours."

"You knew that I was planning a jail break, obviously—since you were laying for us."

"Well, yes. I did overhear your conversation this morning. But I had a brilliant plan. It almost worked. It may still work. I'll admit it might have been hard on you, Lane. I was using you for a . . . a . . . what do they call those wooden ducks?"

"Decoys," said Muriel.

"That's it, decoys. Well, you were a decoy, Lane. I picked out two men I strongly suspect may have killed Stilton and Roland. To each of them I told the same story: that I thought Lane knew who the murderer was, and that I thought Lane might try to escape tonight. I figured that if either of these men was actually the murderer, he might try to get to you, Lane. I was standing by, of course, to stop any more murder, if possible—but to see if either of my men turned up. Apparently I was right."

"Who were the men?" Lane asked.

"Adolf von Graulitz was one," said the comandante. He paused, looking at Muriel.

"Who was the other?" the girl asked in a low voice.

"Dave Perry," said the comandante.

"Then either Perry or von Graulitz was in that boat, just now?" Lane demanded.

"Probably," said the comandante. "I'll know for certain when we go ashore. I've had both of them watched tonight. Unless—" He gave the girl a sharp, questioning glance. "Did you tell anyone else of your plans, Señorita?" he demanded.

The girl hesitated briefly, then said, "No."

"I wonder about that," the comandante was pensive. "That was a fruit company skiff you two were in just now. I thought I recognized the number on the bow. Didn't it come from the Campo Marino, in the Rio Sangre district, Señorita?"

"I don't know where it came from."

"I see." The comandante offered his cigarette case. "Who got it for you? Holliday?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Holliday is in port then?"

"I don't know. He's probably gone back to Rio Sangre by this time."

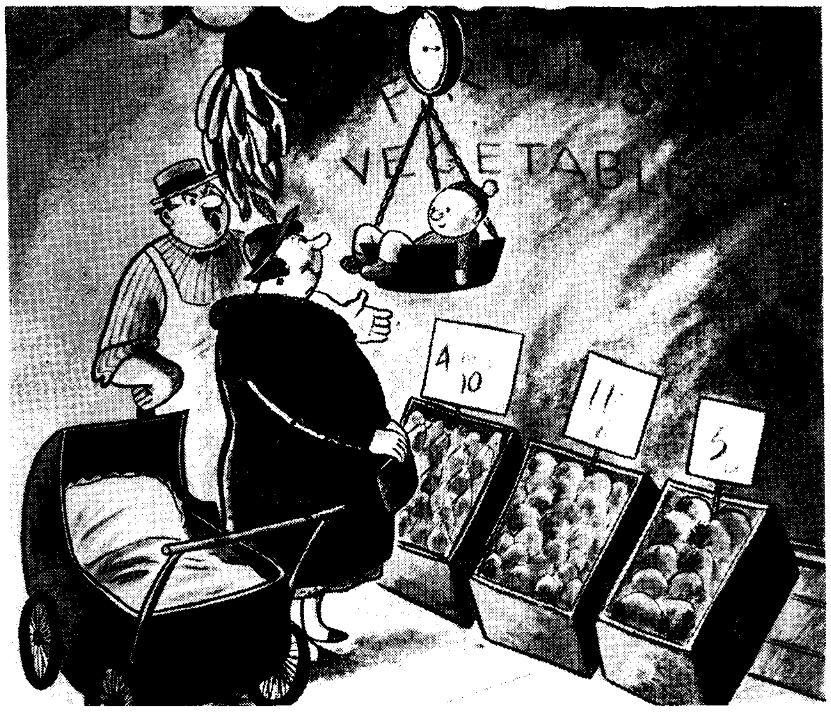
"When did you last see him?"

"About an hour ago."

"At the Cantina de Mi Sueno, I suppose?"

"Yes."

The comandante shook his head. "I'll have to check up on him, too," he said. "That's an angle I hadn't counted on."



"Is there something else, please?"

SYDNEY HOFF

"You can stop counting on it," Muriel declared. "You know as well as I do that Cecil Holliday hasn't had anything to do with all this."

"I know nothing of the kind, Señorita." The comandante gave the girl a paternal pat on her wet shoulder. "The trouble with you, Señorita, is that you think people are fundamentally good and that your friends can do no wrong. On the other hand, I, for the moment, have to assume that all people are fundamentally evil. All except you and young Lane, anyhow. Because someone has been evil enough to take human life twice in one night. By the way, Lane, do you still think I'm the guilty party?"

"GIVE me forty-eight hours and your full co-operation," said Lane, "and I think I can tell you definitely."

"You'll have all that," said the comandante, "and my full gratitude, too, if you crack this case. It's just my luck that Bill Roland had to get killed. I've had a dozen wires from the Capital today, and hell is popping. The Foreign Ministry has already sent apologies to Washington, of course, but if I don't turn up the culprit by the end of the week, the American minister himself will be down here with a couple of undersecretaries from our Foreign Ministry. They'll be looking for a goat to sacrifice and I have an idea that my horns are already caught in the bramblebush. I don't relish being sacrificed, Lane. I'm a soldier, but I have other ambitions. You, on the other hand, are a trained investigator. You ought to get to the bottom of this sooner than I can. And that'll do us both good. When my day comes in the Capital—and it won't be long now, Lane—I'd like the people in Washington to remember that I'm the man that got quick action on the death of the U. S. vice-consul. If I ever have anything to say about the foreign policy of this republic, we'll play with eagles, not swastikas. And if—"

"There's a boat!" interrupted Muriel, pointing to starboard. "The other boat's coming back!"

THE red and green eyes of a small craft on her way in from the sea gleamed in the darkness, growing larger as they approached.

"She's got running lights this time," said the comandante. He gave orders in a quiet voice. The searchlight beam stabbed through the darkness, picking up little eddies of sea mist as it groped for the other boat. The comandante's launch changed her course, cutting obliquely across the other craft's bows, her engine throttled down.

A clear strain of music drifted across the water, gay voices in close harmony attacking a song with more sentiment than regard for pitch. Lane heard:

"Il etait un Bruxellois
Qui revenait de Flandres.
Il était si mal vetu
Qu' on y voyait son—"

"Hell, it's Doctor Janvier!" the comandante exclaimed. "That's his brandy tenor."

The singers went into their refrain with great enthusiasm. Lane could make out two voices, one of them a woman's:

"Zon! Zon! Zon!
Suzette, ma Suzette.
Zon! Zon! Zon!
Suzette, ma Suzon!"

The two boats were almost opposite. The lookout in the bow of the comandante's launch called: "*Alto!*" Dr. Janvier appeared in the glare of the searchlight, looking a little like an owl with his gray beard and upstanding tufts of hair on either side of his otherwise bald head. He blinked into the light, and said, "Hola! Who is it?"

A roly-poly little woman appeared beside him. Lane supposed she was Mme. Janvier. She was dark, with vivacious black eyes and a ready, dimpled smile.

"It is Coronel Blanco!" she announced.

"Welcome!" exclaimed Dr. Janvier. "What is it now, Coronel, that you chase me at sea? Another murder or just an accouchement?"

Boat hooks grappled the two craft together. The comandante stepped to the deck of the doctor's boat.

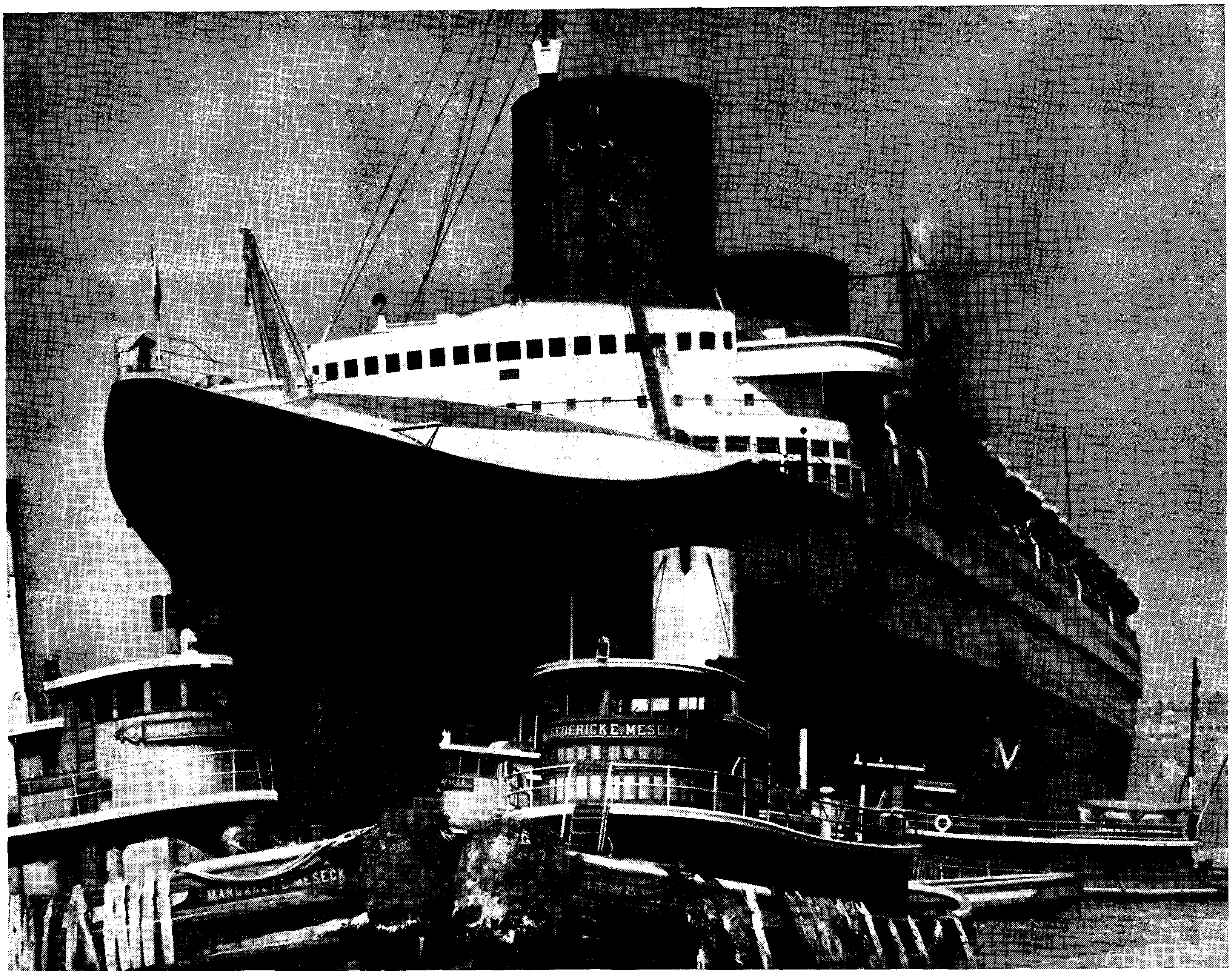
"Where do you come from, Doctor?" he asked.

"The cays," said Dr. Janvier. "We went for a little promenade, my wife and I."

"Which cay?" The comandante was not looking at the Janviers. He was interested in a big, blanket-covered mound on the semicircular leather cushions of the cockpit. The blanketed mound was roughly the shape and size of a man.

"I can never remember the names of the cays," the doctor replied. "It is the one that has clams. We made a picnic."

The comandante stepped into the cockpit and prodded the blanket with



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HOW MUCH OIL does it take to get to England? That depends entirely on the size of the ship — and the weather.

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What has oil to do with life insurance?

Ships, and the fuel oil they carry, help to explain a number of things about a life insurance company's "reserves."

There are two kinds of reserves.

The first is sometimes called "legal reserve" because it is fixed by law. And the amount required as "legal reserve" varies under different conditions—depending upon the kinds of insurance, and the *amount* of each kind which the company has in force, the *ages* at which the insurance was issued, and the *length of time* it has been in effect.

This "legal reserve" must be enough, when added to payments to be received in the future, to pay the company's obligations as they normally fall due. This reserve—checked periodically by State and Dominion insurance departments—represents the "fuel oil" the company needs to get to "port" under *normal* conditions.

But naturally, no life insurance company can foretell the "weather" it may head into... the unexpected situations it may be called upon to meet. So the company maintains another, and of course much smaller fund, called its contingency reserve or surplus. This smaller amount, like the extra oil a steamer carries, represents a margin of safety for emergencies.

In short, a life insurance company's total reserves must be sufficient to enable it to discharge its financial obligations to its policyholders—*in good times and bad*—whenever these obligations fall due.

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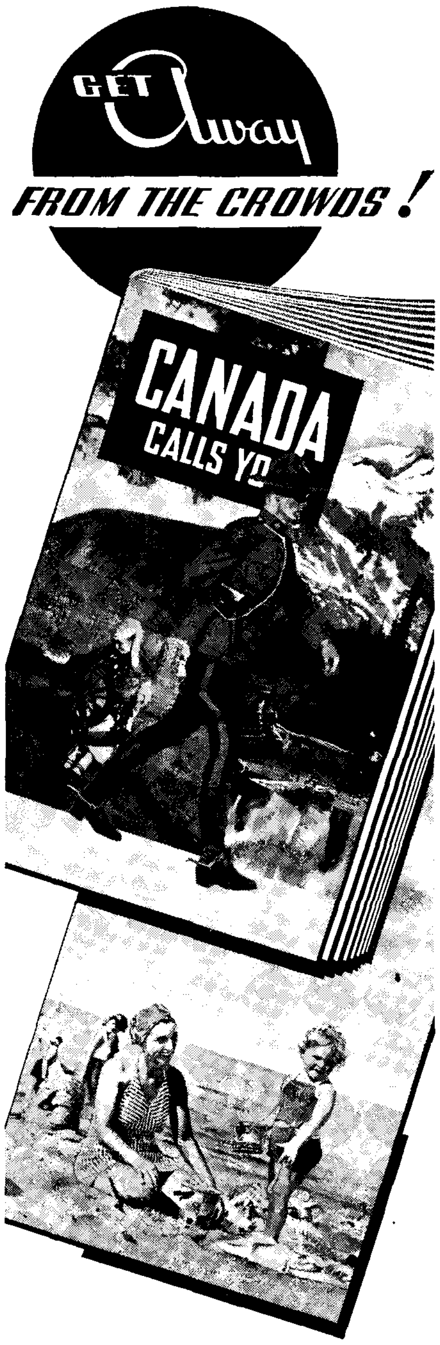

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the end of his riding crop. The blanket squirmed, grunted, rose erect, then slipped down, to disclose the ballooning torso of Señor Manzana, Minister of the Interior.

"Your Excellency!" exclaimed the comandante. "What are you doing here?"

His Excellency blinked. "*Buenas tardes*," he said sleepily.

"His Excellency has been making the picnic with us," explained Dr. Janvier. "We dug clams and built a little fire, and my wife cooked clams *mariniere*. His Excellency found them delicious. And they are. Not so delicious as mussels, perhaps, but delicious. A little white wine at the bottom of the casserole. A large onion cut in pieces. A point of garlic, a bay leaf, a bouquet of parsley, a dab of butter. One steams the clams in the white wine until they open and mingle their juice with the herbs. One eats the clams, one scoops the juice with the empty shell, one—"

"WHY did you carry off Señor Manzana?" the comandante broke in.

"Carry him off?" Dr. Janvier's mouth opened in innocent amazement. "But His Excellency asked to accompany us!"

"He begged to come!" volunteered Mme. Janvier, emphasizing the second word with a lively gesture of her well-cared-for hands, and a quick upward movement of her long, expressive eyelashes. "He lunched with us at noon, and he saw the *poulet à la gelée*—"

"He was greatly attracted by the picnic menu," Dr. Janvier interrupted. "My wife prepared to take to the cays a cold roast chicken molded in tarragon jelly. When His Excellency expressed admiration, and a desire to—"

"You knew His Excellency was expected at the Alcotts' for dinner tonight," reproved the comandante.

"No!" exclaimed Dr. Janvier, raising his hands in surprise that was not quite convincing. "I did not know. But then how could I know? We were not invited to *chez* Alcott. Somehow the ladies of the fruit company do not seem to seek the society of Mme. Janvier."

"They say awful things about me." Mme. Janvier laughed gaily. "Did you hear what they said when the doctor told how we encountered each other? He was in Guatemala then, and he was presented to me at a ball at the French legation. The wives put their noses in the air—like this. They said, 'French legation, yes. But the legation of the French Republic, no.' You blush, Coronel. Even in the dark I see you blush. So you know the French legation in Guatemala. But these so nice company wives, how do they know it? They are so *talon rouge*, so proper that they cannot drink tea with a woman who has sung in the *caf' concerts. . . .*"

"You devil." The comandante chuckled in spite of himself. "You kidnaped His Excellency just to break up Mrs. Alcott's dinner party."

"But no! Nobody kidnaped His Excellency."

"Very well, then, you baited him with that tarragon chicken and trapped him with clams. Or did you?" The comandante paused, staring at Dr. Janvier, who was nervously toying with the point of his beard. "I wish I could be sure this was just a question of feminine spite. Try to remember, Doctor, just which cay you landed on to picnic."

"I know what you are thinking," said Dr. Janvier. "You are thinking that Señor Manzana and Mme. Janvier and I have been plotting with Adolf von Graulitz on that little island of his down the coast toward Liberica. You think perhaps we have been dividing buried treasure, maybe one hundred thousand dollars. Alas, no, Coronel. We were at the cay with the sandy beach, where Perry goes sometimes to fish. If you go now you may still find the embers of our fire. And the empty clam shells."

"I may have to believe you, Doctor." The comandante turned to the Minister of the Interior and conversed briefly in Spanish. His Excellency insisted that the reasons for his unconventional behavior were purely gastronomic. He had been informed that Mrs. Alcott invariably served either black bean soup or a salad of bananas with mayonnaise. His Excellency had subsisted almost exclusively on beans and bananas for the greater part of his life, and now that he had reached a stage of moderate affluence, the mere sight of either of those staples in any form caused him to break out in a violent nettle rash. Moreover, he understood that the diet at Perry's bungalow consisted rather monotonously of company-killed beef. Therefore, since Dr. and Mme. Janvier had offered him hospitality . . .

"We will be most happy to have him with us until he settles his business with the company," said Dr. Janvier. "After all, Perry is anxious for His Excellency to be entertained, and I am sure that my wife and I can entertain him. For tomorrow, now, there is *tepeiscuinte*. One of my former patients shot a *tepeiscuinte* near Manaca Point this morning, and if you have never tasted one as prepared by Mme. Janvier—"

"With red wine and mushrooms," explained Mme. Janvier. Her eloquent hands were outspread in a show of both pride and anticipatory pleasure.

From the comandante's launch, only a few feet away, Walter Lane was watching Mme. Janvier's hands. They were clearly visible under the light in the cockpit. He was particularly interested in her fingernails, which flashed bright red as she gesticulated. They seemed a much lighter shade than the plum red Muriel had said she used as a polish. He nudged Muriel who stood close beside him. She, too, was watching and caught his unasked question instantly.

"She must have changed," Muriel said in his ear. "She always used plum. But that's coral—like mine."

And like Della's, Lane said to himself. And like the little bottle of polish he had found in Graulitz's hut on the cays.

AT MIDNIGHT, four fruit company *mozos* moved down the dark streets of Puerto Musa, carrying on their shoulders, like palanquin bearers, the gleaming brass bedstead from Suite B of the S. S. Bonaca. His Excellency, the Minister of the Interior, was moving from Dave Perry's to the bungalow of Dr. Janvier, just beyond the hospital.

Dave Perry was not there to speed his large and eccentric house guest on his way. He was at the comandancia, answering questions.

The comandante himself was doing the questioning, with Walter Lane at his elbow. Lane did plenty of listening, but no talking. He scarcely dared breathe. The comandante had lent him a suit of white drills to replace his wet clothes, and they were several sizes too small for him. Every sudden move imperiled buttons and seams.

"Perry," said the comandante, "my sergeant said he followed you from the plaza, where I left you, to Miguel Wong's, where you met Adolf von Graulitz."

"I didn't *meet* Graulitz," Perry protested. "I went there to see if Manzana was with him. Graulitz didn't expect me and didn't even seem pleased to see me."

"But you left Wong's with Graulitz, didn't you?"

"Yes, I went as far as the water front with Graulitz. His launch had come over from Liberica for him, and he said he was going home. I went with him to be sure he got in the boat. I don't like the idea of him hanging around here."

"And you got in the boat with him?"

"No, I didn't. I didn't even stay until he left. His mechanic had some trouble starting the engine, so I went away."

"As a matter of fact, you didn't go directly to the water front, did you?" said the comandante. "You went into a cantina to have a drink with your friend—pardon me, your archenemy—Herr von Graulitz?"

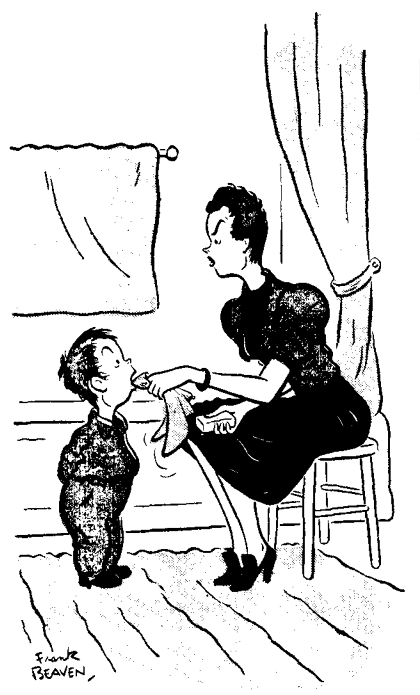
"I went into a cantina, yes, but not for a drink. I went in because there's a back door to the place, and I wanted to shake that dumb sergeant you'd put on my trail."

"Why did you want to shake the sergeant, Perry?"

"Because he annoyed me. I'd noticed him following me for some time, and I object to being followed like a common criminal. After all, I'm still manager of this division, damn it!"

"Yes, I know," said the comandante. "You succeeded in shaking the sergeant, all right. Where did you go after you left Graulitz?"

"I walked up the beach toward Manaca Point. I guess I walked as far as the wireless station, then came back."



"For Pete's sake, Mom—I was only telling Freddie one of the stories I overheard at your bridge club!"

FRANK BEAVEN

"You were looking for Manzana, of course?"

"Not entirely. I wanted to be alone, chiefly. I wanted to think. I've got plenty to worry about, Coronel, with one of our prize stuffed shirts coming down here within the next day or so."

"How long did you walk—and think—on the beach?"

"I don't know. I didn't notice the time."

"Then you don't know where you were at ten o'clock?"

"I was on the beach, probably. I saw your launch go out, with its searchlight going full blast. Was that about ten o'clock?"

"It was . . . about. But you haven't anyone who saw you on the beach?"

"No, I didn't see anyone on the beach."

"I guess that's all, Perry," the comandante said.

"No, it's not all," Perry snorted. "What are you going to do about this man Lane?"

"Lane? I'm convinced tonight that he's not the man I want, Perry."

"That goes for me, too," Perry said. "You're fired, Lane."

(To be continued next week)

Trail's End

Continued from page 17

a few feet of slack to gather in the twisted towline behind him. He crouched, sprang forward, and bounded lightly over the four feet of open water. Each pair of dogs followed in turn, stopping for an instant, jumping forward two by two. As the big wheel dogs cleared the gap, the entire team lunged simultaneously into their collars again and shot the loaded sled across the bobbing chunks of ice, revolving and grinding together in the rushing tidal flow.

Pop squirted another stream of tobacco juice, and swore softly at the uneasy movement of the ice beneath his feet. During the past hour these abrupt leads in his path had been growing more and more frequent, and occasionally he would hear a single report as loud as a cannon shot, and see a zigzag crack leap toward him across the ice like forked lightning. The increasing ground storm, blowing directly offshore, was gradually pulling the entire pan of ice away from the cliffs at his right, and shoving it out to sea. The dogs were apprehensive, hugging the base of the towering bluff and looking back longingly at the usual course that lay over the summit of Topkok Hill. Even Maluk glanced back at him now and then uneasily, and Pop fought down a rising panic in his own mind.

"GET on," he shouted at the team, glancing overhead and scowling. "He'll be overtaking us soon enough. We'll no' let him give us the laugh again, and say we're late."

The wind was building steadily, and all about him the ice groaned and snapped ominously. This short cut across the Bering Sea was none too safe, he knew, even without an offshore gale blowing; but the regular mail route over Topkok would have meant at least six added hours of tough mushing, and he was determined to make Karloff's roadhouse at Ungalik before dark. He had not failed to get through yet. He was not going to fail now.

"Not with him saying we're old," he recalled aloud, bitterly, "and done, and past our time. Not with him telling us we're worked out, like an old claim. He won't be taking this run from us yet. . . ." Abruptly the entire team veered again sharply to the right. "Haw, you devils," he shouted.

Maluk halted instead, bracing his feet so solidly that Pop had to jump on the brake to avert a pile-up. He ran forward, swearing at the new delay. The lead dog stood at the edge of a dark millrace, eight feet in width, filled with blocks of broken ice that rolled and plunged in the swift current. Their jagged blue edges cut the surface like the fins of sharks, and they bumped and scraped against one another and rolled over and over in the black tide with a deep steady rumbling.

There was another sound. Pop could hear it in the distance, above the crunching of the ice, loud for an instant, fading, increasing again to a dull even drone. The plane was drawing nearer, riding low through the scudding clouds, and Pop's face darkened. He gave a brief glance at the opposite edge of the lead, scowled, strode back to the rear of the sled.

"Ready, Maluk," he said, and released the brake. "Take it."

Maluk stood motionless, his ears back, his head averted from the swirling water. He turned and looked at Pop stubbornly. Behind them, the hum of the plane increased.

"Take it, Maluk," Pop repeated, and his jaw hardened.

The drone became a roar, and he saw the gray shadow of the plane race past him along the ice. It whisked lightly across the lead. Maluk still stood with his ears flattened against his head, his feet planted, his shoulders hunched in defiance.

"D'ye hear me?" Pop shouted impatiently, glancing overhead. "Take it, I said!"

Maluk backed a step, pranced uneasily once or twice. The pilot jazzed the motor of the plane flippantly as he passed. He dipped a wing at Pop in mock salute.

"Damn you, then—" Pop's voice broke with anger. He grabbed a long whip from the canvas chain-bag slung between the handle bars. Its black length uncoiled over the heads of the dogs, and the tip exploded beside Maluk's ear. "Mush!"

Maluk sprang forward. Simultaneously, the rest of the team bolted sideways along the lead. The towline yanked taut and snubbed Maluk in mid-air. He spun awkwardly, clawed at the air as he fell, and landed on his side in the middle of the black water. He disappeared between the bobbing blocks of ice.

Pop jammed down the metal claws of the brake and rushed after the stampeding dogs, snapping and tearing at one another as they piled up in a tangle on the ice. He was only half conscious of the roar of the plane almost in his ear, the sudden quiet as the motor was cut, the long wing that slanted past him. He waded into the center of the fight, swinging the loaded butt end of his whip and bellowing at the crazed pack.

The metal skids of the plane bumped and ground across the uneven ice, and the pilot guided the careening ship between the dangerous pressure ridges and brought it to a stop at the very rim of the lead. He leaned out of the cabin, his goggles pushed up onto his forehead, his young mouth widening in a grin.

"Matter, Santa Claus?" he began. "Your reindeer running away?"

HE CHECKED himself, and scowled at the water. Maluk was being dragged helplessly in the wake of the stampeding pack, his head bobbing between the ice cakes, his forefeet clawing the edge of the ice in vain for support. The pilot swung himself out of the plane, leaped for the taut towline, unfastened the bull snap behind the singletree. Hand over hand, he pulled Maluk toward him and hauled him by his collar out of the water. The big dog stretched on one side, coughing a little.

The pilot frowned at him uncertainly. "Pop," he called, without turning.

Pop MacNab was still swinging his whip right and left in the midst of the snarling pack. One by one, the cringing dogs crawled back into place. The pilot still knelt beside Maluk.

"Better have a look here," he repeated. "This don't look so good."

Pop jerked his head erect. Without a word he strode back toward the dog, yanked off his mittens, and ran an exploring hand over Maluk's quivering legs and down his side. The dog winced. Pop looked up blankly. "He's all right," he insisted in a dazed voice. "It's just the wind knocked out of him—"

"Wind, hell," said the pilot shortly. "He wouldn't groan like that. It may be a cracked rib. He needs looking after."

The older man's face went expressionless, and he rose slowly. "We need no looking after, Alan," he said. "Maluk nor me."

They faced each other for a moment

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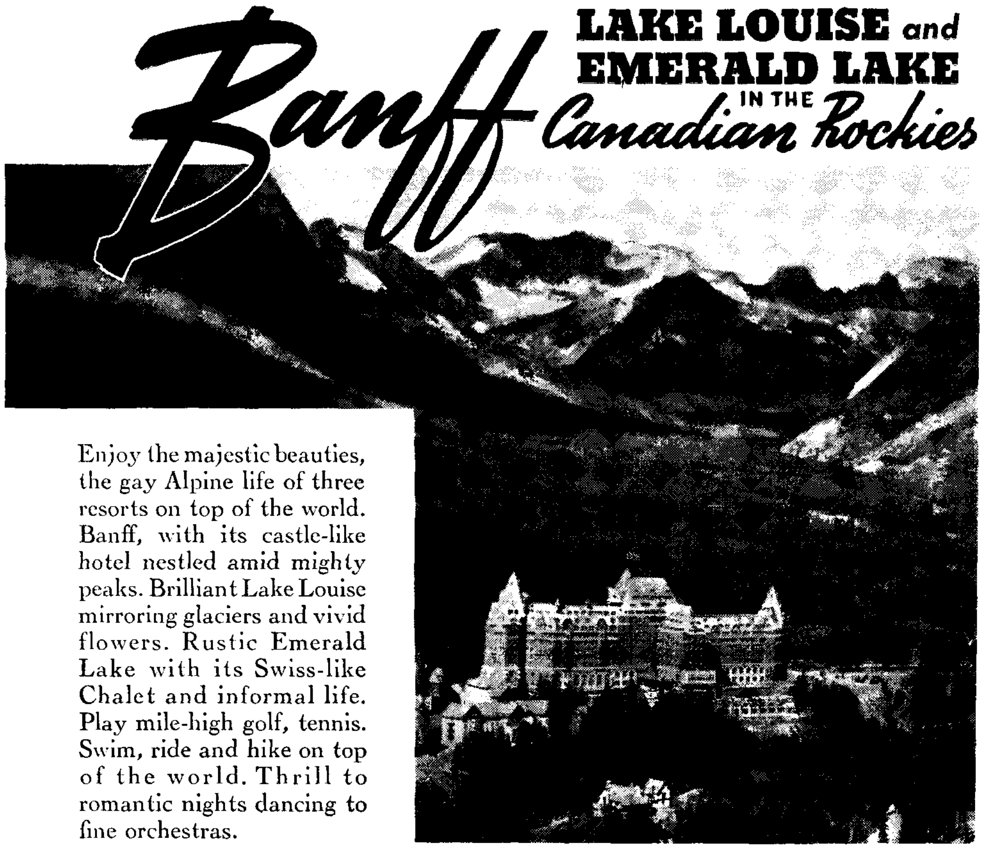

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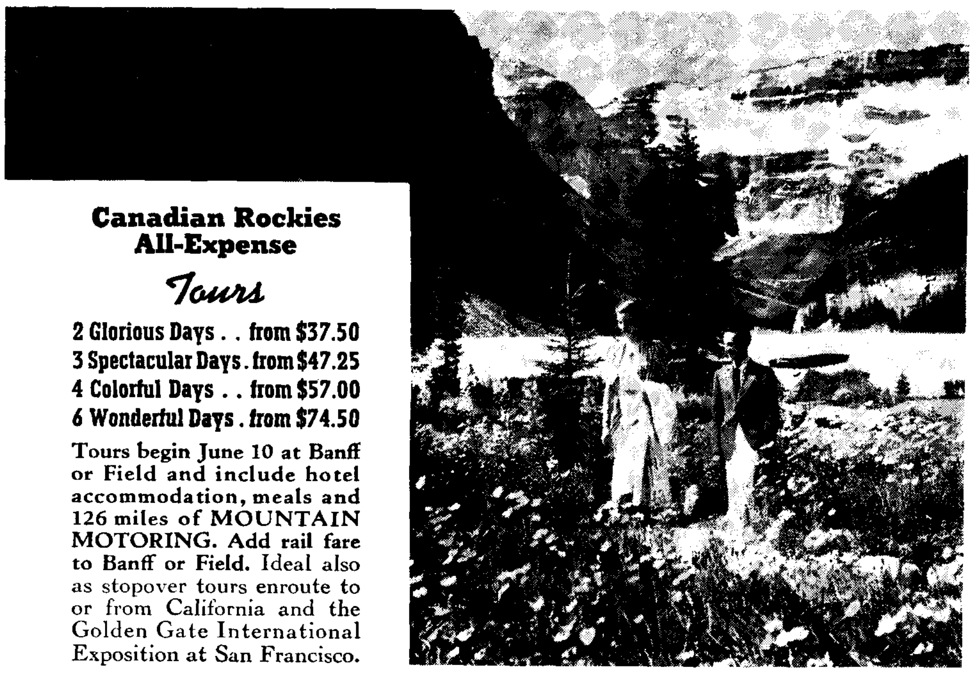

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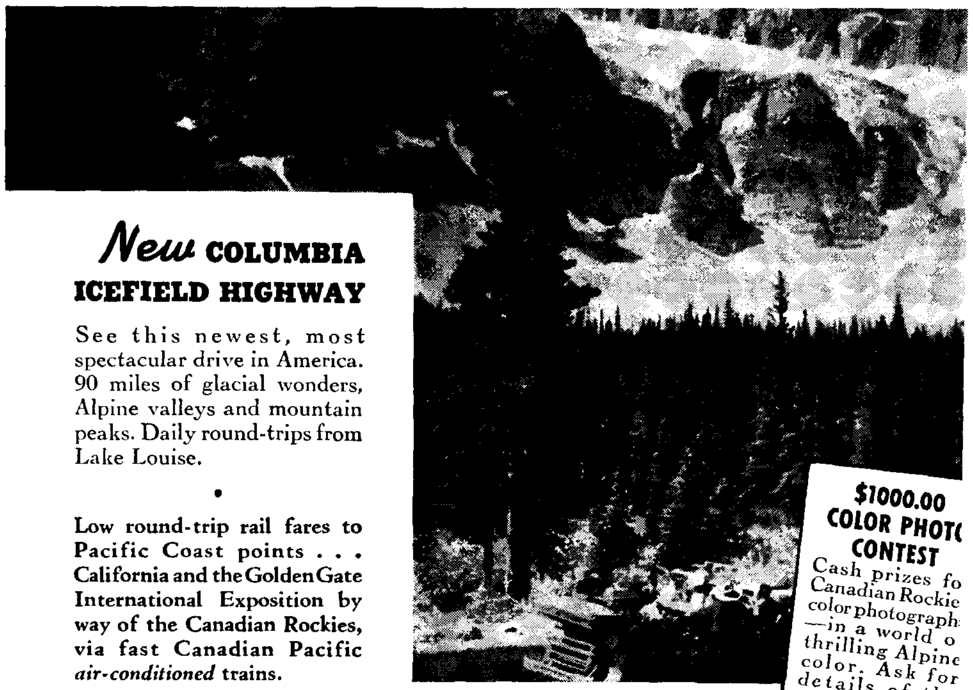

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in silence. They made a curious contrast, the elder MacNab and his son. Their faces had the same bony structure, the same high cheekbones and sunken eye sockets and the same long, slanting undershot jaw; but the younger man's face was fuller; his mouth was wider and it had a humorous curl at the corners. There was no humor in Pop's thin lips. His white hair was coarse as wire, and the shadows were deep and hard in the seams of his leathery face. His deep-set eyes, beneath the shaggy white brows, were those of a man of action, a man who lives by his eyes: the cold blue shafts that flashed from their depths were continually shifting and dancing, like the wavering northern lights, fading, growing intense for a fitful instant, gone again before anyone could tell what they had seen.

"I saw the pile-up," said Alan. "I thought maybe you needed help."

"Not from you," said Pop slowly. "You take care of your business. I'll tend mine."

Alan walked back to the plane. Behind him, he heard Pop's sharp command, and the answering grate of metal runners as the mail sled gathered speed and headed back across the ice toward the shelter of the bluffs. Pop's voice rose and fell in a dwindling monotone, and he spun the prop viciously and the engine of his plane roared into life. . . .

There is a legend among the old-timers along the trail that Pop MacNab once was known to swear uninterruptedly over his entire hundred-mile course from Golovin to Nome, and not repeat himself once. His run was the final lap in the vast dog-mail relay that left the railhead at Nenana each week, fought its way down the frozen Yukon to Unalakleet, headed north around Norton Sound and struggled over the bleak tundra toward the isolated settlement of Nome.

HE WAS swearing steadily as he halted his team before Karloff's roadhouse at Ungalik, several hours later. His squat figure obliterated the light of the lantern for a moment as he snapped a pair of swivel chains into the dogs' collars. He picked up the lantern, gripped the chains firmly, and nodded to his lead dog.

"Keep an eye on 'em, Maluk," he said, indicating the other dogs in the line.

Maluk stood loose, a little apart from the rest, his head lowered. He was panting heavily, and there was a little slobber around his jaws.

"You'd best be taking it easy after this run's over, I'm thinking," Pop muttered, and stumbled swiftly behind the two dogs toward the low door of the dog barns. Cursing at the darkness, he set his lantern on a bench and felt his way over the littered hay bedding toward the line of single stalls at the side of the building. He snapped the chain of each dog to a steel hitching ring at the back of the stall, and stopped to test the loose hay in the bottom of the stall with his hand. A sudden long shadow leapt up the wall before him, and he glanced over his shoulder as the roadhouse proprietor shuffled past the lamp and walked toward him along the dwindling legs of his own shadow.

"What's wrong with Maluk?" Karloff asked. His face was like a wizened old Chinaman, and he huddled down into his fur hood until only his small sharp eyes protruded, glinting in the lamplight like the eyes of a weasel peering out of its burrow.

"He's just a wee bit tired after the run," Pop shrugged. "We had a bad wind to buck all afternoon." He ran a practiced hand over the feet of the two dogs in the stall. "By the way, I saw a plane go overhead this afternoon. Is it here now?"

"Here and gone," Karloff chuckled.

"Oh, aye?" said Pop in surprise. "The lad didna make much of a call."

"I guess he seen he wasn't welcome," said Karloff, padding after Pop silently in his sealskin mukluks. "I helped him gas up, and he took off again without waiting. He said he'd go right through to Nome tonight. Least, that's what he said," he grinned.

"MAYBE he's learned to take a hint," Pop grunted briefly, striding through the door.

"Wasn't no hinting about it," Karloff said, his little eyes vindictive. "I showed him plain." He pointed to a sign over the door of the main roadhouse: "No pilots or dogs allowed." Karloff's grin widened: "I told him he ain't going to ruin my business, not while I can help it, he ain't. I told him there wasn't no shelter for him here."

He followed Pop as he uncoupled the second pair of dogs and led them toward their stall.

"Lord, I HATE scenes"

LEONARD DOVE

"There's only one way to keep them fellers out," said Karloff malevolently. "Show 'em they ain't wanted." He chuckled. "They'll learn to keep out of here after a while."

Pop stooped over in silence and fastened the chains into the wall rings.

"What would happen to me if them planes got in?" Karloff persisted, leaning an elbow on the stall partition. "It would mean the end of the roadhouses, that's sure. What would I live on if there wasn't no more travel along the trail?"

Pop clumped down the kennels toward the heap of frozen salmon, and Karloff padded after him.

"Take them fish, there. Where could I sell all them salmon I dry in the summer, if it wasn't for the dog teams? Planes don't eat fish."

Pop tossed the feed to the dogs in the stalls, and started back toward the kennel door. Maluk sidled through the door and sank on his haunches with a faint whimper. He was breathing heavily, an unnatural rasping sound, and his eyes were almost shut.

There was a rapid knock on the kennel door, and a young Eskimo shoved it open and peered excitedly into the semidarkness. "Mister?"

"What is it, Joe?" said Pop.

"Plane land on soft ice," said the boy breathlessly, pointing back over his shoulder. "Ice break, fall into water. Very bad. Say run get help—"

Karloff was listening intently, his eyes narrowing. Pop asked: "Where'd it happen, Joe?"

"Almost Ishtulik." The boy pointed northward. "That way, maybe one hour, two hour. Say come quick for dog. Maybe ice goes out—"

"Serve him right," Karloff nodded. "Maybe it'll learn him to stay away."

Pop was staring at Karloff. "You don't seem very much surprised," he observed.

"Plane make a big noise," the Eskimo was jabbering, enjoying the excitement that he was creating, "then quick, no more noise. Plane come down. Man say no more gas—"

Pop walked toward Karloff. "I thought you just said he gassed up here."

"You know what would happen if he took over this run," Karloff whined, avoiding Pop's eye. "We all got to stick together. You know what it would mean to you—"

"You helped him gas up," said Pop, grabbing Karloff by the front of his parka and twisting the cloth in his fist. He yanked him forward roughly. "What did you put in the gas?"

"Maybe a little water might have got in it by mistake," Karloff choked, trying to get his breath.

Pop flung him heavily onto the floor, and stepped over him contemptuously.

"Stow some gas drums in the sled, Joe," he said to the young Eskimo. "I'll get the dogs."

He paused and knelt beside Maluk. The big dog lifted his head slowly, and began to pant.

"Maluk," he said in a low voice.

The dog's tail thumped once or twice against the boards.

"We've no choice, now, d'ye see?" said Pop.

Maluk struggled stiffly to his feet, and stumbled through the door.

IT LOOKED like a hopeless task. The single-motored monoplane squatted heavily in a couple of feet of slush and water, some fifty yards offshore, the toes of its skis barely protruding above the jagged rim of the broken ice, the tail flippers bouncing in the wash. Time after time they jacked the heavy ship onto rollers, inching the logs laboriously under the big metal skids and working a ten-foot pry of driftwood beneath the port ski. At Pop's sharp command the men dogs would strain forward, the men would lift together on the pry and shunt the plane ahead. For a moment the wings would tilt as the skis rose onto the smooth ice, the plane would hesitate on the edge of the hole, slip sideways, and settle back with a sloshing sound.

"It's no go," Alan said. "This ice is going to start moving any minute. We'll never get her out in time."

Pop MacNab worked in silence, edging the driftwood pry once more beneath the ski of the plane.

"Once the ice gives, she's done," Alan said. He grinned: "And I'm washed out. All I've got is sunk in that ship."

Pop waded back through the mushy water to the edge of the solid ice. "We've not failed yet," he said briefly.

"The dogs are too tired now," said Alan. He glanced at the slow dawn lighting the sky in the east. "They can't do any more."

"There's one can," said Pop.

He lifted the lantern and worked his way forward along the walrus-hide towline, stopping beside each couple in turn, straightening their harness, feeling the pads of their feet, shuffling forward over the bending rubber ice to the head of the line. He set the lantern down, knelt on one knee beside Maluk, and adjusted the collar carefully around his heavy shoulders. He rose and yelled toward the plane: "Ready to lift back there!" and gave Maluk a last encouraging pat. He stepped ahead a couple of paces. "Let's try it again. All right! Mush!"

MALUK lunged into his collar, digging and scratching at the smooth ice. He stopped, backed a step, drove ahead again, snapping the seven couples of dogs behind him into line. They strained against the traces, churned a moment without moving, faltered, quit.

"That almost had it," Alan began with new confidence, running forward. "One more and—" He halted and stared at Maluk. "Hold on, here."

The dog's head nodded lower and lower, and red drool brushed from his lips onto the snow. He lifted his head once and coughed, and then his head sagged again until his muzzle pressed against the snow. His legs buckled, as he leaned into the harness and spread his feet to steady himself, and he rattled a little when he breathed.

"He's got to come off," said Alan.

Pop was looking at Alan. "You attend to your business," he said, curtly. "I'll tend mine."

Alan walked back to the plane in silence. Pop swung his lantern. "Ready?" he shouted. "Mush!"

Maluk's great forequarters dropped within a few inches of the ice. His neck stretched out as he banged into the collar; he seemed to pull the entire team along with him. The plane jolted forward, and its skis chewed into the crunching rim of ice. Foot by foot the dogs clawed, slipped, fought their way ahead. Ten yards back, the freed plane rode up onto the groaning ice, teetered for a moment, swung perilously, righted itself, and rode onto solid footing. The dogs halted.

"That's done it," said Alan.

"Aye," said Pop.

He was standing beside Maluk, his face without expression, his eyes fixed ahead. The big dog lay motionless amid the limp traces, his head on the snow. A slow dark stain was spreading in the snow.

"You'll find the sack of registered mail back there in the sled, Alan," Pop said over his shoulder. "You'd best take it with you into Nome."

"Yes, sir," said Alan.

"He wouldna liked it to be late, d'ye see?" Pop said, without turning. "He wouldna liked it said he ever failed."

He lifted the loose towline and unfastened the bull snap behind the singletree. He bent over and slipped off the heavy padded work collar.

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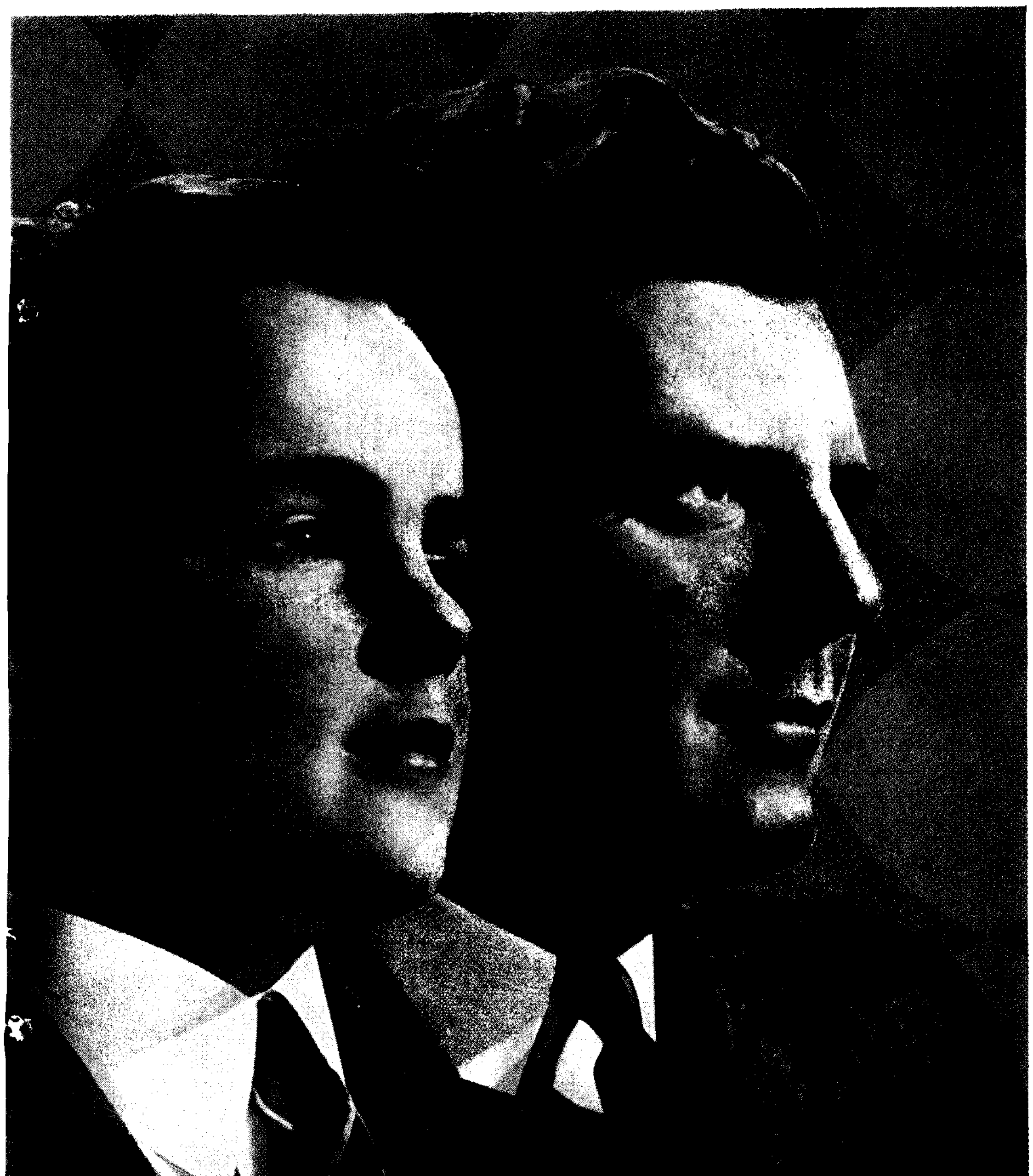

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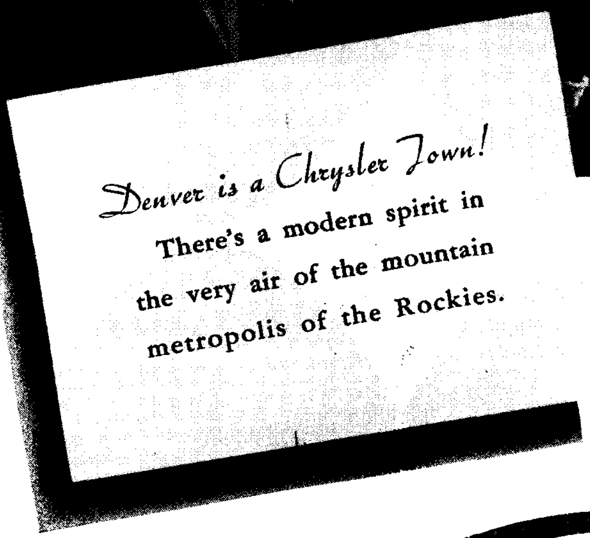

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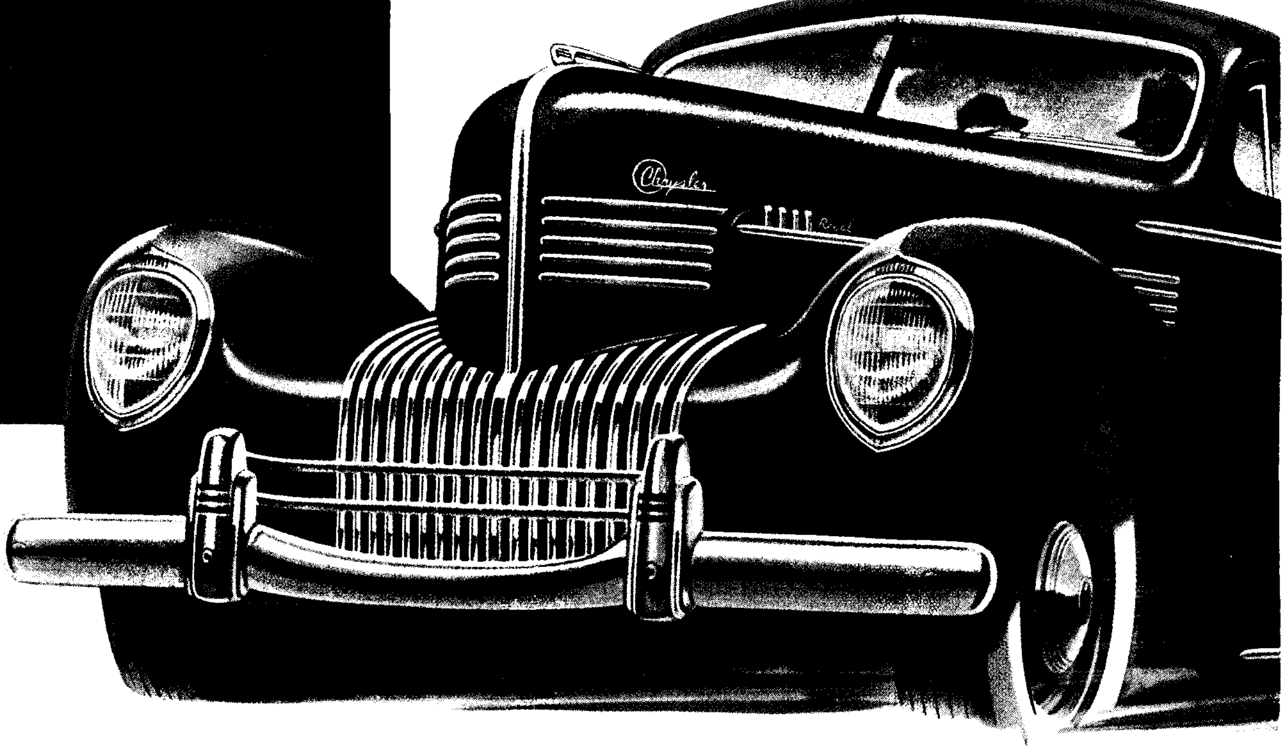

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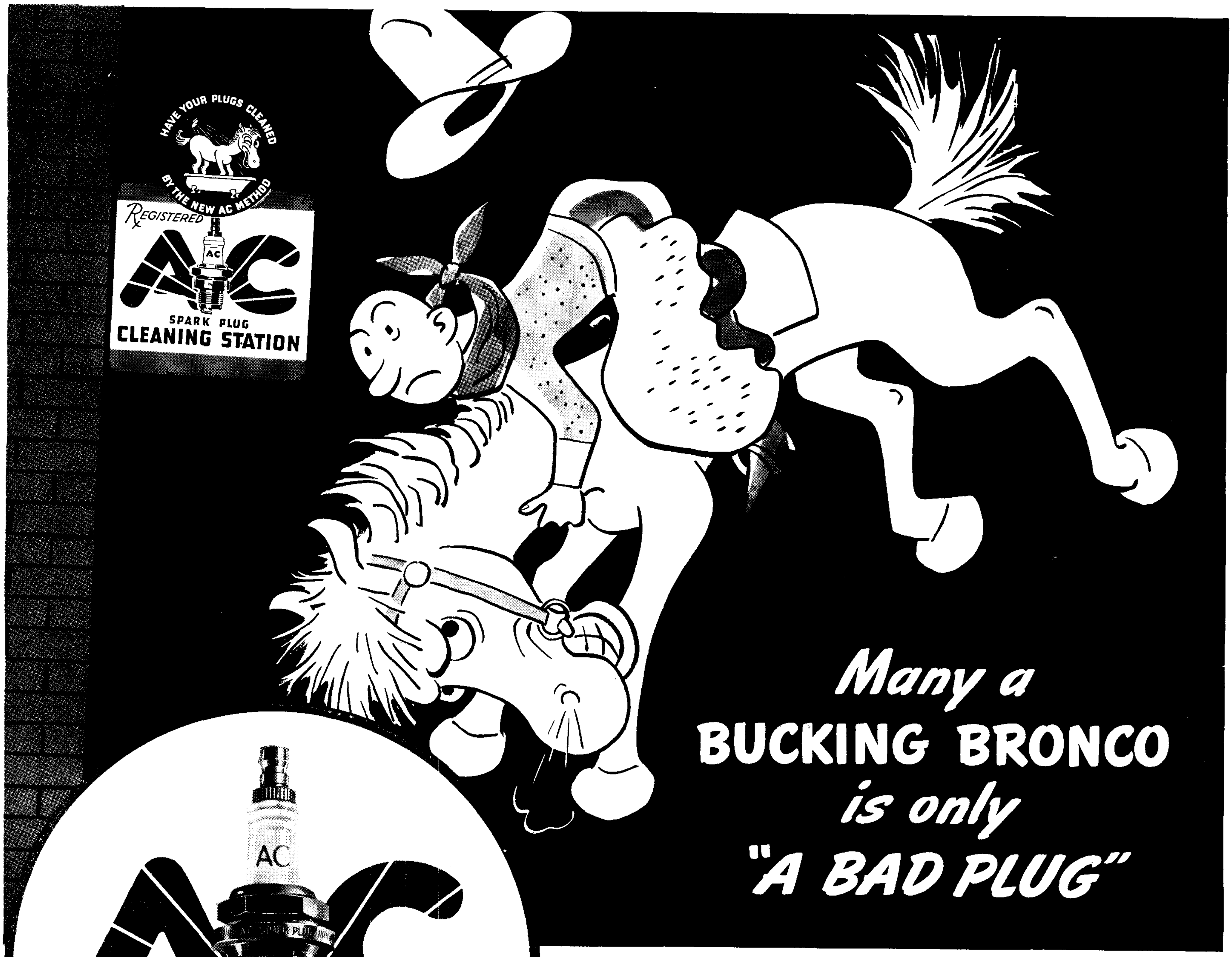
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The Green Angel

Continued from page 18

watched her expression and suspected that she did not like Suzette.

Rodney and the girl started toward him. Rodney said, "Mr. Boone, this is Miss Pond, my secretary." Her eyes were dark blue and steady and appraising. She held out her hand and said, "The muralist?"

"The famous muralist," Rodney said, with an air of correcting her. She glanced at Rodney. He was turning away. Bill Boone saw the glance and what it contained. And Nancy said, "He's going to do my portrait, Thelma."

Bill Boone believed that Miss Pond was controlling herself with a great effort. He suspected that she resented Rodney's marriage and hated Suzette and he reflected, "I'd hate to make an enemy of that girl. She looks capable of anything. Rodney looked worried. If I were Rodney, I'd worry, too, about these smoldering glances."

Miss Pond and Nancy were talking about the party. Miss Pond was distinctly a Wall Street secretary. Some Wall Street secretaries, he knew, came from fine families; others came from places like the Bronx and Brooklyn, and they were apt to be the cleverer ones. Their graciousness was an overlay. He thought he detected it in this girl. She wasn't cheap. She had an air of refinement and a soft laugh and she talked easily and with no accent. He sensed that she was making a slight effort, and he guessed that she would be more at ease with the important men who came to Rodney Barnett's office.

SUZETTE, watching her, saw that she was doing what all women seemed to do when they met William Boone, only Miss Pond did not resort to the usual fluttering or coquetry. She was glancing at him constantly, watching for his smiles and smiling quickly when he did, and shaping all her remarks for his benefit. Suzette walked slowly toward the group.

Nancy suddenly cried, "Jim! Oh, Jim!" And Bill Boone glanced around at a young man who had just come in. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, very blond and slightly ill at ease. In spite of his well-fitting white coat and black trousers, he looked out of place. He looked, Bill Boone thought, like a schooner captain. There were wrinkles about his eyes from staring into waves and sun.

Rodney came over as Nancy linked her arm through the new arrival's.

Nancy said, in a voice that sounded a little shrill, "Bill, this is Jim Clover. Jim, this is Bill Boone, the muralist."

The two young men shook hands. Jim Clover's clasp was hard and bony. He said, in a deep voice, "I've heard about you, Mr. Boone. I'm glad to know you."

"Miss Pond, Mr. Clover."

Bill Boone detected the beginning of a smile at the corner of Miss Pond's lovely mouth. It gave her momentarily an expression of catlike slyness.

Nancy said, "You've met my stepfather. Rodney, you remember Jim Clover."

"Oh, yes." Rodney was smiling, too. "How is everything aboard the lugger?"

"Shipshape," the young man answered, and his voice, it seemed to Bill Boone, was not only deep but hard. "How is the wolf of Wall Street?"

"Still baying," Miss Pond said. "Or do wolves bay?"

"They howl," Suzette said. She had recognized Jim Clover from Nancy's description of that romantic young man—"tall and blond and Vikingesque"—and she was a little disappointed in him. He looked just a little too unresilient.

When Nancy introduced him, Jim Clover said, "I'm awfully glad to know you, Miss Aberdeen."

"How are the lobsters running?" Rodney asked.

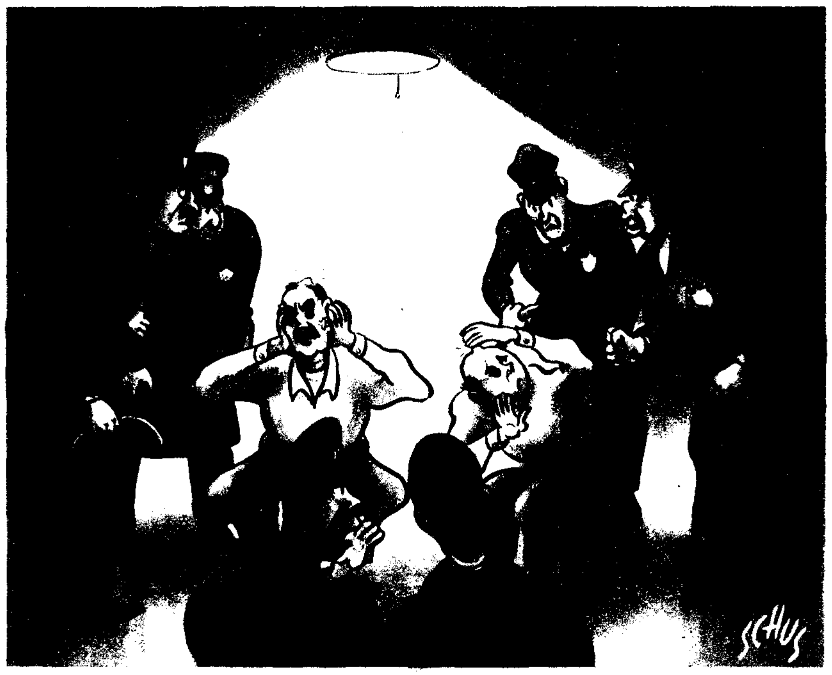
"Lobsters," Miss Pond said, "don't run. They crawl."

"What will you drink, Mr. Clover?" Rodney said. "Sailors drink grog, don't they? By the way, what is grog?"

"I wouldn't know, Mr. Barnett," Jim Clover said. "You might ask some pirate of Wall Street."

"Wall Street pirates," Miss Pond said, "drink nothing but certified milk."

Bill Boone wondered about all these undercurrents. Nancy was pale and she looked frightened. Miss Pond was being especially nice to Jim Clover, going out of her way to defend him from Rodney's insults, and glancing maliciously at Rodney whenever she spoke. Suzette was alert and she seemed apprehensive. And Jim Clover had the air of a man bristling with fight.



"We had to get an interpreter. The mug doesn't understand English!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

A FOOTMAN said to Rodney Barnett: "A Mr. Green is waiting in your study, Mr. Barnett."

Rodney excused himself and went upstairs.

Inspector Teeple was standing with hands clasped behind him looking up at a pair of dueling pistols on the wall. He was a slim man with white hair and a pink youthful face and clear gray eyes that were grave when he turned them to Rodney Barnett. He wore with distinction the conventional summer attire of white coat and dark trousers. He had dignity. He looked more like a lawyer than a detective.

When the two men had introduced themselves, the detective said, "The commissioner has given me all the details. Your daughter knows about this, of course."

"No. I didn't want to upset her."

"Do you intend to warn her now?"

"No."

"I think you should."

"It isn't necessary. Sne is being well watched and protected."

The inspector frowned. "However, I think she should be prepared for anything that Boone may decide to do."

Rodney's mouth tightened. He leaned forward and placed the palms of his hands on the desk. He looked austere. He said, "I do not care to have her upset on the night of her coming-out party."

THE inspector's eyes were cold. "I think it is a great mistake," he said flatly, "to use Miss Barnett in trying to trap this man."

Rodney straightened up. "Inspector Teeple, the commissioner sent you here to conduct this case as I see fit."

The inspector looked at him a moment, lifted his white eyebrows and said, "Very well, Mr. Barnett. How well are you guarded?"

"I don't need a personal bodyguard, if that's what you mean."

"I think you do," the detective disagreed. "It seems to me this is a very dangerous situation. How do you know this Boone isn't planning to kill you?"

"If you watch him as carefully as I assume you will, I won't need guarding. Immediately after dinner, I'll show you about the house and grounds and point out to you my guests with whom he will most likely have contact."

Suzette wondered if Rodney had had the dining room done over especially to please her, it was so oriental and, except that it was done on a grander scale, so much like her own dining room in Shanghai.

The wallpaper was antique Chinese with a blue background, with Chinese elms growing up the paper. The trunks were purple-brown, the leaves were all shades of green, from blue-green to yellow-green, with lots of light scattered about as high lights on the trees and leaves. There were plumed and colored birds and butterflies scattered among the leaves and sitting in the trees or on the ground, and the birds were in brilliant yellow and lacquer reds. There was a huge sixfold lacquer screen concealing the door into the pantry.

It was, Suzette thought, probably the strangest dinner party she had ever attended. On her left sat the man she was going to marry tomorrow and down near the other end of the table sat the man she was in love with.

Rodney was talking to the woman on his left, a Mrs. Lankham, who was indignant about the Administration. Rodney was smoothly and suavely turning out neat little comments and keeping his eyes on everything that was going on and being an assured and brilliant host.

On Suzette's right was an English film producer named Coulter. He was prattling with enthusiasm about the Irish hunter Rodney had bought for Suzette. Mr. Coulter had visited the stables and had gone over the hunter muscle by muscle and he was speaking with authority.

Above Mr. Coulter's strong British accent she heard Bill Boone holding court at the other end of the table. He was telling them some anecdote that had them in convulsions, and Nancy, beside Bill Boone, was flushed, and she was paying no attention to Jim Clover, who sat on her left. She seemed to be under a strain, and she was giving all her attention to Bill Boone. The lobster fisherman looked angry, and the girl on his left was giving all her attention to Mr. Dumont.

Suzette wondered again what Bill Boone had meant in the station when he told her that he was going to use a false identity. Certainly, he was William Boone, the muralist. Or was he? Of course he was. Then what had he meant? She wondered if he was really clever enough to match his wits with Rodney's.

RODNEY murmured, "Darling, as soon as all this is over, slip away and meet me in my study. It's very important."

She smiled at him gaily. He seemed surprised, then pleased.

At the other end of the table, Bill Boone saw that smile. Nancy was saying to him, "I'll tell you all about the job of being a debutante, but not now. Cut in after the first eight or ten dances and we'll slip out and I'll tell you all about the underside of it."

He was aware that Nancy was under a great strain. He had been aware of it in the bar and had supposed that it was because of the party. He now knew that it wasn't the party at all. Why was she so flagrantly ignoring the angry young man on her left?

"You see, Bill," she drawled, "I could gladly murder everybody that's coming here tonight."

"Not including your father," Bill said.

And she said bitterly, "He's the first on the list."

Bill Boone was suddenly aware that everyone was behaving oddly, and he glanced down the table at Rodney. Their eyes met. Rodney looked at him speculatively and with a faint evidence of his crooked smile. Bill wondered why. He wondered if Rodney suspected him. He wondered if Rodney was being suave and smooth and concealing his suspicions.

Rodney glanced away and Bill Boone's thoughts went back to the oak post and the blueprint.

MOVING restlessly about Rodney Barnett's study, Suzette was smoking a cigarette and thinking, "I've got to be nice, I've got to be sweet, I've got to be gay and he's going to kiss me and I've got to make him think I like it."

She saw the dueling pistols on the wall, a pair of very old dueling pistols, crossed. She looked at them speculatively a long time. She thought: "Poor Nancy. Poor me. Poor Stanley. Poor lobsterman. And, in her way, poor mother, because if I can put this over it's going to be a bitter *disappointment* to her."

The door opened. Rodney came in and closed the door and came toward her. His face was unsmiling and a little pale. He put his hand under her chin and tilted her face up and bent his head and kissed her on the mouth.

His lips were hard and hot. He lifted his head, looking down at her face and said, "Suzette, are you dreading tomorrow?"

"No."

"Yes, you are, darling. But I'm going to make you very happy. Now, sit down."

When Suzette had seated herself on the divan, he said, "We'll begin with this. Very material, of course, but—" And he took a ring out of his pocket and held it out to her. "Does it please you?"

It was a large cabochon sapphire, as deeply blue as a tropical sea, in a white crinkling nest of diamonds.

Suzette smiled. She cried, "Oh, Rodney, it's lovely. It's beautiful!"

He kissed her again, lightly. "I think you're going to find your life just as beautiful as you find this ring. Suzette, you haven't said anything about this house."

"This house? Oh, I love it, Rodney. I love everything about it. And I'm looking forward to riding that marvelous hunter you've given me. I haven't even seen him yet, and I'm dying to. Mr. Coulter was raving about him."

"Yes, I heard him. He seems to know horses pretty well."

"I want to know about everything," Suzette said. Her heart began to beat a little faster. "Is this where the mastermind hatches all its great ideas?"

He chuckled. "Darling, the mastermind functions anywhere."

"But this is your sanctum sanctorum."

"No. That's upstairs. It has soundproof walls. This is a little too public."

SUZETTE pointed to the dueling pistols and said, "What are those marvelous things and where did you get them?"

He was still smiling indulgently. He turned to look. "Those dueling pistols? Oh, they're late Eighteenth Century French. They aren't unusual. Are you interested in—" He paused. He hadn't been interested, but suddenly was. "Have you ever done any shooting?"

"No. I've never shot a gun in my life, but I'm dying to learn."

He was more delighted. "Did you know I have a fully equipped range downstairs off my trophy room?"

"Rodney!" she cried. "How marvelous!"

He sat down beside her and took her hand and kissed her engagement finger. "Look. After we've come back from our honeymoon, we'll spend all the time you like down there. I'll teach you to shoot everything from a Luger to an elephant gun. If you really like it, we'll go after big game sometime."

"Where are we going on our honeymoon?"

He chuckled again. "Isn't it like me not to consult you about it? Well, I've made all the plans. We're going to my place in Virginia." He stretched his arms with the air of a man luxuriating in his good fortune. "You don't realize how much fun we two are going to have, Suzette."

And Suzette thought, "I've taken the first step."

WILLIAM BOONE had planned to return to the attic and continue his search as soon as dinner was over, but when the dinner party broke up, Jim Clover walked into the hall with him and then suggested that they go out on the terrace for a breath of air. Bill knew that the lobster fisherman was in an upset state of mind. He assumed that the tall, blond, sunburned young man was in love with Nancy and that something had happened to spoil things for them, a quarrel, perhaps, or trouble with Rodney.

He was aware that Jim Clover had deliberately singled him out, and he was aware that the lobster fisherman did not like him. He sensed a strain in the young man's attitude, and he guessed that Jim Clover had wanted this opportunity to be alone with him, to find out something about him.

They went out on the terrace and watched the beginning of the party. Jim Clover had an air of mild disapproval. Bill, listening to him, and wondering how he could gracefully escape, marveled a little at Jim Clover's self-control. Certainly, Nancy had treated him abominably at dinner, and evidently the lobster fisherman thought that Bill was somehow responsible for it.

"That orchestra alone," Clover said, "must have cost a couple of thousand dollars."

What was happening was fairly obvious. Jim Clover was furious at Nancy or at Bill Boone, and he was taking it out on safe objects. He began asking Bill questions about his work. He was familiar with many of the better-known murals Bill had done and with some of the lesser-known ones, to Bill's surprise.

Jim Clover was an intelligent young man with a quick mind, and he was a restrained young man. He had a quiet manner and he gave the impression that he never became excited. The questions he asked were quite obvious: he wanted to know all about Bill Boone. He wanted to know what kind of man he was, but he hesitated to ask blunt questions.

THEY wandered about the terrace. The orchestra had begun to play at a little before ten, and it played almost continuously, rather casually to begin with, then with more and more swing as more couples began to dance. The terrace was a bright solid pattern of gowns in all colors. The bars, in three corners of the terrace, all gaily decorated, were being well patronized—a milk bar, a beer bar and a Scotch-and-soda bar, and champagne was being served by waiters weaving in and out through the crowd with trays of glasses.

In a fourth corner was a hot-dog stand. Nancy had told him at dinner that most parties break up because all at once all of the guests seem to have the idea of driving to hot-dog wagons.

Below the terrace, the Ferris wheel, garlanded with strings of colored lights, was turning. Fortunetellers, dressed as gypsies, with large brass rings in their ears, roamed about. Bill looked about for Suzette and Nancy, but did not see them, and supposed that they were still on the receiving line.

He wondered how he could get rid of Jim Clover. The lobster fisherman evidently had no intention of dancing. When Bill mentioned it, Jim Clover said, "I don't know any of these girls. I'm a duck at a chicken party."

They moved through the crowd, and Bill Boone presently became aware that wherever they went, a slim, white-haired, pink-faced man always sauntered along behind them. He and Clover were watching the Ferris wheel from the lower terrace when he became sure of it. His actions were those of a detective, but he did not look like one. He was a big man and he looked easygoing and genial. He might have been a doctor or a lawyer. He wore the semiformal summer attire of white coat and dark trousers with ease and distinction There was little question in Bill's mind, however, that the man was a detective. Definitely, he was keeping an eye on Bill Boone and Jim Clover.

It was unlikely that he had been instructed to watch both of them. Which of them, then, was he keeping tab on?

Bill preferred to think that the detec-

He snapped on a wall switch and a strong light glowed on the target. "This is a double-action revolver," he said. "That means you can shoot it simply by pulling the trigger"

tive was following Jim Clover, and it seemed to him that this was sound reasoning. Obviously Nancy was infatuated with this handsome, blond young man, and quite as obviously Rodney disapproved of him. It was reasonable that Rodney would have set a man to follow Jim Clover to prevent a possible elopement.

If, on the other hand, the white-haired detective had been instructed to follow William Boone, then the situation was serious. It could only mean that Rodney suspected him. Perhaps Rodney suspected his identity, but it was more likely that Suzette had told him about their meeting in the railroad station.

First, he decided, he must get rid of Jim Clover. Not until Nancy appeared did the lobster fisherman desert him, when he suddenly said, "See you later, Boone," and strode off toward Nancy.

Bill wandered about the terrace, and it took him only a short time to discover that he, not Jim Clover, was the man Rodney wanted watched. He tried to lose the man, but the man kept tenaciously to his trail, making no pretense of not following him, being quite willing for William Boone to discover that he was being trailed, if he wished.

Bill went up to his room. Harmon was sitting in a chair reading a newspaper. He jumped up and put the paper down. He looked alarmed.

"Is anything wrong, sir?"

"Now, Harmon, why should anything be wrong?"

"You surprised me, Mr. Boone," Harmon explained with an apologetic air. "I thought you were at the party."

"I am. Nothing is wrong. Everything is serene and under perfect control. Steady yourself. What did you find out about the theater?"

"It was a hobby of Mrs. Barnett's until her death six years ago," Harmon reported. "She was interested in amateur theatricals and rather fancied that Miss Barnett might grow up to become a great actress, but Miss Barnett was never interested in the project, so the servants say. No one knows what that part of the house was like before the theater was built there. It was done when the entire house was being remodeled. Is that what you wanted to know, sir?"

"Partly," William Boone said. He went out again. A man was standing at the head of the terrace stairway—the white-haired man.

William Boone returned to the terrace by the other stairway.

JIM CLOVER wanted to have a talk with Nancy, but each time he cut in she paid little attention to what he was saying, and someone would cut in before he could really get under way.

The first time he danced with her, he said, "Nancy, I don't see why we can't be perfectly honest about this. We've always been in the past, about everything."

"May I cut?" an urgent voice said.

The next time he cut in, he said, "I was furious at dinner because you acted the way you did. I didn't see why you should ignore me entirely. I was sore then, but I've had time to cool off and to realize what was happening."

"May I cut?"

Jim Clover returned to the stag line and cut back an instant later and continued:

"Nancy, I know you're in a state and I know your stepfather's back of it and I've come to the conclusion that something's got to be done about it."

"May I cut?"

He gave her up and when he cut in again, Nancy's answer was ready:

"The truth is, Jim, I'm not in love with you. I never was. Oh, it was a lot of fun, of course. Now I'm all through with it. I haven't been seeing you lately, not because Rodney won't let me but because I simply don't want to. I made up all those ridiculous things I told you about Rodney and how he disapproved of you and how dangerous he is. As a matter of fact, you—well, if you must know, Jim, you bore me to death."

"The only trouble with that," Jim said, "is that I've seen the same movies you have. The truth is, he has you so terrified you'll say anything to anything."

"If he doesn't object to me," Jim said, "why did he insult me at the bar?"

"May I cut?" a brisk young voice said.

When Jim cut in again, a moment

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later, Nancy said, "I'm going to ask you not to cut back again."

"The trouble is, Nancy, I'm in love with you. I wish we could go back to the way things were before. And there they are—the saddest words of song or pen. Nancy, let's skip out of here and—"

A hand thumped him jovially on the shoulder and a laughing voice said, "Ah! May I?"

Bill Boone saw Nancy dancing, slender and blond and lovely, her face flushed, her eyes looking more vague than ever. She could not dance a half dozen steps without someone cutting in. Every other man who cut in seemed to be Jim Clover. Bill walked out and tapped the shoulder of the man she was dancing with.

"May I cut?"

The young man gave her up. He took Nancy in his arms. She was laughing. Her voice sounded hysterical. "Oh, Bill, Bill. I've got so much to tell you. Get me out of here."

THEY started for the end of the platform. A hand touched Bill's shoulder. "May I cut?"

"No!" Nancy snapped.

She took Bill Boone down a path to a summerhouse. It was empty now, except for them, but they hadn't been the first, for the air was heavy with perfume.

Nancy took a deep breath and expelled it in a loud sigh and sat on the railing. "Sit down, Bill."

Unless he was mistaken, this girl was on the verge of hysterics. She was gasping softly as she breathed, and taking deep, loud breaths.

"Can I get you something to drink?" Bill said.

"No, I've been drinking all afternoon and evening and it doesn't do anything. You see, I'm in a state, Bill. Isn't this a lovely string of pearls?"

"Yes, Nancy."

"Rodney gave them to me as a coming-out present. They just culminate everything, don't they? They're beautifully matched, aren't they?"

"Yes, Nancy."

"They must have cost a small fortune. They're a symbol of the kind of life I'm to lead. Everything so beautifully matched and smooth and glowing. Nothing but the best." She laughed a little stridently. "You see, Bill, I was in love with Jim Clover. Now, isn't that ridiculous?"

Bill thought: "She's only eighteen, and she isn't dramatizing this attitude very much, at that." He said: "What's ridiculous about it?"

"Isn't it ridiculous—me marrying a lobster fisherman?"

"Not if you like the guy."

"Well, it's all off. It's all over."

"Ah," Bill said.

Nancy twisted around so that her face was at right angles to his and she was looking up at him out of the corners of her eyes. Bill could feel her shivering. A green floodlight in a tree made green glints in her eyes. Her face looked dark and triangular and mysterious.

"What do you mean—ah? You haven't even begun to hear about it. Every Sunday for weeks Jim has been sending Rodney a lobster in a florist's box, with a little poem attached—oh, such lovely, insulting little poems. And Rodney did nothing, said nothing. But, you see, the joke's on Rodney after all. You see, I don't love Jim any more."

Her voice broke. She began to cry. Bill put his arms around her and said, "Stop shivering. Stop talking."

"Don't be silly." She giggled. "Oh, you don't understand. I'm crying with happiness. It was all a mistake. I've found someone else. I've found you, Bill."

He released her. "Nancy, you're having hysterics."

"Bill, you've got to kiss me."

She was lying heavily on his arm, with her head tilted back on his shoulder.

"No," Bill said. "Come on, now, my pet. Calm down, cool off, pull yourself together and put your best foot forward."

She laughed. "I think you're insulting. It's my party. It's my night. It's everybody's job to please Nancy. You aren't pleasing Nancy."

He kissed her. She put her arms tight about his neck. Her lips were dry and feverish.

Nancy took her arms away and got up. "Bill Boone," she said, "I think you're a perfect heel." And she walked away.

Bill carefully wiped the lipstick off his mouth. He had an impulse to find Rodney and wring his neck.

"And to think that he's the ambassador of a friendly nation"

MICHAEL BERRY

NANCY had never lost her childhood habit of biting at her thumbnail when she was furious. She put her thumb in the corner of her mouth and bit at the nail as she talked. It was not ludicrous. The effect of the lifted elbow was that she was about to do something violent with that hand.

She said, "Things have gone so far in this house, Rodney, that if they go one little bit farther I'm going to get a gun and shoot you right through the head."

He didn't smile, and he was able to withhold from his eyes any amusement that this tantrum was giving him. He said gently, "My dear Nancy, what are you talking about?"

With her thumb still in the corner of her mouth, she said, "Me, among other things. You've hashed up my life until I'm just about out of my mind. And Suzette. How you're forcing her to marry you is something I don't know anything about. You've utterly ruined things for Jim and me, and now I find you're up to tricks with Bill Boone, too."

Rodney said quietly, "What about Bill Boone?"

"Why is Terry Teeple here?"

Rodney frowned a little, but he looked away. "Who is Terry Teeple?"

"Oh, stop trying to be funny. I recognized him just now and I watched him. He is following Bill everywhere he goes. And it must be important or it wouldn't be Teeple. He is one of the biggest detectives in New York. Why is he following Bill? What are you up to now?"

Rodney said, "My dear child, what are you talking about?" in a tone of such indulgence and scorn that Nancy lost all control. She stepped close to him and she took her thumb away. She ripped the string of pearls from her neck and threw them at him. She stepped up to him and slapped him across the mouth with all her force. Her hand suddenly hurt as if she had broken all the bones in it. She saw a thread of blood start down from the corner of his mouth.

He took a step backward. He was looking at her, not with surprise or fury, but with speculation.

Nancy said swiftly, "I mean it. If you do anything to Bill Boone, I'll kill you, Rodney."

He was still looking at her as if he were seeing something new in her, and as if he were measuring its potentialities.

He said steadily, "I think we understand each other very well, Nancy."

THERE were rows of rifles in vertical cases with glass fronts and rows of pistols and revolvers in flat cases with glass tops. Suzette looked over the array of pistols and revolvers.

"Rodney, may I shoot one?"

"Certainly! Which one?"

"That one." She pointed. It was a small one.

"This Luger?" Rodney opened the case and picked up a complicated-looking pistol.

"No. The one next to it."

"This one?"

"Yes, Rodney." She could feel her heart, or some large artery, beating sharp and hard against her windpipe. She could hear the impulses of it in her voice.

"It's a thirty-two, Benton and Smith," he said. "Quite a neat little job, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said.

"I'll load it."

Suzette gripped the edge of the case and pretended to be fascinated by the display of small arms while he opened a drawer and took out a box of cartridges and began to load the revolver. She felt faint and dizzy. She wasn't going to faint, but her strength was going and it was a question whether she would have enough left to pull the trigger when the time came.

There was a paper target with a black bull's-eye at the other end of the long, narrow room, and there were black lines painted at intervals across the concrete floor, each line numbered to indicate the number of feet it was from the target. He snapped a wall switch and a strong light glowed on the target.

"THIS is a double-action revolver," he said. "That means you can shoot it by simply pulling the trigger. Or you can use it as a single-action revolver, by cocking it—pulling back the hammer—before you pull the trigger. Using the single action you'll shoot with greater accuracy than if you use the double action. Is it clear?"

"Yes."

"Now take it and aim at the bull's-eye and pull the trigger. But be careful not to touch the trigger until you're ready to shoot."

"All right."

He placed the revolver in her right hand.

"It's cocked," he said. "All you have to do is pull the trigger. And it has a rather light pull."

She took two steps away from him, toward the target. She sank her teeth into her lower lip.

The door behind them opened. A footman came in and said, "Pardon me, Mr. Barnett."

"What is it, Foster?"

"All the champagne that was brought up from the cellar is gone, Mr. Barnett. Several of the young men are complaining."

Rodney said, "Why, Foster, you're wet!"

"Yes, sir. They threw me in the pool. I thought for a time they would drown me. I promised to ask you about the champagne, sir."

Rodney laughed and said, "Suzette, let's go out and look the situation over, and decide whether these young hoodlums are to have more champagne or not. I promised Nancy unlimited champagne. The question is a nice one. Do I keep my word to Nancy and save my servants from drowning, or do we deny the young men for the sake of tomorrow's headaches?"

A half-dozen people came in, several boys and several girls. One of the boys said, "Oh, Mr. Barnett. You're Mr. Barnett, aren't you?"

"Yes," Rodney said.

"We were wondering if you'd mind if we saddled up some of the horses for a ride."

"Now?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think it's a capital idea," Rodney said.

Suzette aimed at the target and pulled the trigger. There was a scream from one of the girls and a sharp loud clang from the target.

"Darling!" Rodney cried. "That was marvelous. That was a bull's-eye!"

(To be continued next week)

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Who Chooses Our Wars?

Continued from page 13

Eighteen months before he began his Ethiopian campaign, Mussolini suddenly began buying American mules. Army mules are essential to military transport across the arid plateaus of Ethiopia, and Il Duce's military scouts, touring Missouri, Arkansas and Texas in 1933 and 1934, purchased American mules to the value of $342,798. In fact, they purchased so many that our own remount stations had difficulty in supplying the needs of the United States Army. In 1932, the year before Mussolini began to prepare for Ethiopia, he bought only $14,210 worth of American mules; and in 1935, after the Ethiopian war started, the purchase of mules dropped back to about this figure.

Mules are not banned by the Neutrality Act, and the dictator of Italy could have kept on depleting our Southwestern farms as long as he paid cash. But Il Duce had laid his plans carefully. Of mules he had enough.

He was also forehanded in stocking up with other raw materials of war. American scrap-iron sales to Italy jumped 2,000 per cent in 1933, doubled that figure in 1934, and quadrupled in 1935, the year war started. In 1936, Ethiopia having been conquered, scrap-iron sales began to slump. However, scrap iron never was ruled out under the Neutrality Act; nor were most of the other things Italy needed for munitions, which illustrates Reason Number Two. Italy purchased brass and copper gadgets from Connecticut, lathes and machine tools from Ohio, cotton waste from Norfolk, scrap iron from New Jersey, and, being an industrial country, proceeded to assemble all the munitions she needed for the prosecution of war.

Thus ended our first experiment in neutrality by legislation. It had drawn a complete blank. The nation had kept out of war, but the war was completely isolated. And as far as the embargoes were concerned, they had the effect on both belligerents of a flea bite.

When Spain Blew Up

Just three months after Mussolini's soldiers rode triumphantly into Addis Ababa in the spring of 1936, America's second laboratory test of neutrality began. This time the governor of the Canary Islands, General Francisco Franco, flew to the mainland and started a war in Spain. The world did not then know that Franco previously had conferred with Mussolini, or that airplanes which transported his officers from Morocco carried the insignia of Fascist Italy. To the outside world it was an internal revolt and again the American public clamored for legislation, this time to keep aloof from civil war in Spain.

However, the Neutrality Act made no provision for arms embargoes in case of civil strife. Furthermore, Congress, at the outbreak of the Spanish war, was not in session. There was nothing it could do, nor anyone in Washington could do, legally and immediately, to prevent arms shipments to Spain.

The State Department did go out of its way to hamper the Spanish government. R. Walton Moore, Acting Secretary of State, called in the Chargé d'Affaires of the Spanish embassy and lectured him because a member of the embassy staff had addressed a meeting which was raising money for Loyalist Spain; while Joseph G. Green, head of the State Department's Munitions Control Board, urged munitions dealers not to sell arms to the government of Spain.

Both moves, of course, were contrary to all national and international precedent. Imagine where our union of forty-eight states would be today if Europe, during the Civil War, had shut off supplies and credit from the federal government! And finally, just before President Roosevelt sailed for the Buenos Aires Conference in November, 1936, the Spanish ambassador managed to remind him of this.

Having spent most of his life as Rector of the University of Madrid, and being rather awed by the attitude of the State Department, Fernando de los Rios had considerable difficulty in obtaining an interview with the President. State Department officials paid scant attention to him. For days he cooled his heels in the diplomatic anteroom. But at last he mentioned his predicament to approachable Henry Wallace, and the Secretary of Agriculture, rather than the Secretary of State, arranged the interview.

When finally he did see the President, however, de los Rios felt compensated for all previous delays. Roosevelt was more than cordial. The ambassador had an opportunity not only to tell him of the discrimination by American business firms against the Spanish government (certain New York banks had even refused to handle routine exchange transactions for the embassy), but he also explained how Spain, the motherland of Latin America, set the standard either for democracy or dictatorship in the countries which Roosevelt was about to visit. In other words, if the seeds of Fascism took root in Spain, they were sure to spread to South America.

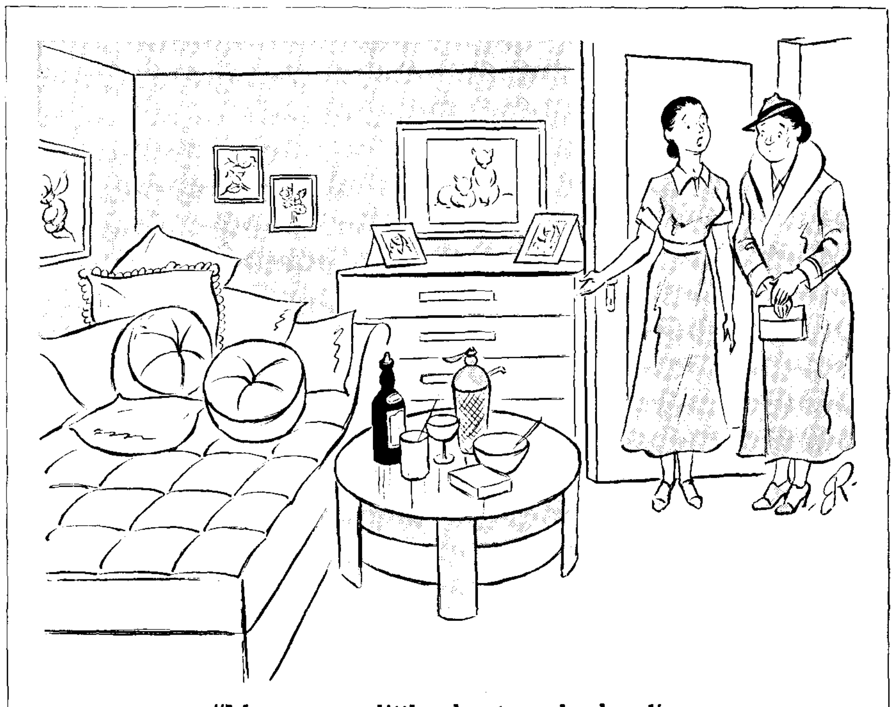
The interview lasted two hours.

Afterward the President tore up the speech the State Department had prepared for delivery at Buenos Aires, and on the voyage south rewrote it himself. Following the Spanish ambassador's suggestion, he made it a ringing championship of democracy, a scathing denunciation of dictatorship. Apparently Roosevelt had been converted to the idea that the Spanish government was fighting the fight of democracy.

While the President was steaming back from Buenos Aires, American policy toward Spain came to a head when Robert Cuse, of Jersey City, refused to be browbeaten by Mr. Green of the Munitions Control Board and obtained a license to ship $2,777,000 worth of second-hand airplanes to the Spanish government.

No law existed to prevent the shipment of arms to Spain, the State Department admitted officially; while unofficially it placed every conceivable obstacle in the path of the Spanish shipment until such a law could be put on the statute books.

While the Spanish freighter Mar Cantabrico prepared to sail with its cargo of war materials, Secretary Hull's Tennessee friend, Representative McReynolds, called his Foreign Affairs Committee together three days early, to amend the Neutrality Act. Sparring for time, Customs agents forced Mr. Cuse to tear open a four-hundred-pound crate of shoes on the theory that shoes could not weigh that much. Army officers, inspecting the Mar Cantabrico, held it up until thirty-two cast-off field kitchens had the name "U. S. Army" painted out. As the vessel sailed out of New York harbor the Coast Guard cutter Icarus steamed alongside ready to stop the shipment the minute a vote was taken on the resolution before the House of Representatives. To gain time Coast Guarders ordered the vessel to heave to, boarded her with a writ claiming back pay for two disgruntled American fliers, Bert Acosta and Gordon K. Berry. Released after a half-hour's delay the Mar Cantabrico sailed safely past the three-mile limit, and one hour later Congress completed the vote on its joint resolution embargoing arms shipments to either belligerent in the war in Spain.

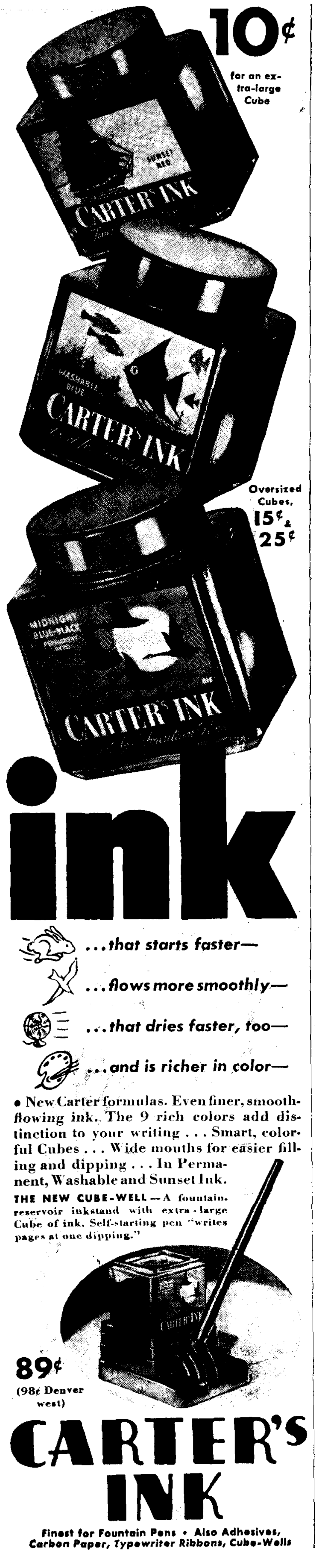


"I know very little about my husband's camera hobby, but this is his dark room"

BEN ROTH

Still Another Test of Neutrality

Four months later, when the Neutrality Act came up for periodic revision (it must be revised again on or before May 1), this special resolution on Spain was incorporated into the general law, and the Neutrality Act was made applicable to any and all nations engaged in civil strife. This was the first time in the history of a country which has made and unmade Latin-American revolutionists, which has shipped all sorts of arms to all sorts of belligerents, that the United States had embargoed the sale of arms to a recognized government.



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This also marked the peak of what might be called the nation's neutrality hysteria. From the high-water mark established with the sailing of the Mar Cantabrico in January, 1937, the passion for neutrality cooled until August, 1937, when a Japanese army, slowly encroaching upon China, suddenly began to rain death and terror upon Shanghai.

This began the third chart in the nation's laboratory test of neutrality and it found Roosevelt and his State Department approaching the problem in entirely different moods. This time there was no rush to invoke the law. Career diplomats did not drop their golf clubs to pen proclamations imposing arms embargoes. They did not rush to make headlines with details of airplanes shipments going to China. The President left on a trip to the Pacific Coast, but he sent no urgent messages back to the State Department as when war broke between Italy and Ethiopia.

On the contrary, the S. S. Wichita, a government-owned vessel, operated by the United States Maritime Commission, took on as cargo nineteen Bellanca bombers consigned to the Chinese government, while the State Department nodded approvingly. And it was only the worry of then Maritime Commissioner Joseph P. Kennedy, who told Roosevelt that he had not been able to sleep all of one night for thinking what would happen if the Wichita was blown up by the Japanese, that caused the transfer of the airplanes to another vessel at Los Angeles. The conference between Kennedy, Hull and Roosevelt, which arranged for this transfer, was significant. Neither the President nor his Secretary of State seemed concerned about the Wichita. To Mr. Kennedy's request for neutrality embargoes they explained that China had ordered approximately $14,000,000 worth of munitions in the United States which were essential to her military program. They made it clear that they wanted China to receive these supplies.

Only decision taken at the Kennedy conference, therefore, was to ban the shipment of munitions on government-owned vessels. This meant almost nothing since there were only two government-owned cargo vessels making regular runs across the Pacific, and all other ships were free to aid China.

Money and Arms for China

Countless thousands of men have been killed in China since then, cities have been razed, civilian populations have been bombed. There has been hand-to-hand fighting fiercer and more extensive than ever dreamed of in Ethiopia. A country virtually has been conquered! Yet there has been no invocation of the Neutrality Act.

Why?

Probably there are three reasons: First, the American public and Congress realize that neutrality blocked out in advance by legislative fiat not only may be unfair to humanity but also prejudicial to the best interests of this country.

Second, the President, his State Department, and the overwhelming opinion of the country are opposed to any Japanese conquest of China.

Third, an embargo on arms shipments to both Japan and China, as required under the Neutrality Act, would have played into the hands of Japan, aided her conquest of China.

For Japan, an industrial state, needs no manufactured munitions, but rather the raw materials with which to make her own munitions. On the other hand, China, not an industrial state, is dependent upon ready-made airplanes, machine guns, artillery and ammunition. These she has been getting in large part from the United States, and if the President invoked the Neutrality Act, the flow of Chinese supplies would cease, leaving Japan free to purchase raw materials and make her own munitions. For even though Roosevelt should invoke Section 2, the "cash and carry" provision of the Neutrality Act, this merely prevents the shipment of raw materials in American bottoms. And as possessor of the world's third largest navy and merchant marine, Japan would be amply able to "carry" all the American cotton, copper, oil and scrap iron her factories needed.

A review of the entire Sino-Japanese war makes almost inescapable the conclusion that Roosevelt not only has ignored the Neutrality Act but has violated the law's intent. For despite Section 3 of the Act, specifically barring loans to belligerents, his Export-Import Bank has advanced $25,000,000 to China through Chrysler and General Motors for the purchase of 1,000 trucks with which to transport munitions through Burma to China. Simultaneously, his Secretary of the Treasury has given China large credits in connection with her purchase of silver and has continued the buying of Chinese silver despite a demand by domestic silver interests that foreign purchases cease.

Why Germany Got No Helium

There is only one reason for this—the knowledge that without the transport of munitions by truck through Burma, and without the continued purchase of Chinese silver by the United States, China's struggle against Japan would collapse.

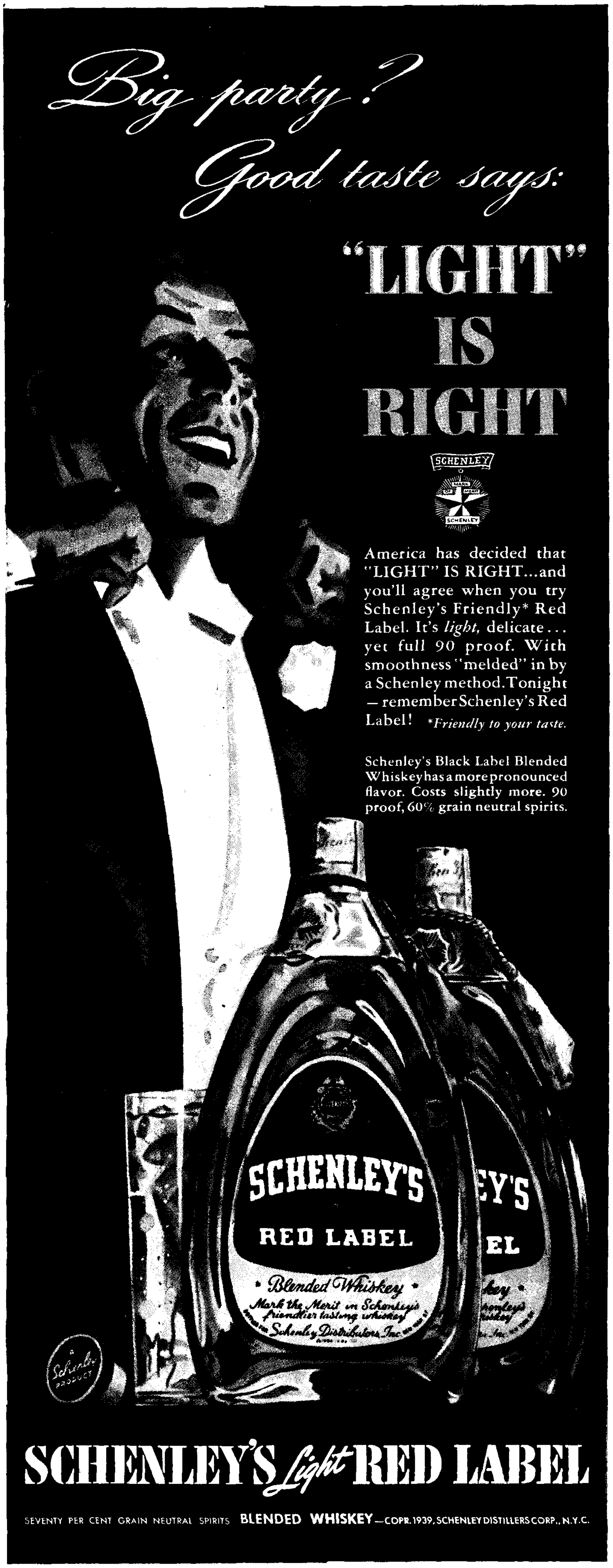
This knowledge has caused an anti-Japanese public and Congress to give tacit, and in some cases enthusiastic, approval while their brand-new and much heralded Neutrality Act was quietly folded and put on the shelf, at least in the Orient.

All three laboratory tests so far have shown that neutrality is just what we want to make it.

Further illustration of how flexible an arms embargo may be was revealed in May, 1938, when two members of the President's Cabinet, Cordell Hull and Harold L. Ickes, went to the mat on the question of whether helium should be sold to Germany for her new transatlantic dirigible. The Secretary of State, Mr. Hull, controls the foreign policy of the nation. The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ickes, controls the production of helium. But in their intercabinet debates, Mr. Ickes virtually told Secretary Hull what he should do about American foreign policy. Not only did Ickes tell Hull that it was dangerous to sell gas for a dirigible to a nation bent upon European conquest, but he accused Hull of violating the law in selling helium to Germany. As proof, Ickes cited the Treaty of Berlin, signed between the United States and Germany in 1921, prohibiting the importation by Germany of "arms, munitions, and war materials of every kind." It added: "No dirigibles shall be kept."

In the end, Mr. Hull bowed to Mr. Ickes. The latter simply ordered his Bureau of Mines not to deliver helium to the German vessel waiting at Houston, Texas, ready to rush the precious gas to Hamburg. Mr. Hull could do nothing more about it.

During the course of their quarrel, however, it leaked out that Secretary Hull appeared to have been violating both the Treaty of Berlin and the Neutrality Act for approximately two years by permitting the export of all sorts of arms to Germany—machine guns, automatic revolvers, rifles, airplanes, propellers, unassembled engines. Furthermore, Secretary Ickes stumbled onto the fact that these arms shipments were a direct reversal of Secretary Hull's own policy as expressed to American avia-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SEVENTY PER CENT GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS BLENDED WHISKEY—COPR. 1939, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C.

tion manufacturers in 1933 and 1934 when he cited the arms ban in the Treaty of Berlin and warned American exporters that "this government would view the export of military planes from this country to Germany with grave disapproval."

Confronted with a newspaper exposé of these facts, Mr. Hull's reaction was similar to that of a father whose favorite son has just been charged with treason. It seemed plain that Mr. Hull had been ignorant of the sleight-of-hand performance of his subordinates in shipping arms to Germany, but he stuck by them just the same.

His excuse at first was that only a small quantity of arms had been sold to Germany (a total of $1,689,095.11 from October 10, 1935, to March 31, 1938), which prompted the International Law Committee to the National Lawyers' Guild to recall the apology of a certain heroine that her illegitimate baby was "a very small one."

Mr. Hull also pleaded that the Treaty of Berlin merely prohibited the "importation" of arms into Germany and did not ban their "export" by the United States. This prompted Representative Maury Maverick of Texas, an author of the Neutrality Act, to point out that the Act "specifically banned export licenses in any case 'where exportation of arms, ammunition or implements of war would be in violation . . . of a treaty.'

"I helped write that law," continued Maverick, "and I see no reason for anyone being in doubt as to what it means. It means that arms shall not be shipped to any country in violation of a treaty. We happen to have a treaty with Germany which states that 'importation of arms, munitions, and war materials of every kind shall be strictly prohibited.'

"Mr. Hull says that he is not violating this treaty by permitting Germany to buy American arms. He just lets Germany do the violating. But the Neutrality Act picks no pets as to which side shall violate the treaty. It just says that the treaty is not to be violated, which a kid in the fourth grade can understand as well as four professors."

But Germany Gets Arms

But despite this barrage, plus criticism from various members of Congress, together with the confidential opinion of various legalists within the Roosevelt Administration that the State Department was in error, the Secretary of State stuck to his guns.

And today, despite the fact that President Roosevelt has withdrawn his ambassador from Berlin, has started a Pan-American drive to offset Nazi penetration of the Western Hemisphere, has given Germany the severest dressing-down recently addressed to a friendly government, and is increasing American aviation to unprecedented strength to combat Germany—despite all this, the State Department still continues to license the sale of arms to Germany.

The Hull-Ickes feud with its disclosures regarding arms shipments to Germany took place in the spring of 1938 just as public opinion was storming Congress and the State Department to lift the embargo against the Loyalist government, in order to counteract the apparently unlimited supplies which General Franco was receiving from his Fascist-Nazi allies.

All of this came to a head in the spring of 1938 when one of the most phenomenal lobbying drives in years bombarded Congress and the State Department. Washington is used to lobbyists. There are farm lobbies for crop payments, veterans' lobbies for pensions, business lobbies for tax cuts, but seldom has Washington seen people spend their own money to come from all over the country to urge action on an international dispute three thousand miles away.

This, however, was what happened in April and May, 1938, over the cause of Loyalist Spain. Convinced that the real issue in Spain was the conflict between dictatorship and democracy, delegations thronged the halls of Congress and called at the State Department daily. Letters poured in on Mr. Hull and Senate offices by the thousand. Specifically, they urged the passage of the resolution introduced by Senator Nye, lifting the embargo against Loyalist Spain.

Pressure became so great that on May 3d Secretary Hull called a meeting of his closest advisers. Senator Pittman, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, had asked him for the Administration's view of the Nye resolution, and Mr. Hull sat at his desk, tapping his pince-nez, and asking each adviser in turn for his opinion. Mr. Hull listened intently, said almost nothing.

Several of Mr. Hull's associates believed that the State Department should throw no obstacle in the path of what appeared to be a genuine desire on the part of the American people to lift the embargo. But when Secretary Hull got on the radiophone to consult the President, then aboard his yacht in the Caribbean, Roosevelt suggested delay. The matter was too important to be decided in a telephone conversation.

FINLAND
Kirk Stiles

"Joe, bring me a two-week cruise—about four hundred dollars from here"

KIRK STILES

From that point, politics, the coming primaries, the shadow of elections on November 8, counted heavily both at the White House and on Capitol Hill. In addition, Mr. Hull, personally, appeared irked over disclosures that his department had been shipping arms to Germany. Furthermore, he objected vehemently to what he called "the pressure groups." If the Spanish embargo was to be lifted, he wanted to do it at his own time and in his own way.

So he sent an emphatic letter to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee vetoing the Nye resolution. Simultaneously, however, a very important overture was made to friends and representatives of Loyalist Spain. One of the President's closest advisers suggested that if friends of Spain would call off their pressure groups and forget about Secretary Hull's violation of the Treaty of Berlin, arms might be shipped to any other sovereign state, and if that sovereign state cared to send them on to Spain, that was no affair of the United States. Among friendly nations, it was pointed out, the word of a sovereign state is not subject to challenge. Therefore, if France should buy American airplanes, the State Department had no right to inquire what France was going to do with them.

When Greece Ordered Planes

The gentleman who received this message had lived a long time in Washington, seen many slips between the White House and other executive departments. So he asked the White House emissary to go back and ask the President whether this policy had been communicated to the State Department.

A week later, the presidential adviser came back with word that the matter was cleared with the State Department. Arms could be shipped to any friendly country with no questions asked about their ultimate destination.

That week a representative of the Spanish government sailed for Paris. There he arranged with a French company to place an immediate order for American airplanes, and in order to clear the shipment, he went to the United States ambassador.

The United States ambassador in Paris is William C. Bullitt, an intimate friend of President Roosevelt and one of the ablest envoys in the service. Mr. Bullitt was dubious. He said:

"I have just received a categorical instruction from the State Department that under no circumstances are licenses to be issued for arms if it is suspected that they are destined for a third country, especially Spain."

It was now July. At that particular moment the President of the United States was motoring through the state of California, engrossed in a highly unsuccessful attempt to send William Gibbs McAdoo back to the Senate. So Ambassador Bullitt sent a routine message to the State Department asking if arms would be licensed for shipment to France when their destination was Spain.

The answer was immediate and emphatic. It was "No." Either the new policy had not trickled across West Executive Avenue from the White House to the State Department, or else someone in the State Department was deliberately sabotaging the President.

So the Spanish agent came back to the U. S. A.

Shortly before this, the Spanish government had arranged with the Greek government to purchase twenty-two Bellancas for training purposes. The planes were paid for, and the Greek Minister of Air asked the American minister in Athens, Lincoln MacVeagh, to secure export licenses from the State Department. Accordingly, Minister MacVeagh cabled a routine request to the State Department, but received in reply a hot query as to what Greece wanted with so many training ships. He was asked to call upon the Minister of Foreign Affairs and investigate.

He did. The Greek cabinet was called in special session. It was admitted that the planes were bound for Spain. But they never got there. When last heard from, they were still awaiting delivery at New Castle, Delaware. Neither Minister MacVeagh nor his friends in the State Department ever had heard of the President's idea on arms to Spain.

On one other occasion the Spanish government tried out the theory that the word of a sovereign state is not challengeable, and that airplane orders by another country would not be investigated even if destined eventually for Spain. This time the Turkish government ordered fifty Grumman pursuit planes badly needed to give chase to Italian bombers when they appeared over Madrid and Barcelona to rain bombs on civilian populations. The planes were manufactured in Canada by the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, a subsidiary of American Car and Foundry, but many of the parts, particularly the engines, were imported from the United States.

Isolation Can't Be Decreed

This time two sovereign states were involved, the Turkish government and the Canadian government, and this time thirty-six of the new pursuit planes reached Spain and were the reason for Loyalist success in repelling Franco's air raids last year.

Worried by this success, Insurgent agents apparently began to trace the source of these new planes. This was not hard to do. Any plane, when captured, can be traced to its parent manufacturing company. And when word reached the State Department—apparently through Franco agents—that Canadian Grummans were being used in Spain, Mr. Green immediately clamped down on further sales of American engines and airplane parts to Canadian Car and Foundry.

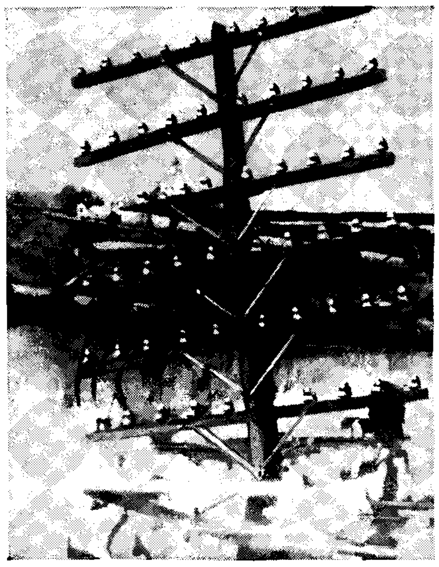
Green has since claimed that the order of the Turkish government was forged by a Spanish agent. This has been the subject of denials and counter-denials, plus court action in Istanbul involving high Turkish officials. But assuming that the State Department acted with impartiality to enforce the embargo against Spain, it is difficult to understand its simultaneous laxity in regard to the arms shipments to Germany.

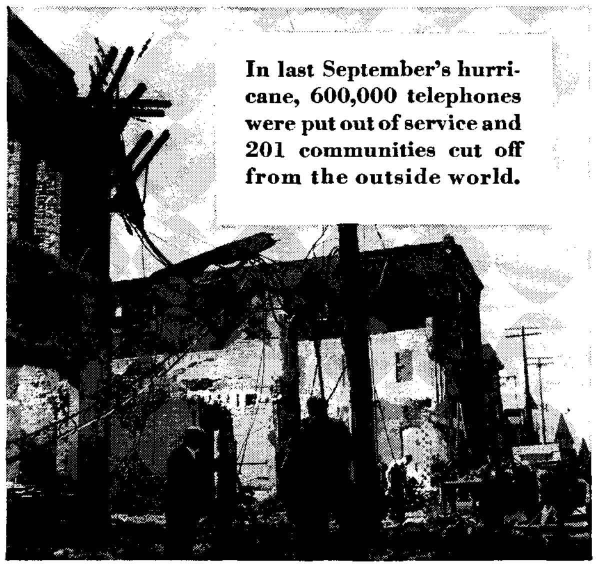
Thus ends the last and final laboratory chart in America's first experiment in neutrality. The experiment proves only one thing: You cannot legislate a nation into isolation. The Executive can ignore the laws of Congress, and the subordinates of the Executive, in turn, can ignore or even sabotage their chief. Great is the power that rests in the hands of him who administers neutrality. While the Congress and the nation are preaching opposition to dictators, the diplomat on the firing line can make neutrality become the tool of dictators.

Today international events change too rapidly; lawmakers cannot keep up with them. It is easy to write a law, but its modification can be far more agonizing than the pangs of law-birth.

There is only one sure thing about neutrality. There is no easy panacea, no short cuts by which to achieve it.

Flood! Sleet! Hurricane!





In last September's hurricane, 600,000 telephones were put out of service and 201 communities cut off from the outside world.

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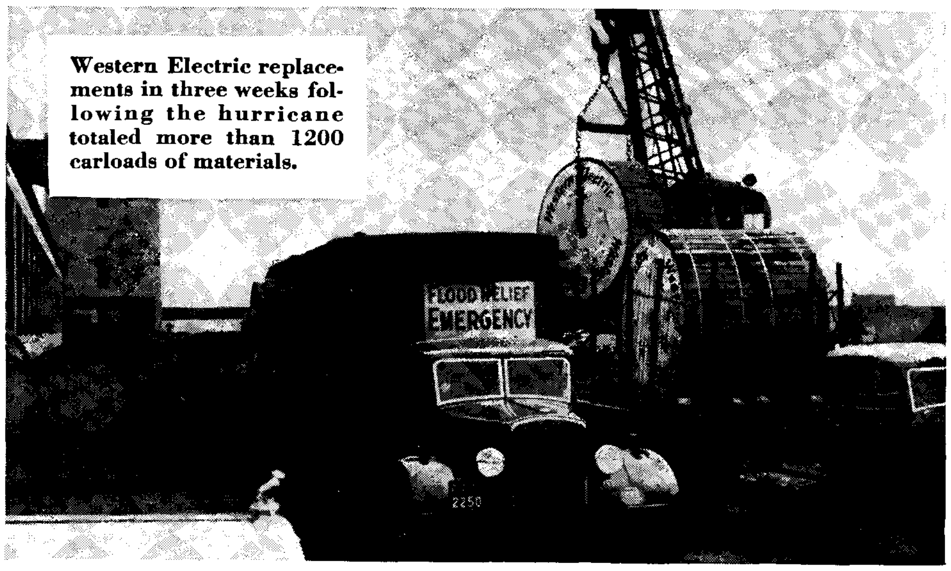
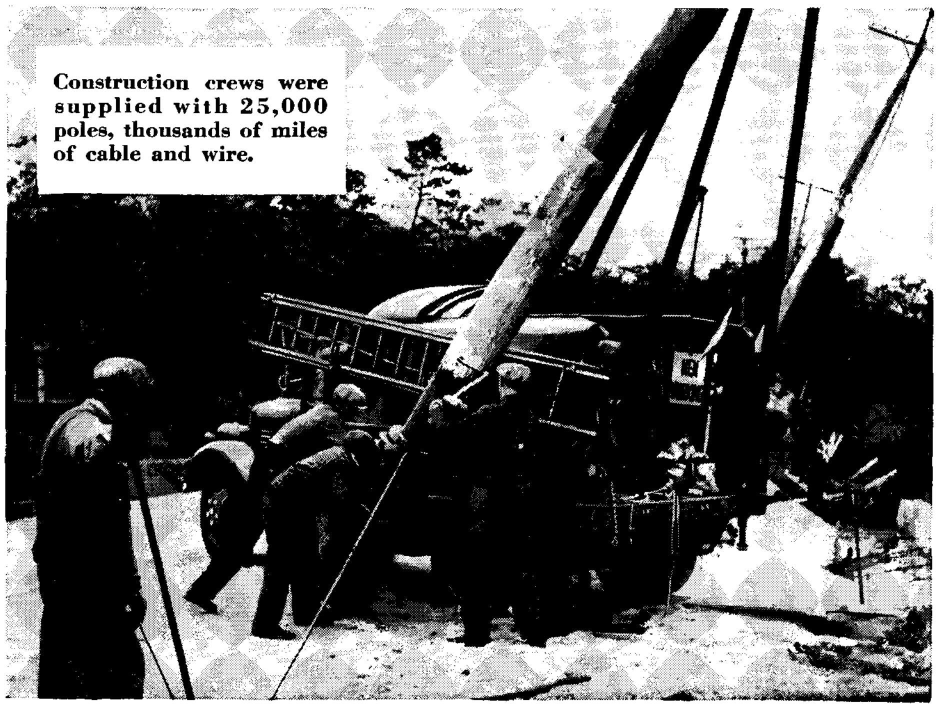


Western Electric replacements in three weeks following the hurricane totaled more than 1200 carloads of materials.

...and the Service of Supply is ready



Construction crews were supplied with 25,000 poles, thousands of miles of cable and wire.

Any day—perhaps tomorrow—in any part of the country, turbulent nature may strike down the telephone lines.

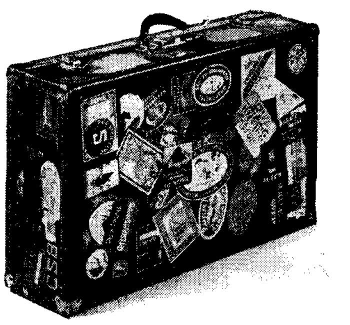
Then hurry calls will pour in to Western Electric for telephones, cable, switchboards, poles and all other supplies.

And immediately materials will begin to move by rail, water, highway and air—and factories go on a 24-hour basis. So Western Electric backs up your telephone company in the quick restoration of service.

In such severe tests and in the day-by-day job, this organization meets its responsibility to the Bell System and to you.

Western Electric

...made your **BELL TELEPHONE**



The man who owns this traveled bag loves to talk of pleasant experiences in many lands . . . of interesting people. . . . colorful doings . . . . congenial interludes with Teacher's-and-soda . . . Were you to ask why Teacher's is so widely favored, he would tell you

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The Ninety-ninth Stitch

Continued from page 21

couldn't break it. Yes, it's really important. It's more important than anything else in the world."

Maida's voice sounded sulkily hurt: "I don't believe you, Ebbie. You've got another kind of date."

Ebbie said patiently, "Honest, kid, *it's like I told you.* This date is too important to break. Maybe I can get away from it early—"

"Now you're talking, my lad. I'll expect you. It won't be too late, however late you get away from your date. Be sure and come."

Ebbie hung up and scowled at the phone. He knew what the party would be like. There'd be a half-dozen bird brains like Maida: artificially gay girls with lips that were a little too taut and eyes that showed too much strain. They would talk too much, laugh too much, and drink till their laughter grew blurred and their bright chatter disjointed and ragged.

There would be a couple of customers' men with college backgrounds who would spout hockey lore with the authority that a tryout on the scrub team at Harvard ten years ago had given them. They, also, would talk too much and laugh too much and drink too much.

His thoughts reverted to Guilford as he said aloud, "To hell with all that. I'm through with being a pet gladiator on display. The Roman ladies will have to dig up a new attraction."

HE WAS still thinking of it as he sat on the bench, his big shoulders propped against the wall listening to the ragged conversation that ran along the row of padded and harnessed gladiators.

Big George Vangie was telling the goal tender, "Just one chance is all I ask. When that big bum comes down the ice I'm going to toss him up into the mezzanine seats."

Big George was still a kid. That's why he made his boasts.

Dave Riggs came and stood by the door, hat pulled down over his face so that his eyes were a dull glitter in the shadow. There were deep, bitter lines around his mouth. His voice had the same bitter strain in it as he began to talk:

"I'm not going to give you guys a pep talk. You've been around long enough to know what it's all about. Last fall the newspaper guys told the world that the Panthers were the team to beat. They played you guys for a bunch of human tornadoes. And what did it do?

"I'll tell you what it did. It gave you a lot of big ideas. Hell, you wouldn't have to play hockey. The other teams would just curl up and die when they saw you. But it didn't work like that. There happened to be a lot of other hockey players in the league, guys who don't give a damn what the sports writers say. And pretty soon you found you were almost out of the play-offs. You just managed to escape being eliminated in the regular schedule. You squeezed into the play-offs by a thin margin.

"I thought you'd wake up then. You played good hockey against these Rovers the first game and took them. Then you got to reading the sports pages again and believing what the boys said about you. Only the Rovers refused to agree with you and last Tuesday they made you look like a bunch of kids on double runners."

The bitterness in his voice grew more edged: "Tonight's your last chance. If you wake up and play hockey you can still beat them. If you keep on skating around like a bunch of subdebs at a carnival they'll slap you down again and you'll be out of the series play.

"Do you know what that will mean? Well, I'll tell you. It'll mean that a hell of a lot of uniforms will change owners. A lot of you guys will find yourselves where you belong, back in the bushes."

While he was talking the little wry smile tugged at Ebbie's lips. It wasn't that he was amused. His thoughts were as bitter as Dave's voice. He was thinking of Dave with a wife and four kids in Duluth. And one of the kids in the hospital piling up big bills for Dave to pay.

The sports writers had to fill their columns. The hockey fans had to be pleased. And so Dave was on a spot. He had a great team. All the sports writers said so. And the front office wanted results. They wanted winners. The crowd outside, whose voice seeped dimly into the dressing room, wanted a winner. That's what they came to see. Nobody loved a loser.

Every play-off was a block waiting for some manager's head, and the ax fell when the results were marked down.

"But not me," Ebbie told himself. "Not Ebbie. I'm not sticking till they start pushing me around."

Dave said, "That's all. Go out on the ice. And for Pete's sake try to play hockey."

Ebbie was at the tail of the line when he passed Dave at the door. He halted and smiled at him. Something like a ghost of a smile curved Dave's taut lips for a second. He and Ebbie had come a long way together. They were from the same town. Dave had preceded Ebbie into the big leagues by a few years. When Ebbie came up Dave was a veteran. There had been an old friendship between them. Now there was another bond. The shadow of the ax was a mutual shadow now. Ebbie felt it as he stood there.

Dave spoke, "Do your stuff tonight, Eb. I've got to have this game. The Rovers are the team to beat. If we take them the Wolves will be easy. They only got by to the finals by a fluke. We'll take them in a walk. It's this game I'm worrying about."

"Don't worry about this one, Dave," Ebbie said. "It's as good as yours now."

He clumped along the strip of linoleum to the ice, feeling heavy and awkward on the stilts of his skates. He felt guilty because he was going out on the ice to play for Ebbie Gordon. Loyalty was a habit that was hard to down.

HE STEPPED from the linoleum to the ice and slid out on the surface with the sense of awkwardness and weight falling away from him. His skates were steel wings on his feet. He skated fast along the boards, loosening up muscles, looking for the box where Len would be with Greg Harlan.

The second balcony spotted him and their boos crashed down like surf along a rocky shore. But the boos were meaningless in his ears. He had heard them so long that they made no impression on his senses. He was as oblivious to them as he was to the cheers that were just as loud and vociferous when he played his home rink in Chicago. The boos and cheers measured his ability. The difference between them was immaterial and meaningless.

Then he saw Len Acton, looking bigger and heavier in a tremendous overcoat. He was leaning against the boards at center ice chewing a cigar, his jaw tense and hard.

Greg Harlan was beside him, a gray, spare man with a precise little Vandyke

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and glasses that masked his eyes with the reflected glitter of the ice.

He gave Ebbie a thin, strong hand and said in a voice as precise as his Vandyke: "Acton has been telling me a lot of nice things about you, Gordon. I'm looking forward to our meeting after the game."

Ebbie smiled and said, "So am I, Mr. Harlan."

They talked for a few minutes, desultory conversation, while Harlan's shrewd eyes probed him and Ebbie had the feeling that they were pleased with what they found.

He saw the white-sweatered referees come out onto the ice and said to Harlan: "Well, I'd better be moving. See you after the game."

He skated across center ice, swerving to go around Ace Rivers, the Rovers' star center.

Rivers glanced at him with a twist of his lips and said, "I'll be coming down to see you, big boy. I'm going to give you another lesson in stick handling."

Ebbie didn't answer. His feud with Ace Rivers was suddenly unimportant. The only important person in the Garden was the little gray man in the box near center ice. That was the audience Ebbie was playing for tonight.

HE WAS swinging back on the opposite side of the ice when he saw Maida. She was slim and radiant in silver fox and an absurd little hat. She was very lovely even if her voice was a little too shrill as she screamed, "Ebbie! Hi, Ebbie."

Ebbie smiled and waved his stick. He saw the people in the box with her. There were men who were sleek and prosperous-looking. There were other girls who screamed as shrilly and waved as animatedly as did Maida, though he had never seen them before.

Maida was waving to him to stop, pushing down toward the barrier as she waved and screamed. The referee's whistle, just a fraction shriller and harder than Maida's voice, had never sounded so welcome.

He swung into position at defense beside Big George, leaning forward, his stick across his knees, his eyes on the middle of the rink where the two centers and the referee poised for a second tensely.

The roar of the crowd died to a ragged murmur. In the silence Big George said, "I'm going to smack that cocky Ace Rivers right out of the game the first time he comes down."

Ebbie shrugged, said nothing. The referee blew one short blast on the whistle as he dropped the black disk on the ice. There was the sharp clash of sticks, a slither of steel on ice as the Panthers' center got the puck, snapped it back to one of his wings and the wing started forward in a whirling, dodging rush. The voice of the crowd broke in a crashing roar that could almost be felt physically.

The Panthers' left wing whirled like a top against the boards, broke away from the opposing wing and cut in toward center ice.

Ace Rivers came in fast, his stick slashing.

Ebbie held out one hand to steady Big George. Big George was young. He had to be steadied at moments like this; steadied while Ebbie sized up the play. The Panthers' left wing was coming toward him fast. He was keeping ahead of the opposing wing, cutting him out of the play. The other wing cut into the center lane as Ace Rivers swung out. The two men who played opposite them were out of the play for that split second, racing down the ice, heads down, concentrated effort making strained masks of their faces.

Ebbie waited just long enough to bar a pass to a man in center. Ace was too far down now. He couldn't get the rubber past Ebbie if he tried to flip it to center ice. The rattling rhythm of his stick mounted as he swung in to stick-handle the rubber past Ebbie.

Ebbie met him squarely, stopped him with a swing of his hip and slashed the rubber away against the boards. He whirled, passed Ace as he turned to recover, caught the puck and snapped it back to the Panthers' wing who was coming out fast from behind the net he had just circled.

Ace made a last lunge for the puck, snarling at Ebbie, "What's the matter; scared to bring it up yourself?"

Ebbie went back to his position, listening to Big George's growl, "Why didn't you flatten that big bum when you had a chance?"

He didn't look at Big George. He threw one glance in the direction of the box where Len sat with Greg Harlan. He knew Len would appreciate that play. It had been smooth and clean and nice to watch.

He felt a little thrill as he watched the next few minutes of play. The Panthers' forwards were hot. They were around the Rovers' net like a swarm of hornets. They slammed rubber at the goalie while the crowd shrieked itself into near hysteria. They swarmed and darted and slashed till they piled up again in the mouth of the Rovers' goal.

While the referee untangled players, Ebbie watched the red bulb over the goal, waiting for it to blink. But the puck was lodged at the corner of the net, just outside the mouth.

The two teams, faced off again at one side of the ice near the Rovers' net, were frozen into strained intentness for a second, then they burst into action with the blast of the whistle and the roar of the crowd.

Again Ace Rivers got the puck.

Again Ebbie steadied Big George with an outstretched hand. The three Rover forwards were loose this time. The whole Panther forward line was at their heels, driving down in the same desperation to overhaul the attack.

Rivers was in his own center lane this time. He passed to the left wing who tried to come in past Ebbie. The wing whirled and passed the puck back to center ice.

Ebbie kept his shoulder close to the wing, cutting him out of the play as he turned to face center. Ace Rivers had cut over to the far wing, the wing man coming into center to take the pass. He caught and flipped it to Ace.

Ace had the puck, was stick-handling it to the corner of the net, the Panthers' goalie crouched, leaning forward for the shot. But Ace wasn't wasting his shot. He was coming in, to pull the goalie out and net the puck.

Big George came in fast and hit Ace with his shoulder, smashing him back past the net into the boards.

THE referee's whistle blew and Big George headed for the penalty box to take two minutes for charging as Ace picked himself up. The booing of the crowd beat down in solid waves of sound over Big George's head.

The Panthers' forwards skated over toward their box as three new men came onto the ice. Leo Thurber dropped back to defense. Leo was one of the Panthers' veterans. He hadn't a rush left in his legs. But he was a stone wall in front of the net at a time like this.

There was another volcano of action around the net. But now it was the Rovers who were pressing the attack. They were playing four men forward, trying to capitalize on the Panther penalty. Twice Ebbie jumped into the net and stopped shots as the goal tender sprawled on the ice.

In the midst of pandemonium he was cool and steady. Tonight he was not forgetting himself for one split second.

Ye poetic guide to shirt-buying

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Get Arrow Shirts—they're *Sanforized**
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ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

His inward gaze was on the box where Greg Harlan was watching.

Big George was clambering out of the penalty box when Ace Rivers got the puck just at the front of the net. Leo Thurber was pulled out of position. Ebbie saw that he couldn't reach Ace in time. There was just one thing to do, reach out with his stick and trip him. it would mean a trip to the penalty box but it would save a goal. But he didn't slash out with the stick. Instead he threw himself forward in what he knew was a fruitless gesture. The penalty box was too close to Greg Harlan; too far away from the coaching job at Guilford.

As the red light blinked Ebbie caught Leo staring at him with blank astonishment on his face. He knew what Ebbie should have done. Ebbie didn't look at him as he skated over to the Panthers' box and dropped into a seat on the bench while his relief skated out on the ice to face the Rover second line. He was careful not to look at Dave Riggs. He knew what he would see on his face.

The rest of the period was dull, heavy stuff to anyone who really knew his hockey. The Rover team backed down, protecting their lead, playing strictly defensive hockey, allowing the Panther forwards to wear themselves out in fruitless rushes.

Three times Ebbie carried the puck the length of the rink. He knew they were beautiful rushes, calculated to impress Greg Harlan. But he knew each time deep down in his heart that he wasn't going to accomplish anything. The only thing to do now was to pour on the pressure, smash and drive and break the defensive play of the Rovers. But he couldn't do that now, not and play for Ebbie.

IT WAS after the second period of the same kind of play that Dave cornered him as he came out of the dressing room. Dave caught him by the elbow and held him until the team had filed out onto the ice. Then he said harshly, "What the hell are you trying to do, Ebbie? You're dogging it."

The guilt that had ridden on Ebbie's shoulders through two periods of play became suddenly an unsupportable burden. He had been playing for Ebbie Gordon. Something in Dave's eyes got him. It was fear. Fear of his job was riding Dave, eating into his heart. That fear was for his job and for those who were dependent on that job. Dave saw his job going and the man he depended on letting him down. It was written on his face.

Ebbie lifted his head and listened to the mounting roar of the crowd—the bellowing tempo that rose as the players went onto the ice. Greg Harlan was out there—the man who held Ebbie's destiny in his two hands. And out there were other men who watched the game, men who would pass judgment on Dave Riggs when the game was finished. And there was just Ebbie Gordon between those men and Dave and the boy in the hospital.

His own voice surprised him. He still felt cold and adamant inside. But his voice said roughly, "Okay, Dave, you'll have your game."

He clumped along the strip of linoleum toward the ice. A voice inside raged at him savagely, "You damned fool! You damned, spineless fool. Forget that sentimental junk and play your game. Who the hell is going to look after you when the ax is over your head?"

But he knew what he had to do. He had to do it because he could do nothing else. He could not play his carefully calculated game and live with himself at Guilford.

He watched Ace Rivers whirling down the ice and felt his mouth twist bitterly. Ace was dogging it now. He was more concerned with carrying that puck down the ice than he was with trying to score. Ebbie waited for him grimly.

When Ace hit him he was set. The only motion was a twist of the hip that lifted Ace off his feet and sent him across the ice to smash into the boards. But Ebbie didn't wait to see that. He had the puck and was away in one of his famous rushes, swaying from the ankles, big shoulders thrust forward, a bundle of charging dynamite on skates.

The howl of the crowd was frenzied in his ears. But there was no whistle. Ebbie knew there would be none. That check had been legal. He had been standing in his position. Ace had been doing the rushing. It was hard, smashing hockey, but legitimate hockey. But that wouldn't make it look any better to Greg Harlan.

The rest wouldn't look any better. Ebbie knew that. He cut over to center ice. He knew his wings were flanking him. They knew the play; Ebbie's famous power drive.

He was almost on the defense men who had closed in to get him when he shot. He drove the rubber with the whole power of wrists, arms and shoulders behind it, not at the net, but past it. It rebounded like a bullet out in front of the net.

"Hamburgers? Oh, boy! Wit' fried onions?"

JAY IRVING

The shot was perfect. He had not slackened his speed a jot. It was perfect co-ordination of stride and drive. He shot forward into the two defense men, carried them both off their feet and went down with them in a wild tangle with the wings moving in fast to get the rebound.

The red light was blinking over the Rovers' cage when he got to his feet. He grinned crookedly at Ace Rivers and said, "Who's yellow, you big four-flusher?"

He went back to the Panthers' box as the Rovers' first line left the ice. Dave reached over and pounded him on the back. "That's what I meant," he almost yelled. "That's what I wanted from you, Ebbie."

Ebbie nodded and said, "Yeah."

He didn't dare look over at Len now. He set his jaw and stared out at the ice. The ache in his bad leg was taking on an edge. It throbbed with shooting stabs of pain. He could feel the tug of it.

He watched the Rovers' line, snapped out of their defensive game with the loss of their lead, pour down on the Panthers' goal to hit the stone wall of the Panthers' defense.

When the star line of the Rovers took the ice again he went over the barrier to play, his face frozen in a mask. The game was tied up. It needed another goal to get it.

Ace was not dogging it when he came down again. He was electric with driving rage. He came in fast. Ebbie swung to meet him just as he snapped the puck across the net. Ebbie heard the snap of the rubber on wood as he whirled. The Rovers' wing was coming in on the net. Big George had been pulled out wide. There was just one thing to do. With Ebbie's stick beneath his skates the Rover wing went into the air and came down on his shoulder and the side of his head.

He wasn't knocked cold. He could wabble along on his skates with a man on each side of him as Ebbie skated toward the penalty box.

Ebbie took two more penalties in that period. He charged Ace Rivers and pushed him into the boards. He checked a Rover wing with his leg, reinforced with his stick, and flattened him. The howls of the crowd drowned out all other sounds in the world.

He was getting out of the penalty box as Ace came down again. Ebbie shot out onto the ice in time to snatch the puck from him and whirl down the ice. His leg was aching as though the fiends of hell were stabbing it with red-hot knives. He set his teeth and charged. The Panthers' wings were coming up fast again. They had the jump on the Rovers, who had rushed deep into Panther territory.

He let the puck drive as he charged. He knew this was the time. He could see it in the faces of the defense men. This time they were set for him. He was going to take it this time.

He felt himself soaring over their heads. The ice came up to meet him. Something smashed him across the head and roaring blackness swallowed him.

He went deep down and came up like a swimmer fighting for air. Someone was helping him up. He saw one of the Rovers' defense men lying flat on his face with some of his teammates bending over him.

Red drops splashed on the ice as Ebbie bent over. He wondered where they came from. Then he realized it was his own blood he saw. He thought, with bitter humor, "More stitches for the record."

In the dressing room the doctor stretched him out on a table and went to work. It didn't take long. Ebbie counted the stitches as the doctor deftly sewed up the gash in his head. Four. That gave him ninety-nine. A nice, conclusive number, ninety-nine.

AFTER a while Dave came in. The strain was gone from around his mouth. He was almost beaming. "Boy," he said loudly, "what a game. What a game. They'll be talking about that all summer. You did it, Ebbie. You ripped them wide open. After you left the ice we scored two more goals."

Ebbie heard the team clumping along the corridor to the dressing room. He sat up slowly. He didn't look at Dave. He stared at the floor and said, "Yeah, it was a great game. I did a swell job for myself. I was terrific. I was stupendous."

Dave looked at him queerly, then said, "I want to talk to you when you're dressed, Ebbie."

Ebbie nodded and began to strip off his harness and padding while his teammates punched him on the back and shouted in his ears.

When he walked out of the Garden with Dave he could see that the man was ill at ease. He had something on his mind. Ebbie waited for him to get it out of his system.

Finally Dave said, "I know about the coaching job, Ebbie. I hope it's what you want. I'm damned glad you're getting it."

There was something in Dave's voice that made Ebbie stare at him and say, "For God's sake, man, what are you driving at?"

At first he couldn't grasp it. But after a while it began to dawn on him. Dave was protesting, thickly, "It's the front office. They traded you to the Rovers. I did my damnedest, Ebbie. But they said—well—they thought—"

"Sure," Ebbie said harshly. "I know. They think I'm getting old. Okay, I'm getting old. So what?"

"But you know yourself," Dave said. "You were after that coaching job. With that cinched you have nothing to worry about."

Ebbie stopped and began to laugh loudly, harshly. He turned on Dave and said, "One day I'm going to tell you the damnedest funny story you ever heard. You'll laugh yourself sick over it."

Dave caught at his arm as he turned away, "Wait a minute, Ebbie. Wait a minute."

Ebbie pulled himself away roughly. "Save it, Dave. I've got a date now. It's a very important date."

LEN was waiting for him in the lobby of the Commodore. He came forward, his face dark with rage. He didn't wait for Ebbie to speak. "You damned fool, what made you blow your top? Up till that last period you had the old man sold. He was all for you. But when you cut loose he walked out on you. He said he didn't want that kind of hockey taught at Guilford. There's no use talking to him. The deal's dead. Why in hell did you do it?"

"If I told you," Ebbie said slowly, "you'd understand. But I'm not going to tell you. Just forget the whole business."

As he turned away, Len said, "Wait a minute, Ebbie. Don't run off like that. I did what I could. Let's have a drink on it."

Ebbie shook his head. "I know you did everything you could, Len. Thanks for that. But save the drinks for another time."

He stood on the curb in front of the Commodore. He wasn't sorry for what he had done. He pushed the thought of Guilford away from him. He couldn't afford to dwell on that. He'd been a fool according to certain standards. But there was nothing else he could have done.

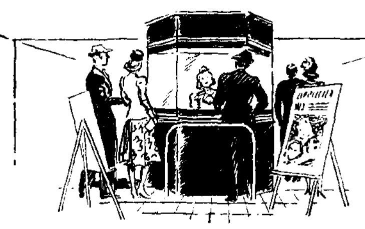
That feeling also passed and he stood for another moment on the curb, conscious only that he was a young man who at thirty was meeting old age face to face. His leg was aching horribly. Suddenly he could feel all the stitches in his body. They were like constricting cords in his skin.

He pulled himself together. No use getting tragic. He could get the leg fixed up during the summer. Next fall he would fool a lot of guys who had thought he was through. He would make the Panther front office sorry they had traded him. He still had a couple of years of hockey left in his system, and in two years almost anything could happen.

That, too, passed. Standing there, he was suddenly terribly lonely. He wanted someone to talk to. He wanted companionship and lights and the forgetfulness that goes with those things. He slapped his thigh and said aloud, "The Roman ladies. They still love a gladiator. I'll tell them about my ninety-ninth stitch. They'll love that."

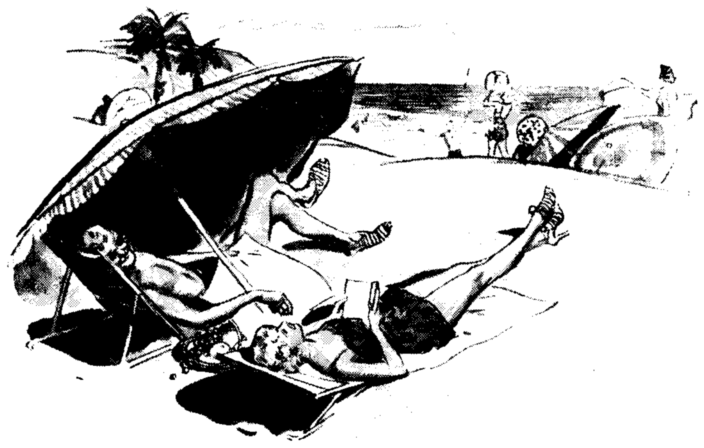
He stepped forward and waved to a passing cab.

DOUBLE FEATURE



1. Southern California
2. San Francisco World's Fair

See both on one "air cooled" summer vacation this year



1 *FIRST FEATURE:* Fade in summer beach scene in Southern California. Sand is white and soft, a cool surf murmurs in background, puffy clouds drift overhead. You (in foreground) are sunning yourself in the manner of a contented sea otter, thinking of the golf game you had that morning, the tree-ripened orange you ate for breakfast, the deep cool sleep of the night before. You stretch your tanned limbs and sigh happily. Quick cut to . . .

2 Series of short shots: you fish a bubbly mountain stream, drive down a winding palm-lined boulevard, eat at an open-air restaurant, watch top flight horse racing. You visit Old Missions, big trees, tropic islands, foreign settlements, sunken gardens, oil fields. You see movies from your automobile. Dissolve to . . .

3 Night scene. It's you again. From a mountain top you look over fifty square miles of blinking lights: Los Angeles and its sister cities still at work . . . and play! Creating movies, songs, fashions, *news.* Inviting you to join in the fun of ace swing bands, great premieres, Symphonies Under the Stars, and coast-to-coast broadcasts. *(To be continued when you arrive here).*

4 *SECOND FEATURE:* Wide-angle (and wide-eyed) shot of you entering the grounds of the San Francisco World's Fair (just a few hours from Southern California)—a magic gold and white city on a magic island. You see the spectacular exhibits, the fun-zone, the colorful displays of products from East and West.

FINAL SHOT: You returning home, satisfied that you've had the vacation of a lifetime.

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Girls at Camp

Continued from page 16

moral disintegration; saw their unfortunate children born so often out of wedlock; saw them lose the soft bloom of ripe peaches that once glowed on their cheeks and saw them become old at thirty, wrinkled, bent, slaves to the land out of which they had to eke an existence.

She decided to do something about it. She went to Lea Rowland, state administrator for the WPA, with her hopes and her dreams. He was sympathetic but discouraging.

Over All Objections

"There is an abandoned CCC camp over at Capitan in Lincoln County," she said calmly. "Give me that and I'll fix it up."

"You don't know these folks," he objected. "The parents of these girls have a medieval conception of family life. They will never allow their daughters to leave their homes, miserable as the homes are."

"I guarantee to persuade them," she said.

She answered every objection that he made and finally her enthusiasm won him over. She was given $20,000 of WPA money, some old equipment and then she was on her own. A new day had dawned for the underprivileged girl of New Mexico, a new life was about to open to her. Lucy Shaw drove thousands of miles, and interviewed hundreds of surly, suspicious parents before her dream got out of the nebulous stage. She saw girls living amid squalor, poverty and ignorance. This was true not only of the Spanish-American families; the so-called "poor whites" lived according to a standard of living just as primitive.

Gradually she broke down the barriers of suspicion. In twos and threes girls began to come into the fold and then one day she realized that her camp was an actuality. It was in 1935 and she had 185 girls signed up for a four-month stay at the camp at Capitan. Her husband helped as much as his health allowed. There were a thousand problems, practical as well as pedagogical.

"In the beginning," Lucy Shaw says now, "my plans for the girls were vague. I just knew that something had to be done to improve their minds and their spiritual outlook. I wasn't quite sure what could be done, however."

Education was their primary need, she decided. Not the book education that a high-school girl gets in urban communities, but an education in how to live. She needed teachers. She hurried to Albuquerque and looked up all teachers who were on relief. She interviewed hundreds and emerged with sixteen. She herself knew no set rules of pedagogy; she had never had any teaching experience. When she looked over her first batch of girls she realized that ordinary book knowledge would be wasted upon them.

Mrs. Shaw worked out a curriculum unlike that of any school in the world. She divided the girls into four classes. Our Ramoncita, of course, was put in the fourth class. Her first lesson was in personal hygiene, an expression and a mode of living that at first puzzled her, then interested her and finally intrigued her.

"Ramoncita," Mrs. Shaw says, "was eighteen and she had never seen a bar of soap, a toothbrush or a bathtub. She was no exception. A large percentage of our girls had never heard of simple hygienic measures."

The table utensils of Ramoncita's home had consisted of plates, spoons, cups. She had never used forks, had never heard of tablecloths. For eighteen years she had lived on frijoles (beans), jerky (dried meat) and tortillas almost exclusively. Fresh vegetables, desserts—these were virtually unknown to Ramoncita. She learned now about a balanced diet and was receptive to the idea. She learned about clothes and of the necessity of washing them occasionally. A mattress-making project in New Mexico had gone astray and somehow Mrs. Shaw managed to cajole the authorities into letting her have the bed ticking that had been stored. She and her assistants taught the girls how to make slacks out of the ticking.

Ramoncita and the other girls were taught to have pride in their living quarters. Soon the barren-looking barracks at Camp Capitan began to be brightened with the most bizarre curtains and drapes ever seen. Mrs. Shaw got hold of a lot of burlap bags. She had the girls make drapes from the burlap.

Tin cans were saved carefully and from the tin the girls made dishes and flowerpots. The rest of the state began to take an interest in this strange camp. By now the National Youth Administration had been formed as a unit of the WPA and the camp came under its care. Tom Popejoy, business administrator of the University of New Mexico, was now the state WPA administrator and he took one look at the camp and threw his hat in the air. He was sold on it and on Mrs. Shaw and things were a bit easier now.

Tangible Results

Today the camp high in the Capitan Mountains is no longer an experiment. It has proved to be a great success—tangible proof can be seen in the 900 girls who have gone through the camp and emerged useful citizens. Take Ramoncita, for instance. After four months she "graduated," went back to her home and turned it upside down. No longer was it a dirty invitation for germs. Her parents, a little in awe of her superiority, began to learn things too. Then Ramoncita, after doing what she could to make a home out of the hovel, moved to El Paso, got a job as clerk in a store and within six months had married a fine young man who owned a small piece of land outside the city. There they built a house, adobe to be true, but with three rooms and with burlap drapes framing the windows and with a real wooden floor and with attractive tin dishes and flowerpots. Mrs. Shaw visited her soon afterward and with proud bright eyes Ramoncita showed her the crowning glory of the house—a shower bath, entirely homemade.

"We give the girls a new outlook upon things," Mrs. Shaw says. "Many families in the state look upon relief as an inalienable right and once on the government rolls they immediately stop looking for jobs. Through our graduates I honestly believe we are gradually changing this attitude. Our girls, for instance, when they leave look with some contempt upon prospective swains who are on relief. They have learned the wonderful feeling of independence that comes from working well. They want to work and earn their food and they have little respect for those who don't feel the same way."

A visit to the camp amply bears out Mrs. Shaw's statement that the girls do enjoy their work. They are taught everything from flag-making to typewriting. Drop into one of the long cool-looking barracks. Here is a class in

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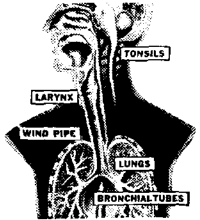

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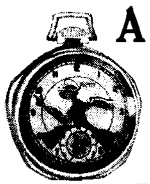

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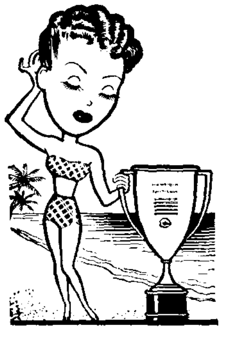

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embroidery. The early Spanish settlers who first came to New Mexico were famous for designs done in the "colcha" stitch. The girls are reviving this lost art and the results are remarkable. Purses, belts, blouses, tablecloths, bedspreads—all these emerge embellished with bright yellow, red, orange, violet embroidery, the colors incidentally of the mesa when a dying New Mexico sun is bathing it with its rays. These articles are either sent home by the girls or sold to visitors. Incidentally, because no other group is making articles of this type embroidered with the "colcha" there is no conflict with New Mexican labor or merchants.

The weaving room is a remarkable sight. A dozen girls are laughing as they work washing wool, carding it, spinning it on hand spindles, and finally weaving it. Then they dye it with vegetable dyes they have made themselves. From the looms emerge rugs, brightly colored and interestingly patterned, the kind of rugs the early settlers made, and so another almost forgotten craft is being preserved. Neckties and bath mats, purses and belts all flow in a steady stream from this room.

Double Dividends

Girls who have had enough schooling are put into a commercial class where they are taught stenography and typing. They work hard, knowing that the reward may be a liberation from their one-room adobe huts and economic independence.

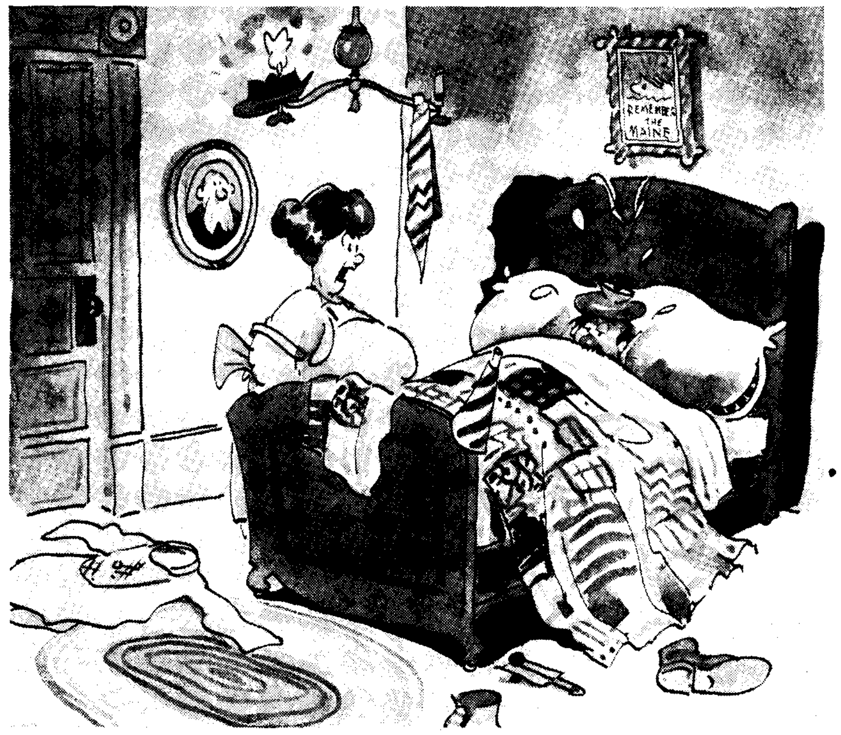
The tin shop is perhaps the most interesting. Here the most amazing results are obtained from ordinary discarded tin cans. The tin is flattened out and then the girls go to work. Candlesticks and lighting fixtures emerge and hammered to dullness, looking under a soft light like old silver. Old oil cans go into the shop battered and greasy to come out a day later in the form of flower dishes or picture frames or almost anything else you can mention.

Girls with any musical talent at all are encouraged and at the end of each four-month course a musical show is given. I saw one of these and it was impossible to believe that the dozen girls who sang had never had any formal training until four months before.

The physical aspect of the camp is attractive. The girls do all of the work of maintaining the camp themselves with one exception. There are two men hired as cooks. The road leading through the winding hills was bad—the girls with pick and shovel repaired it. A swimming hole was wanted. The girls dug, banked the sides with rock and lo—the camp has as nice a swimming hole as you'll find in New Mexico. Wiry, agile, A. K. Shaw, his health recovered, acts as grounds superintendent and godfather to the girls, all of whom call him "Pappy." He runs a well-equipped machine shop and a generating plant that supplies light and heat to the barracks. Under his direction the girls install and repair plumbing fixtures; they build stone fireplaces, hewing the rock out of the mountainside. They tend the garden and keep the grounds immaculate.

The financial setup of the camp is interesting, especially interesting in view of the fact that other camps that started only to die early deaths proceeded upon the assumption that it would cost the government $65 a month per girl. The Capitan camp operates on a $35 per month per girl basis—one reason why it is the only camp of its kind left in the United States. Each girl in the camp works one hour a day on camp maintenance and two hours a day on a work project. The camp, for instance, at present has two contracts, one to make a New Mexico flag for every school in the state and one to make light fixtures (out of tin cans) for the National Park Service. For this three hours a day service each girls earns $25 a month. Five dollars is given to her to spend as she wishes. The other $20 pays her room, board, education, medical care. Ten dollars more is given to Mrs. Shaw for administration. Eventually Mrs. Shaw thinks the camp will be self-supporting. Each year it approaches that goal. In any case it is doubtful if even the most violent critic of government largesse could find that a penny of the $35 monthly was being wasted.

In return for its investment the government gets rather high dividends. In addition to the tangible advantages of having the girls taken off direct relief to do some really constructive work there is the infinitely greater result that here on a mountaintop in the Capitan Mountains some five hundred girls a year are being made into useful citizens, potential wage earners and real, self-respecting Americans.



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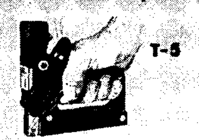
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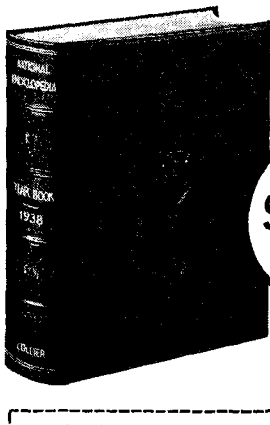

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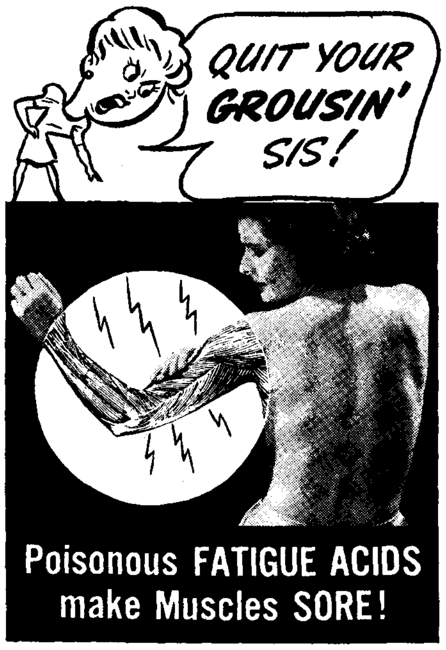
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GAUZTEX

THE SELF ADHERING GAUZE

Skis in the Sky

Continued from page 15

is, so it seems, duck soup compared to the downhill, the slalom, or the jumping events.

Mr. Otto Steiner is a tiptop person to assure you, because he is not only a foremost champion of this new sport but he is also coach of the University of California at Los Angeles (of all places) ski team and is the ski guide of the southern section of the Sierra Club, which organization comprises some three thousand Western mountaineers. In his day he has been Bavarian ski champion, has served on coaching staffs of Olympic Games teams, has explored and mapped courses on so many peaks in the German, Austrian and Swiss Alps that the German-Austrian Ski Association awarded him the cherished Letter of Valor for his share in making ski mountaineering a sport enjoyed annually by two million Europeans in the pre-Hitler days.

Skiing That Takes You Places

All this seems a long time ago to the earnest, enthusiastic ski coach because of what has happened to him since. About 1928, it seems, he heard that the Americans were taking up skiing and also that there were more magnificent mountains to conquer on skis over here than in Europe. Though this seemed hard to believe, Mr. Steiner came over to find out. He discovered a lot of his Bavarian and Austrian colleagues already here and much to his disgust they were teaching the Americans what he derisively calls "meadow skiing," just sliding down the same slope time after time.

"Ach, skiing is something to get you somewhere," protested Mr. Steiner. "Skiing should take you up on the ridge, with the peaks, the slopes, the ravines spread out before you. You slide down and level off and come up again and make five miles out of one. Ach, it is exciting."

Nobody would listen to him then. So patient Mr. Steiner set about systematically exploring the country's mountains and mapping safe ski courses on them. He began in the Adirondacks, then tackled Mount Washington and Sugar Hill in New Hampshire. The next year he pushed west to the Rockies. He explored on skis out of Ketchum, Idaho, long before it became the Sun Valley mecca for ski enthusiasts, and the Colorado Rockies. The following winter found him in the Northwest, mapping ski courses on Mount Rainier, Mount Baker and Mount Hood. After that he tackled Mount Shasta, Mount Lassen and worked down the Sierra Nevada Range. He spent a winter in Sequoia National Park, testing the alpine slopes that pile up layer upon layer to the very crest of Mount Whitney, loftiest peak this side of Alaska.

"Ach, never have I seen such mountains as this Range of Sun," exploded Mr. Steiner. "For weeks on end I had perfect ski conditions—hot sun, no wind and corn snow. Six weeks I skied without a storm. When I skied through the giant redwoods covered with silvery crystals, all by myself, I was so excited I said to myself, 'This is the place for you to spend your life, Otto.' So I ski down and take out my American citizenship papers."

This explains why Mr. Steiner has devoted the past five years to dodging avalanches and charting ski trails up the southern tip of the Sierra Nevada, which is the highest, most rugged elevation in the United States proper. He has done this likewise for the San Bernardino and San Jacinto ranges, rising abruptly out of the deserts that surround the Salton Sea. It comes as something of a surprise to hear him championing these as the banner ski mountaineering areas of this country or Europe, but Mr. Steiner has tried them all and he says that the California mountains alone have fifty per cent more good ski mountaineering areas than the Bavarian, Austrian and Swiss Alps combined.

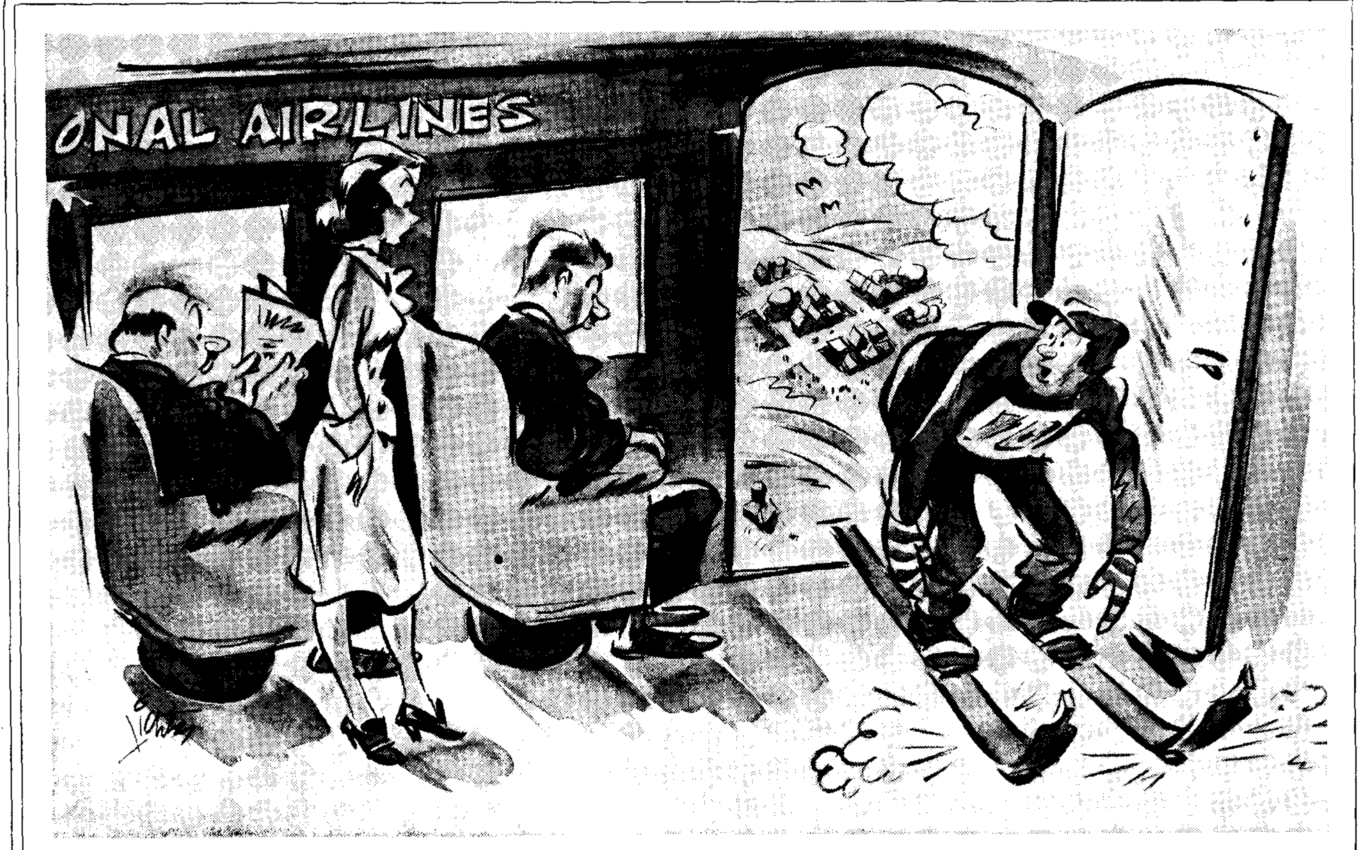
"For ski mountaineering, you want long stretches with no trees to dodge. You find them above timber line in the Alps and the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada. You want sunny days and cold nights and short storms, and these you find only in the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada. Out here the snow pack is so deep you ski right through spring to July, which you can do nowhere else." Of course, these facts have been known right along to the handful of California ski mountaineering enthusiasts.

One of these modest Californians was Mr. Bestor Robinson of Oakland. An attorney by profession, Mr. Robinson's hobby for twenty years has been schemes for making the mountains safe for skiers. Having ascertained from a study of a half century of U. S. weather reports that the temperature atop the mountains rarely varied over ten degrees from freezing all winter long, and that there was less wind in winter than in summer, he set about devising a technique adapted to cross-country touring at high elevations. He and the late Dr. Walter Mosauer of the U. C. L. A. faculty were the moving spirits of an offshoot of the Sierra Club known as "Ski Mountaineers."

"That isn't an organization, but a test," he explained, listing the things a skier has to do before the old-timers at the game will take him on a course-mapping trip into virgin territory, to wit: pass the third-class ski test; demonstrate first-aid skill; know snowcraft, particularly the habits of avalanches; camp overnight on the snow; climb and come down a mountain on skis.

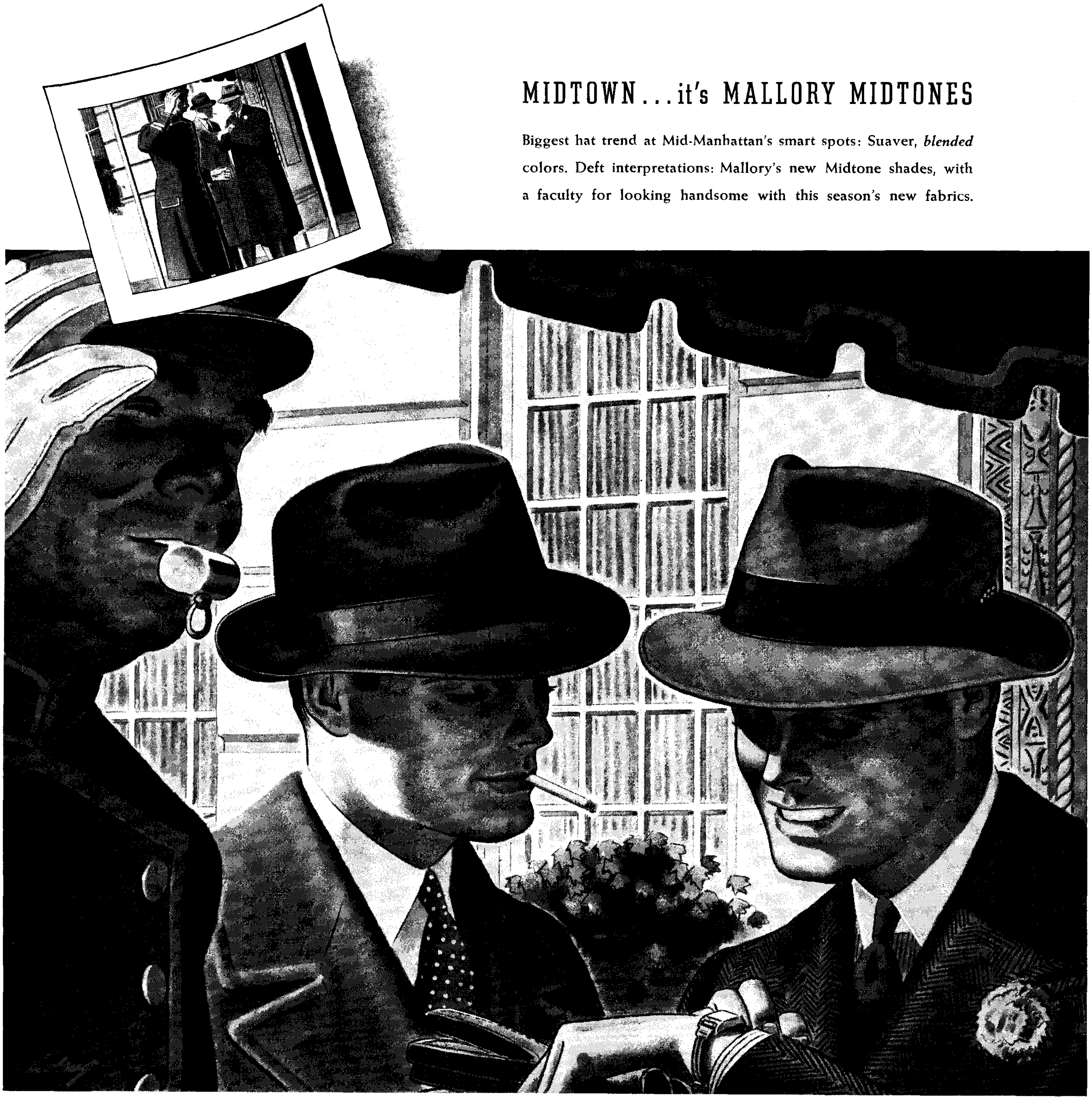
They're Laying the Groundwork

Most of the midwinter adventuring has been to locate the best sites for a chain of ski shelters from fifteen to twenty miles apart, stretching from Yosemite to the Feather River, the ski mountaineers' dream for years. It is not as fantastic an idea as it may seem. In the European ski areas, members of the German-Austrian Ski Association have built at least three thousand shelters,



"Oh! Pardon me!"

GEORGE LICHTY



MIDTOWN...it's MALLORY MIDTONES

Biggest hat trend at Mid-Manhattan's smart spots: Suaver, *blended* colors. Deft interpretations: Mallory's new Midtone shades, with a faculty for looking handsome with this season's new fabrics.

"STYLE-EASE" (left) is no misnomer for this self-assured new Mallory Hat. It's style-spiced for Spring with a new slim edge-binding and narrower band ...with a crown taper and brim flare you'll find decidedly flattering. A considerate Stowaway felt, specially lined. In all Midtone colors. $5

★ "Stormy weather" is just a song to Mallory Hats. They're the only hats weatherproofed by the famous "Cravenette" method.

THE FIELDSTON (right) is a town-and-country hat. Styled with a pleasingly buoyant air from the forepeak of its casually sloping crown to the upswing at the stern of its sweeping, narrow-welted brim. In Mallory's luxurious all-season weight Sportabout felt . . . all Midtone shades. $4

★ For a preview of *all* the season's handsome new styles—visit your Mallory dealer's. Mallory Hats are $4, $5, $7.50 and $10.

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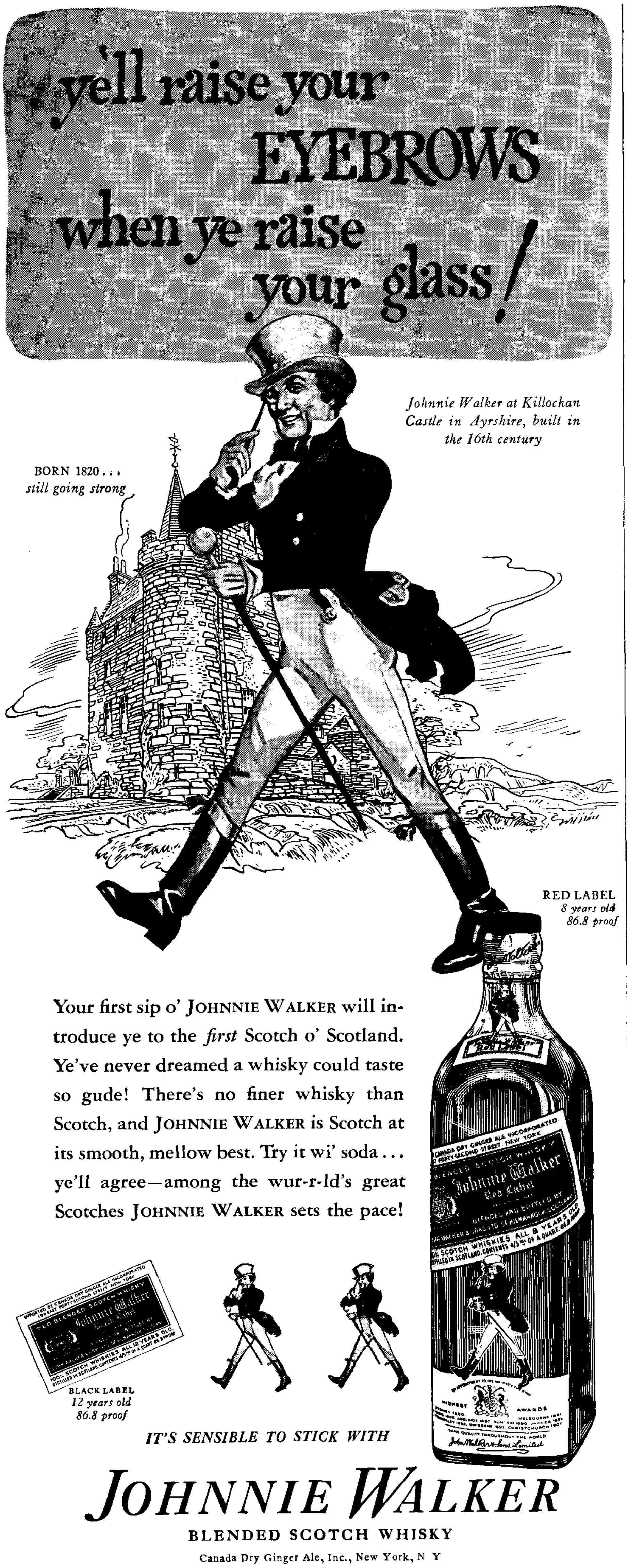
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according to Otto Steiner, who thinks that less than a hundred shelters would enable a skier to make the midwinter trip from Mount Shasta to Mount Whitney without spending a single night out in the snow. The Sierra Club program calls for about sixty shelters between Yosemite and the Feather River. Already, the club members have completed three near Summit, in the mid-Sierra, another on Mount Shasta, one in the Yosemite high country, and three in the San Bernardino Range in southern California. In the Rockies, there are already several huts in the heights around Sun Valley. In addition to which there are privately owned lodges springing up to cater to the comforts of travelers on skis, and to their appetites.

Menu in Miniature

Food does matter, and so does comfort. Starting at scratch, without the Alpine background, the Sierra ski mountaineers have worked out a strictly American technique for ski touring, as they prefer to call the sport. They have evolved a wintertime ration allowing three and a half pounds of food per person per day for short trips, a diet that can be reduced to two and a half pounds per day for a party camping out ten days or more. It includes no foods with moisture in them, and it is all worked out in calories, 4,230 per day of them, enough theoretical energy, says Mr. Oliver Kehrlein, to lift a 200-pound man 65,000 feet in the air, if need be.

"But what you want up there," says Mr. Kehrlein, "is dried meats, such as chipped beef, ham. Liverwurst that has lots of fat in it is good, and butter. For starches, you want oatmeal; that sticks to the ribs. You want cheese, dried fruits, plenty of candy and chocolate, dried vegetables for goulash. For drinks, tea or lemon gelatine with sugar in water as hot as you can drink it. Gelatine thickens the blood quicker than anything else."

It is something of a mania with the dynamic and never-satisfied Mr. Robinson to increase the comforts of sleeping out in the snow. Not satisfied with the stock form-fitting down canvas sleeping bags weighing seven pounds, he badgered and pestered the Du Pont laboratories until they produced a brand-new material, duprene, with which he created light Egyptian sail silk from which he and his fellow mountaineers made their own sleeping bags, equally warm, weighing only three and a half pounds. The same material with zippers on it provides a bivouac cloth weighing two and a half pounds.

All in all, Mr. Robinson has added up a lot of the comforts of home as compacted into eighteen pounds of equipment not including the grub. The improved ski huts that sleep twenty-five skiers, sardine style, with a cookstove, are his design. He is inventor of a triangle orange marker for ski mountaineering courses, one that indicates bends in the route, gives magnetic compass bearings and the number of steps to the next marker. When the skiways are marked with these, even a one-eyed victim of ski wanderlust can find his way through the mountains.

Of course, there's always the question of whether it is worth all this trouble, and aren't people who'd deliberately go up on a mountain to flirt with a blizzard or an avalanche just a little bit soft in the head? When we were talking with Mr. Otto Steiner about it, we asked if he thought it was worth while humping up Mount Shasta for two days just for the half-hour slide down.

"Ach," he exploded, "I did it five times."

Stop Squawking!

Continued from page 11

They should be broken up for the good of the game.' They had won the pennant three years in a row. Some sports writers predicted the Yankees would win seven pennants in succession.

"I'll tell you. No club is going to win seven pennants in succession. And you don't have to break up a winning ball club to keep it from winning. If you leave it alone, it will break up all by itself.

"That Yankee ball club of 1928 was beginning to wear out even though it won the world championship that year. I knew that. Miller Huggins, the manager, knew it. That ball club that everyone thought would be unbeatable for years to come was all through. It would have to be rebuilt. And what happened? Next year my ball club—this wonderful ball club that should be broken up—fell apart all by itself. And it took four years to rebuild it and have another pennant winner.

"So don't talk to me about breaking up a ball club. A ball club breaks up all by itself, all too quickly.

"The life of a winning ball club is about three years. By that I mean—if you have a pennant-winning team, it may win for three years without replacements. But the chances are it won't win the fourth year.

"And most of the time it will not win even for three years without replacements.

"What must be done is obvious. To keep a ball club up at the top, or so close that a readjustment here and there will bring it back up there again, you must have a source of supply. You must have young players ready to take the places of the worn-out parts of the major-league machine.

"For example—the Yankees have won three pennants and three world championships in a row. But in those three years we had to replace our second baseman, a couple of pitchers, and improve and rearrange our outfield.

"If the 1936 team had been left as it was, or if we had not been able to make suitable replacements, we would not have won those three pennants.

"But because we were able to make those replacements, because we had Henrich and Gordon and others ready, we are a menace. That does not make sense. It should be part of every baseball organization's job to have new men ready to take the places of old ones.

"Sooner or later, to keep the Yankees up there, we will have to have a catcher ready to take Dickey's place, a first baseman to take Gehrig's place, a shortstop for the day Crosetti slows up, a third baseman to replace Rolfe, and four starting pitchers.

"Now where do I get these men? Are the other clubs going to give them to me? Are the players going to walk into the office and say 'Here I am'?

"No, sir. You have to go out and get them. You have to buy experienced players rather expensively, or trade someone you think you can get along without for someone you think will help you; or you have to develop young, inexperienced players on minor-league farms or affiliates.

"It is best to develop your own players. It takes time and patience and enterprise, rather than money, to build up a productive farm system. But mine is coming along, and from it I hope to get replacements for the Yankees when I need them.

"I got George Weiss, who was formerly vice president of the Baltimore club, to run my minor-league clubs. And there is where I am lucky. I have been very fortunate in my choice of men to head the different departments in my baseball organization. Barrow, my business manager, is recognized as the best there is. Weiss is a genius in minor-league organization and development. And Joe McCarthy, manager of the Yankees, is the best manager in baseball.

"I hear people say: 'Why shouldn't McCarthy be a great manager, with all those good players the Yankee organization digs up for him?'

"Well, so what? McCarthy is largely responsible for the Yankee players being as good as they are. They weren't that good when he got them. And why shouldn't we try to supply him with good players? That's the purpose of the organization. We dig up and develop the best men we can find. McCarthy does the rest. And in the eight years he has been manager of my ball club he has won four pennants and four world championships and has never finished worse than second.

"McCarthy does not want what he calls 'second-division ballplayers.' A 'second-division ballplayer' is not necessarily a player from a club in the second division. It is a state of mind. Some ballplayers are at their best with a losing team. Put them on a winning team and they are no good. They cannot stand the pressure that is put on a team that is out in front.

"'Give me enough second-division ballplayers,' says McCarthy, 'and that's where I'll finish—in the second division.'

"So a 'second-division' ballplayer does not remain long with the Yankees. Everyone on the team must have a winning spirit. The clubs that concede us the pennant should cultivate that spirit.

A Game Anyone May Play

"Our success in keeping the Yankees supplied with first-class players is, apparently, what causes the despair of the other clubs in the league. Instead of despairing they ought to get busy. Why condemn my organization because it is successful?

"I own five minor-league farms—Newark in the International League, Kansas City in the American Association, Binghamton in the Eastern League, Akron in the Middle Atlantic and Norfolk in the Piedmont League.

"Our clubs have working agreements with Augusta in the South Atlantic League; Wenatchee in the Western International; Amsterdam in the Canadian-American; Joplin in the Western Association; El Paso in the Arizona-Texas League; Norfolk in the Nebraska State League; Butler in the Penn State Association and Neosho in the Arkansas-Missouri League. There is nothing illegal in this.

"I hear it said that the Yankees have a monopoly of all the best young ballplayers. There are no more good young ballplayers. We have them all.

"That's silly. We haven't got them all. And the proof is that we are looking for new ones three hundred and sixty-five days a year, and finding them. If we can find them, the other clubs should be able to find them.

"That's my point. I have nothing, to start with, that other clubs do not have. They have farms, and working agreements, and scouts, and sources of information. I have those things, too. But they tell me the Yankee organization gets all the best young ballplayers.

"I hope they are right. That's what the organization is for—not to get bad ballplayers. But, if what they say is true, and the Yankees get the best, there must be a reason for it. It can't be luck all the time. And it is not money.

"No, if the Yankees consistently find and develop good young players, it must be because their organization is more alert and efficient than the others. Our 'behind-the-scenes' organization hustles just as hard as my ball club does. Only it hustles every day in the year.

"I have seven scouts: Paul Krichell and Gene McCann work out of the New York office and cover the Eastern states. Johnny Nee covers the South and Southeast. Bill Essick has the Midwest and Southwest. Joe Devine keeps his eye on the Pacific Coast and the West. Chic Fraser also operates in the Midwest. Bob Coltrin works in California and along the Pacific Coast.

Smart Players Prefer the Yanks

"They are the men who dig up ballplayers for the Yankees. On their judgment, we sign college players or buy promising minor-leaguers, or recommend unheard-of youngsters to be signed by our minor-league farms. On their judgment also, we *don't* buy or sign players. And a good scout can save you a lot of money by not being fooled into letting you buy a player who is no good.

"And when we decide to get a player, we don't fool around. We don't have to hold meetings every five minutes to discuss any changes in the situation.

"Take the case of Tommy Henrich, for example. Henrich was declared a free agent. Anybody could deal with him. Practically every major-league club was interested in him. We knew all about Henrich. We thought he would fit into the Yankees. We wanted him. So what happened?

"Some clubs wrote to him. Others telegraphed. Others called him on the telephone. We did none of those things. The instant Commissioner Landis declared Henrich a free agent we had Johnny Nee on his way to Massillon, where Henrich lives. Nee was to see Henrich and sign him. He did. And he did *not* do it by offering him more money than any other club offered.

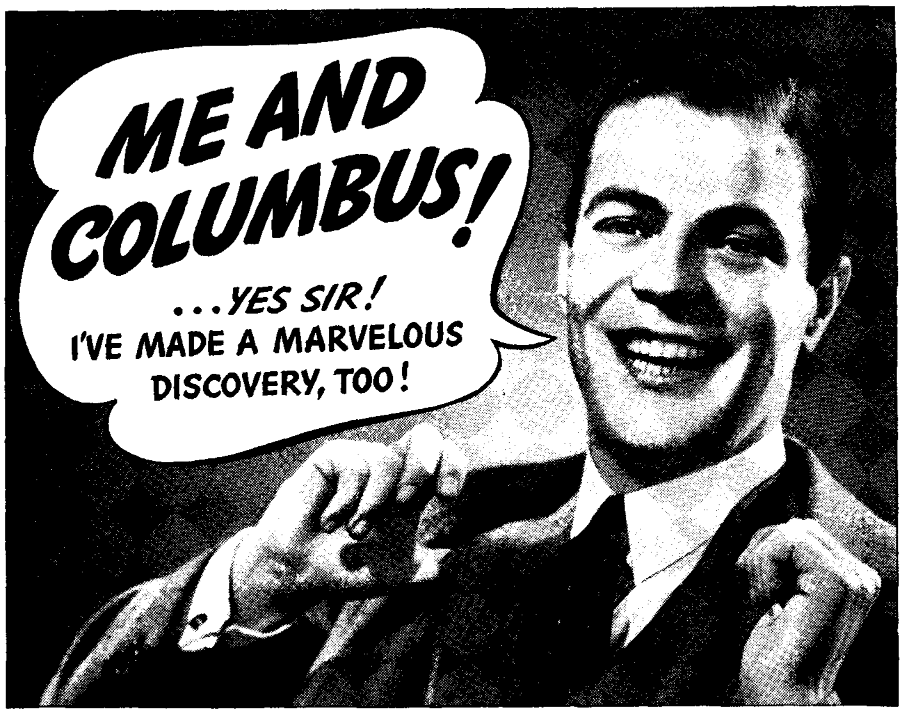
"Henrich signed with us for a very simple reason. Nee pointed out the advantages of being with a team that had finished out of the money only once in sixteen years up to that time. In other words, when a young player signs with the Yankees, or into the Yankee organization, he is with a team or has a chance to be with a team that has now participated in the world series moneys to some extent every year except one, since 1920. It is like being sure of a sizable bonus every year. Henrich saw that advantage.

"If the Yankee organization is in the fortunate position of having enough desirable young players to enable us to sell them to other major-league clubs or use them as trading material, I do not see why it should be blamed for its enterprise.

"It is true that money is necessary to operate a baseball club. It is necessary to any business. But money alone does not bring success. You must also have brains, organization and enterprise. Then you've got something.

"Enterprise and initiative would die if, as has been suggested, all available major-league prospects were pooled and the weaker clubs were allowed first choice of them.

"No, the Yankee organization is showing the way to better baseball. We will keep on trying to find good players. Every team in the organization will try to win every game. And the only thing I can suggest to the other clubs is that they stop squawking and start hustling to find players who can beat the Yankees."


ME AND COLUMBUS!
...YES SIR! I'VE MADE A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY, TOO!

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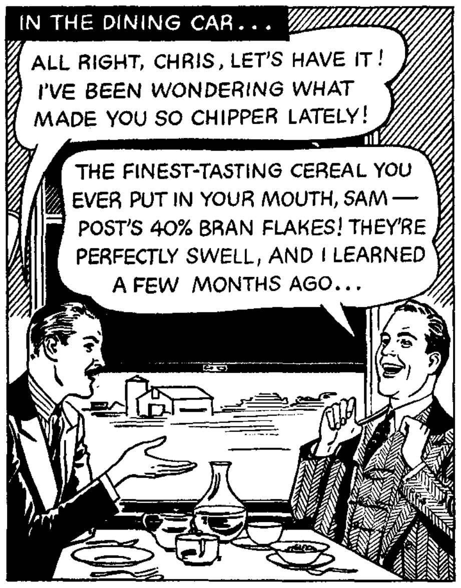
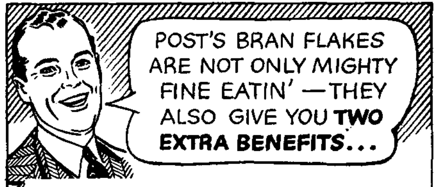

IN THE DINING CAR...
ALL RIGHT, CHRIS, LET'S HAVE IT! I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT MADE YOU SO CHIPPER LATELY!
THE FINEST-TASTING CEREAL YOU EVER PUT IN YOUR MOUTH, SAM— POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES! THEY'RE PERFECTLY SWELL, AND I LEARNED A FEW MONTHS AGO...

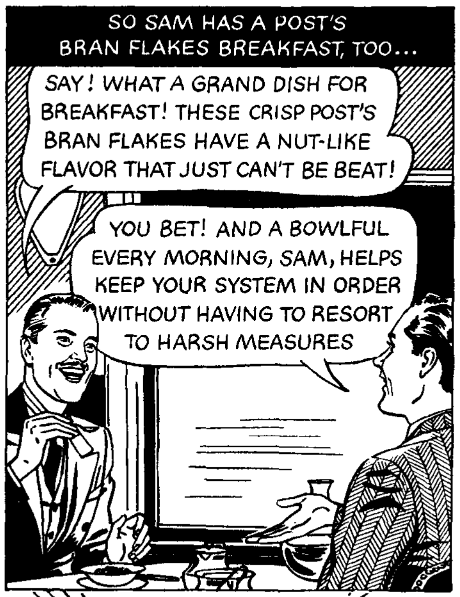

POST'S BRAN FLAKES ARE NOT ONLY MIGHTY FINE EATIN' —THEY ALSO GIVE YOU TWO EXTRA BENEFITS...

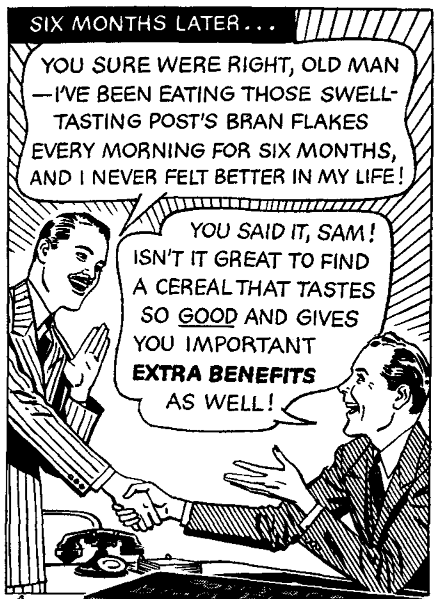
Here are the two "extras" Post's Bran Flakes give you:

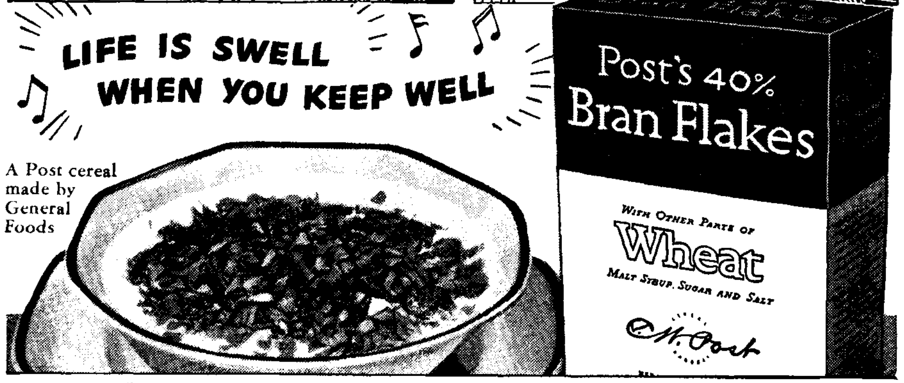
First, Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran, a *natural* regulator, that helps protect you against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help.

Second, Post's Bran Flakes are rich in phosphorus and iron, and are an excellent source of Vitamin B_1 for appetite and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

All this in one grand-tasting cereal with a *double purpose:* to make breakfast a real treat, and to help you keep fit!


SO SAM HAS A POST'S BRAN FLAKES BREAKFAST, TOO...
SAY! WHAT A GRAND DISH FOR BREAKFAST! THESE CRISP POST'S BRAN FLAKES HAVE A NUT-LIKE FLAVOR THAT JUST CAN'T BE BEAT!
YOU BET! AND A BOWLFUL EVERY MORNING, SAM, HELPS KEEP YOUR SYSTEM IN ORDER WITHOUT HAVING TO RESORT TO HARSH MEASURES


SIX MONTHS LATER...
YOU SURE WERE RIGHT, OLD MAN —I'VE BEEN EATING THOSE SWELL-TASTING POST'S BRAN FLAKES EVERY MORNING FOR SIX MONTHS, AND I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE!
YOU SAID IT, SAM! ISN'T IT GREAT TO FIND A CEREAL THAT TASTES SO GOOD AND GIVES YOU IMPORTANT EXTRA BENEFITS AS WELL!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Post's 40% Bran Flakes
With Other Parts of Wheat
Malt Syrup, Sugar and Salt
C. W. Post

A Post cereal made by General Foods

IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

Collier's

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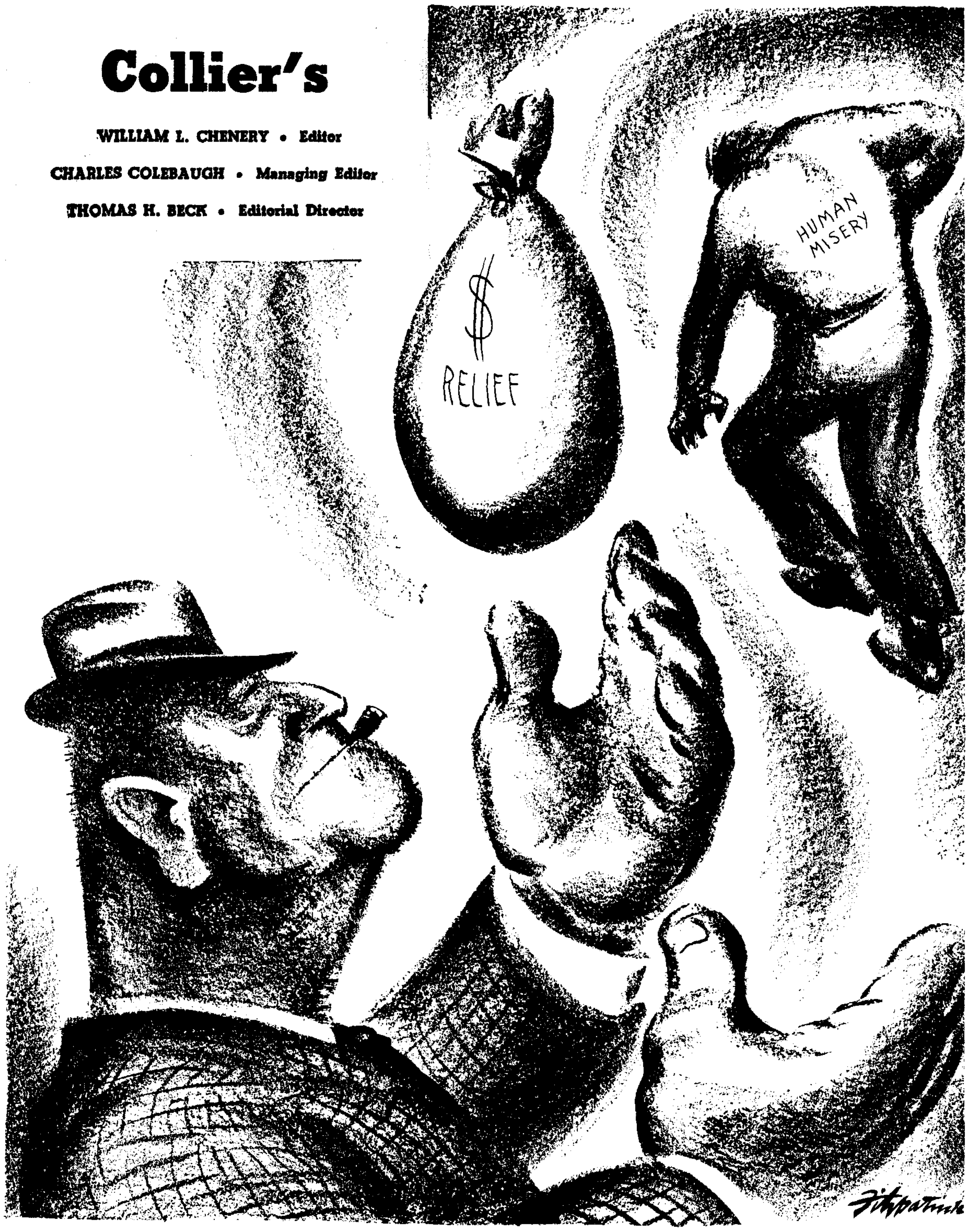
CHARLES COLEBAUGH • Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK • Editorial Director



Clean Up Relief

THE prospects of ever taking relief completely out of politics, as Congress talks high-mindedly of doing, don't look bright to us. Not with Republican politicians hungrily aware that various Democratic politicians have robbed the poor box in certain states (Kentucky for example) to elect or re-elect Democratic candidates, and have made the robberies stick.

But can't we clean up relief to some extent? Can't we rub out some of the smellier abuses? Can't we channel more of the relief money to people who really need and deserve it and see that less of it goes to political favorites and dead beats by birth?

We don't believe we can do even that if any or all parties to the discussion persist in being too dogmatic, too cocksure, too fond of trying to oversimplify. For illustration, relief reform will not be aided by such biased and fact-squelching remarks as these, made by the usually more temperate Mayor F. H. LaGuardia of New York City in a recent speech to 1,200 WPA executives:

> These people who are on WPA are not convicts, they are not derelicts, they are not loafers, and you who work with them know it. They are out of work through no fault of their own. They are out of work because of the conduct and lack of vision and the failure of the people who now seek to oppose relief and want to drive the unemployed to starvation.

That statement is nonsense from first word to last. With all due respect to Mayor LaGuardia and no little affection for him to boot, we suspect he knew he was talking nonsense even as those words came burbling out of his mouth. The statement is nonsense because it oversimplifies. It makes out all reliefers as angels and all would-be relief revampers as devils. The picture is not so jet-black and stark-white as all that. The remedy, if there is one, is not so simple.

Let's lay aside as much of the passion and prejudice as we can for a moment, and have a straight look at our army of relief recipients.

They aren't angels or devils. They are human beings. Therefore, some of them come close to being angels, some of them come close to being devils, and the bulk of them are in between. Aren't we all?

Most of us are humanly prone to go for people who promise to get us something for nothing. Therefore, most of the reliefers must have that same human weakness. And the reliefers, because they are supported by the taxpayers, are preyed on by more kinds of something-for-nothing gold-brickers than the rest of us are.

Politicians promise them something for nothing except their votes. Radical agitators promise them more and more for nothing except membership in the Workers' Alliance. This outfit, claiming 800,000 members the last time we heard, proceeds on the beautifully frank proposition that reliefers have a God-given right to live on the taxpayers, no obligation to look for private employment, and a right to progressive increases in their cash, clothing, food and fuel allowances. And this outfit has had and still has official Washington encouragement.

The great bulk of us want to tide the honest destitute over the unemployment crisis, no matter how long it may last. But unless we want relief taxes to keep on digging deeper into our pockets until they scratch bottom, we must bring the politicians and Workers' Alliance and undeserving reliefers under some kind of firm and continuous control.

Walter Lippmann has suggested that we may some day have to take relief recipients' voting privileges away from them as long as they are on relief. We may, at that; though we hope things will never come to such a pass. The notion wrinkles the spine of a believer in democracy.

It looks to us as if the best thing yet suggested is the bipartisan community relief board idea. That means city or county boards, made up equally of Democrats and Republicans, and empowered to say pretty decisively who in their bailiwicks shall get relief and who shall not. Washington would, of course, retain a reasonable measure of control over the relief funds Washington put out to the local communities.

Plainly, as Harry Hopkins has pointed out, this will put relief more firmly into politics than ever. The reliefers being a group of people having votes, the politicians will play to the relief vote just as they play to the labor vote, the white-collar vote, the churchgoer vote, etc.

But at least the representative people of any community, who would man these proposed local relief boards, know who deserves how much relief in that community. Or they can find out quickly and easily.

And the politicians on these proposed boards could at least be punished by the local voters at the local polls if they didn't behave. They would have to play primarily, we should think, to the producing and taxpaying element, and only secondarily to the relief group.

If relief is to be really cleaned up, we can see no better plan at this time than this large measure of local control. Even that may not work. The taxpayers and the producers may eventually have to take drastic steps in self-defense. But we think local control had better be tried—and tried soon.

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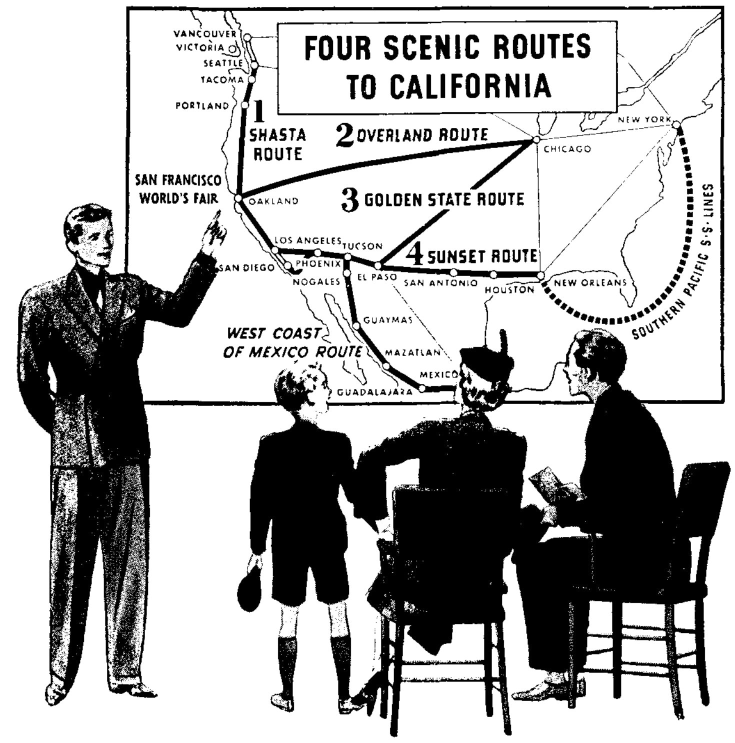
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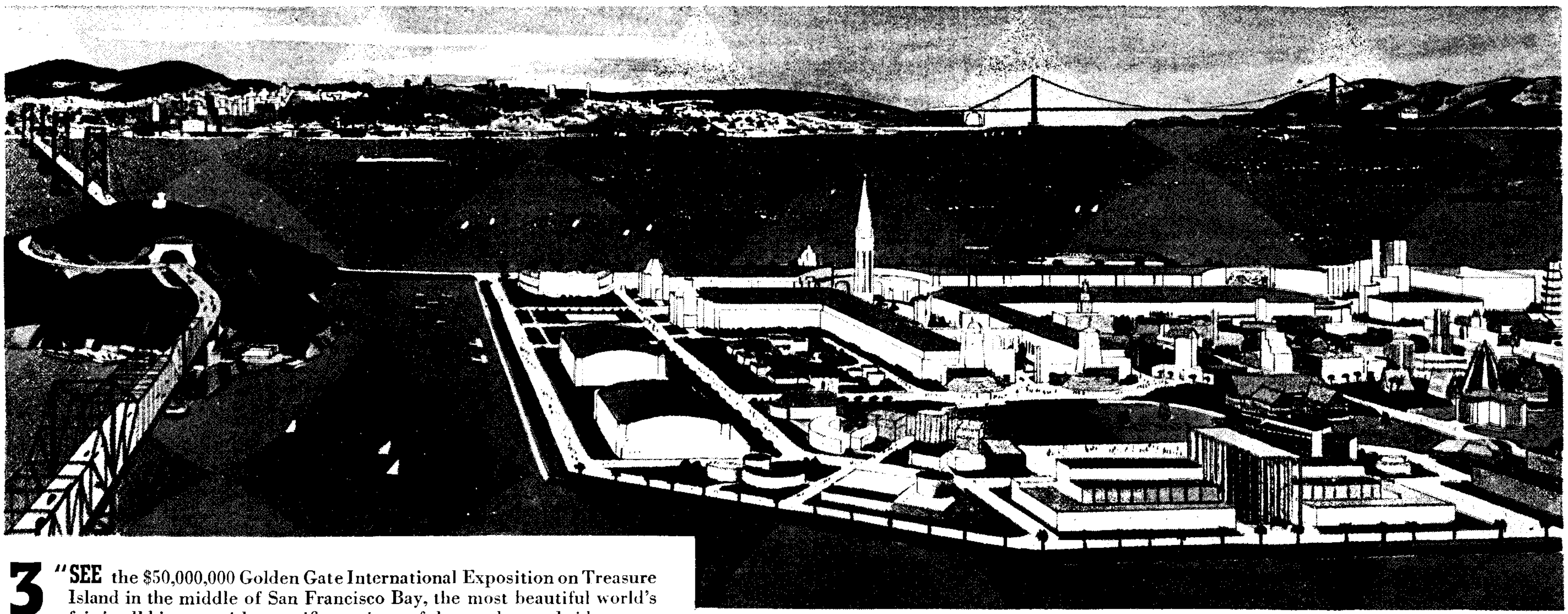

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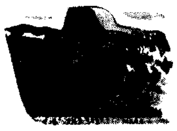
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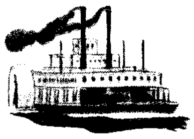
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